The Saturday Evening Post · January 28, 1967 · 35c

POST

R TER IBRA
BA WIN WALL
EGE
DUPLICATE

I WAS AMBUSHED IN VIETNAM

THE MONKEES

A BACHELOR CRUISE IN THE CARIBBEAN

THE SEX CRIMINAL

'I don't know why I did it...'

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Pontiac Motor Division

With an OHC 6 like this who needs an 8?

The dapper stripe gracing the flanks of this Le Mans hardtop identifies it as our phenomenal Sprint option. This means its standard 165-hp Overhead Cam Six has been replaced with an even more enthusiastic 215-hp 4-bbl version. Special suspension has been added. And an all-synchro 3-speed floor shift.

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Pontiac OHC Sprint/Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak

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Doctors recommend:

1. Rest in bed
2. Drink plenty of fluids
3. Take aspirin
   to reduce fever and relieve pain

Bayer Aspirin is pure aspirin...not part aspirin

Bayer works wonders

BAYER ASPIRIN
5 GRS EACH
FAST PAIN RELIEF
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GRIP-TIGHT CAP
BAYER Genuine
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Dear Mark,

Your mother tells me you were sad last night because I wasn't home to help you celebrate your birthday. She said you just can't understand why I have to be away so often, especially at important times like birthdays.

That's the way my job is, Mark. I'm not away from home because I want to be. I'm away because I drive a truck and my job takes me away. It's an interesting job. I see new sights all the time that I wish you could see. I meet interesting people. And I take pride in my job because it's an important one.

When you eat your dinner tonight, think of me and thousands of other truckers like me. Americans are able to eat so well because of the truckers who help bring the food to our tables. Food is just one thing that trucks bring to all of us every day.

In not too many years you'll be a man. And you'll have a job. I just hope that you'll find as much pride in your job as I do in mine.

I miss you all very much. I'm as sad as you are that I missed your birthday. But being a man, you'll understand, I know.

A very happy birthday, Son, and love to all of you.

Dad

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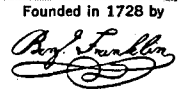
The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by



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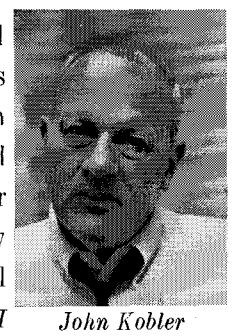
About this issue

Post editor-at-large JOHN KOBLER talked to some 50 doctors and psychiatrists and interviewed a score of actual sex criminals for his article on the tragic hows and whys of sex crimes. Kobler's research took six months, and he spent much of that time visiting hospitals and clinics around the country. . . . JACK SMITH, son of news commentator Howard K. Smith, wrote his moving account of the Ia Drang Valley battle while recovering from his wounds at a hospital in Japan. . . . JOHN LE CARRÉ's idea for *DARE I WEEP, DARE I MOURN?* was adapted last fall for ABC Television's *Stage '67*, and his short story appears in this issue in its original—and different—form. . . . Previous *Post* assignments have sent winter-cruising ANNE CHAMBERLIN to Egypt and Russia, and for her *SEE AMERICA FIRST* article in the August 28, 1965 issue she visited tourist attractions all over the United States./Cover photo by JACQUES LOWE.



John Kobler

Jack Smith

Moving?

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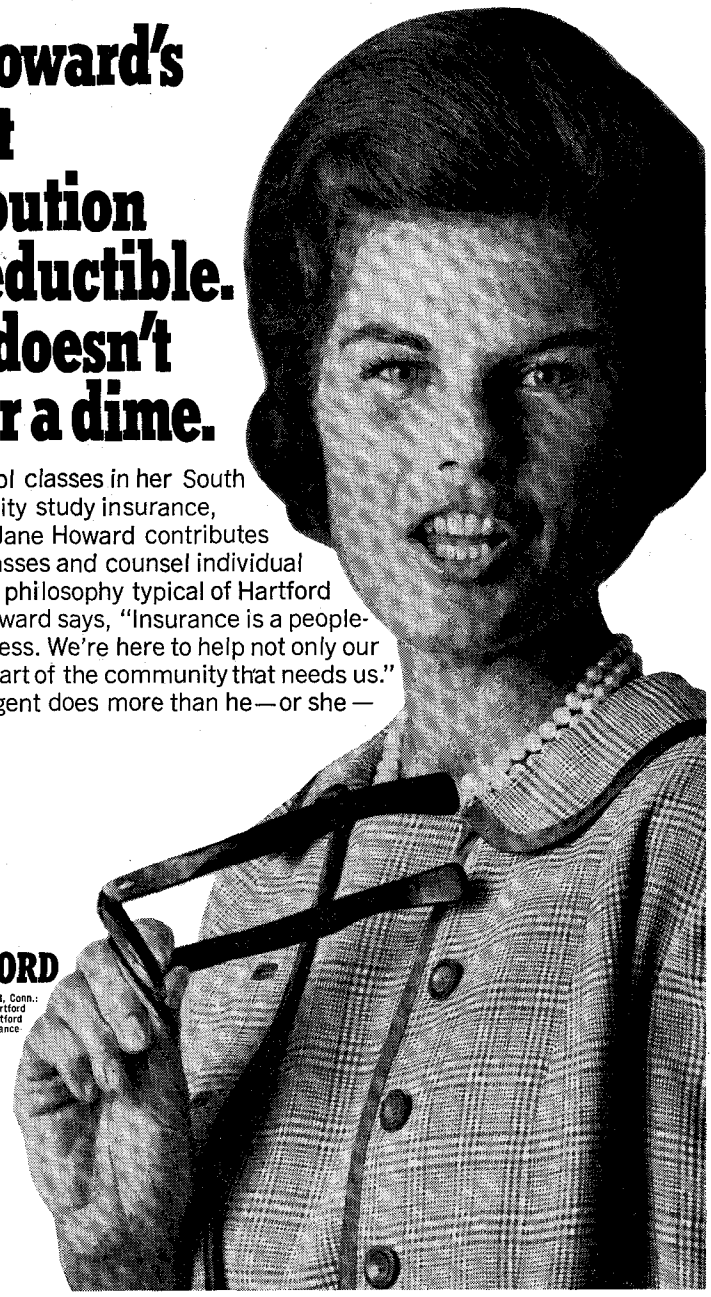
Jane Howard's biggest contribution isn't deductible. And it doesn't cost her a dime.



When high school classes in her South Dakota community study insurance, Hartford Agent Jane Howard contributes time to teach classes and counsel individual students. With a philosophy typical of Hartford Agents, Mrs. Howard says, "Insurance is a people-to-people business. We're here to help not only our clients, but any part of the community that needs us." Your Hartford Agent does more than he—or she—really has to do.

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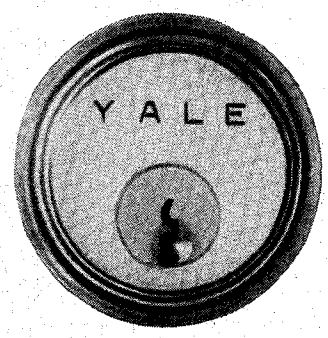

For safety's sake

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Flying saucers

Dear Sir:

May I congratulate the *Post*, and especially Dr. J. Allen Hynek, for the sincere, stimulating and thought-provoking article ARE FLYING SAUCERS REAL? in the December 17 issue. I wish Dr. Hynek and the University of Colorado investigating team all the luck in the world—and out of the world as well!

JOHN CANTER
Knowledge Availability Systems Center
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sir:

It's a sad comment on our times when the "probing, scientific mind" is threatened by possible public ridicule. Hats off to Dr. Hynek, who isn't afraid to risk his neck on the public chopping block over the question of UFO's.

TED THOBEN
West Granby, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I hope this fine article will encourage your readers who may have seen UFO's—and have remained silent for fear of ridicule—to come forth and relate their sightings. It is only with the help of an enlightened American public that the scientist can make headway toward solving this nagging mystery.

J. DOUGLAS STEWART
Athens, Ohio

Dear Editor:

Dr. Hynek's article encourages scientific quackery in the name of science. Even highly respected, intelligent people often see things that aren't there, or misinterpret what *is* there. Hynek has listened to one-too-many saucer stories.

RICHARD LEE
State College, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for exposing to the public a topic which for too long has been confined to cheap science-fiction dime novels. It is high time that the fact of interplanetary transportation by others be met with stark realism. After all, who is to say that the Good Lord put only us miserable people in this entire, challenging universe?

HOWARD NICHOLSON
Charlotte, N.C.

Gentlemen:

In answer to the question "Are flying saucers real?" there is no doubt in my mind of their nonexistence, and this is what calms me.

In answer to the question "Are people who believe in flying saucers real?" there is no doubt in my mind of their existence, and this is what scares me.

WALFRED H. HOGLUND
El Paso, Tex.

Gentlemen:

Dr. Hynek is doing the world a double favor in playing down the element of hysteria in UFO research and in keeping the public—in its rejection of "crank" saucer lore—from making the mistake of tossing the baby out with the bath. Evidently UFO's do exist, and the problems which they pose can be treated fairly only by rational inquiry and the scientific turn of mind.

DONALD R. BURLESON
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Dear Sir:

Dr. Hynek's article fails to mention, even briefly, a new theory that readily explains many of the sightings that Hynek finds so puzzling—including the 1966 North Dakota encounter which opens his piece. This theory has been acclaimed by a number of scientists as the "most plausible" yet advanced.

If this theory is correct, and there is strong circumstantial evidence in its favor, the most mysterious UFO's are clouds of electrified air particles, some with charged dust particles, that can be created under freak conditions by such things as lightning and electric discharges on high-tension lines. I first advanced the theory, and later expanded it, in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, and it was widely reported by the press and other news media.

PHILIP J. KLASS
Senior Avionics Editor
Aviation Week & Space Technology
Washington, D.C.

Slumlords

Gentlemen:

It took integrity and courage on the part of Joseph Kahn and the *Post* to present the article WE NEED MORE SLUMLORDS [December 17]. As a teacher of real estate and property management, I can vouch that in many instances slums are caused not by so-called "slumlords" but by tenants who have no respect for sanitation and safety standards.

ALBERT RIMELL, *President*
Property Owners Guild of Greater St. Louis,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:

WE NEED MORE SLUMLORDS is a fine example of forthright journalistic reporting. The Alice in Wonderland jungle the property owner must contend with in New York must be lived in to be believed.

MAX G. KOENIG
Executive Director
Building Industry League, Inc.
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was raised in Brooklyn, in a real-estate family, and I can match Mr. Kahn story for story about tenant destruction. But I'm afraid Mr. Kahn's final plaintive cry that maybe some might try harder to be good tenants is an unrealistic dream.

BARBARA BRADY
Chillicothe, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Your article may have opened an entire field of sociological research for your readers—but not for me. My father invested his life savings in "income-producing property," only to be caught in the vicious whirlpool described by Joseph Kahn.

MRS. GEORGE MILLER
Verona, N.J.

Continued on page 6

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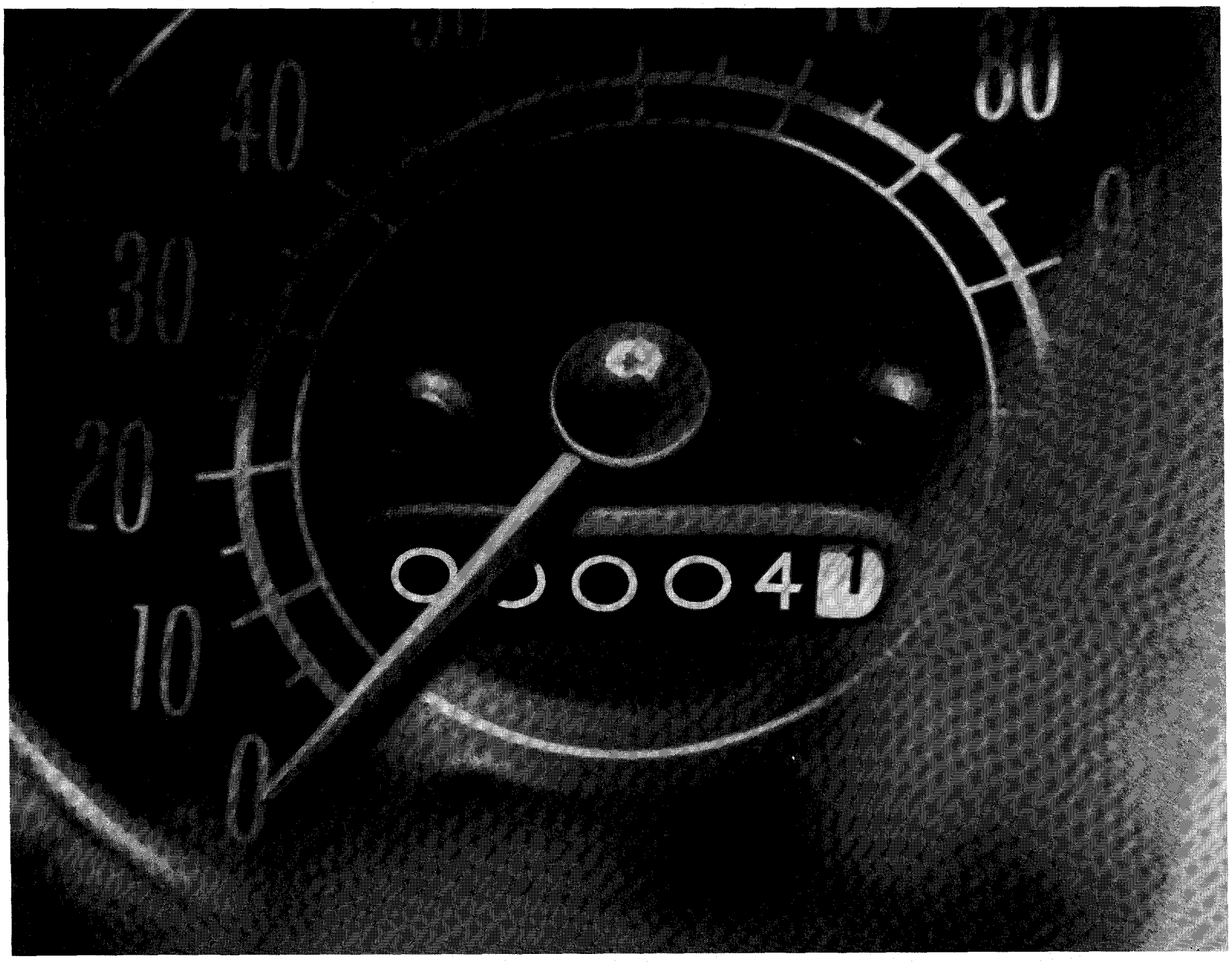
The time to think about selling a car is before you buy it.



When it's all said and done, most of us buy a new car because of how it looks and handles. Which helps explain all of the '67 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs you see on the road. But we at General Motors have always thought a new car should bring you more than just new car excitement. We think it should bring you a good return on your investment come trade-in time, too. And resale prices show our GM cars do just that. In fact, most GM cars historically have the highest resale values in the industry. And indications are that history will repeat itself again this year. Look to the General Motors mark of excellence. It's your sign of a car that will look as good to the second owner as it will to you. It's something to think about.

Look to the General Motors mark of excellence

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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Letters

Missing millionaire

Dear Sir:

James Phelan and the *Post* demonstrate modern journalism at its best in the article THE CASE OF THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE [December 17]. As an American Baptist, I know that we have many tangible reasons to be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. A. Otis Birch for great interest in, and large gifts to, our missionary and Christian education work. We are distressed because of the recent trials of the family, as unfolded in James Phelan's article. Thank you for hard work, even daring work, to get the story.

R. DEAN GOODWIN
American Baptist Convention
Valley Forge, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I am aghast that no one can take Otis Birch away from a convicted murderess. What good are our laws when we have to leave an old man at the mercy of such a female?

MRS. CHARLES HESS
Fairfield, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I can't believe anything like this could happen—except perhaps in an Alfred Hitchcock movie.

MRS. NANCY MILLER
Port Deposit, Md.

Gentlemen:

The story of Otis Birch left me terribly shocked and heartsick. Why is it that so many of our elderly people go unnoticed by relatives and friends until they are misused by strangers or die alone and forgotten?

ELAINE HRIVNAK
Jenkintown, Pa.

Hawaii

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for Joan Didion's beautifully etched portrait of Hawaii [HAWAII: TAPS AT PEARL HARBOR, December 17]. Although I've never visited the islands, Hawaii has always "figured large in my fantasies" too—so I read the author's impressions with interest, and appreciation.

MRS. CHARLES BERNARD
Masillon, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Joan Didion probably had something interesting to say about Hawaii, but I did not find out what. Her 150-word sentence on page 24 stopped me.

It was a pleasure to turn over to Richard Lemon's article on Billy Wilder for some easy-to-read reporting.

OZORO FOWLER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Abolish poverty?

Dear Sir:

Stewart Alsop, in his article AFTER VIETNAM—ABOLISH POVERTY? [December 17] describes the proposed government-guaranteed floor under the income of all American citizens. But where would such money come from? Obviously from the pockets of men who earned it—and had it taken from them forcibly by government. By what right is government justified in expropriating money from men who work and giving it to men who don't?

BOB SUNDLAND
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

OK. I am willing to do my part and pay my share to provide a negative income tax for "all American citizens, as a matter of right"—this to include the drunks and drug addicts, as well as bad people, immoral people and just plain lazy people.

Now will you tell me how you can guarantee that the money so provided will be spent for proper food and housing, preventive medical care and birth-control pills?

DR. W. A. ROHLFING
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Won't guaranteeing everyone and anyone an income of $3,130 per annum simply raise the economic level of poverty? Inflation would devour this guaranteed income, and the government index of poverty would rise to $6,260. And this increase would increase the number of poverty-stricken.

WILLIAM W. LANA
O'Fallon, Ill.

Living 10,000 years

Dear Sir:

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, with his understanding of interstellar distances and the speed limits that the universe places on the cosmic jet set, sees the necessity of a human life span of 10,000 years if a few 200- or 300-year trips from space to earth or vice versa are contemplated.

I am wondering just how desirable a 10,000-year life span would be. For instance, supposing we give some of the persons described in the December 17 *Post* such a life span. Poor "slumlord" Henry J. Miller's apartment house wouldn't even have the frame left; and imagine 9,000 years of dealing with tenants who get stoned, kick out the walls and break windows—50 years of that is enough!

Giving Billy Wilder another 9,939 years would be cruel—what boredom is in store for him when he finds that an audience of 5,000-year-olds couldn't care less about sex and violence.

And while it might be interesting to see if Pearl Choate could keep ahead of the law for another five years, 5,000 would just be too much. Of course she might develop a rationale for her life in that time.

Perhaps the Psalmist had it about right: "The years of our life are three score and ten."

REV. WINSTON TREVER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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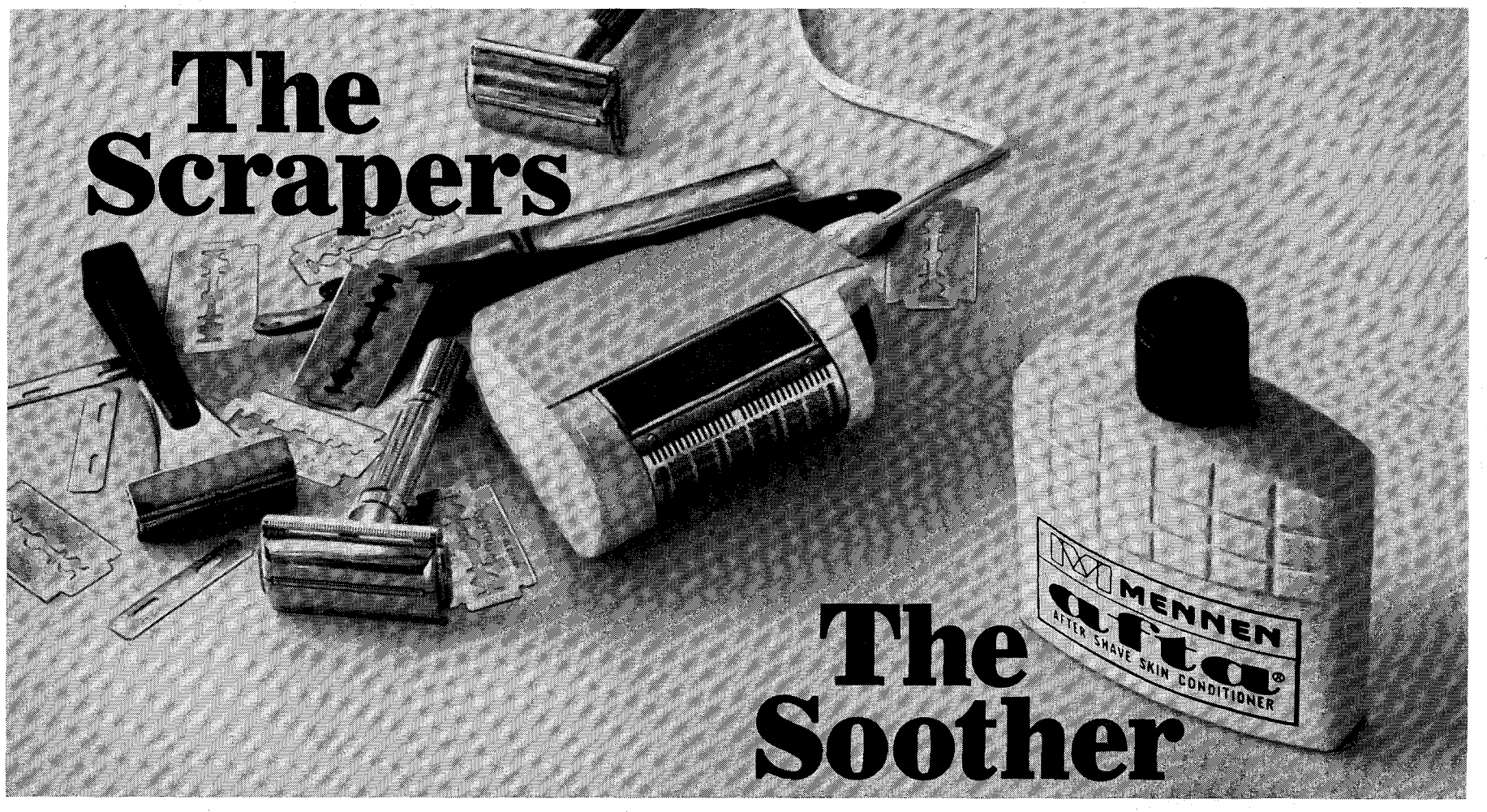

Every razor removes more than just your beard. Because no matter how carefully you shave, or how good the razor is, it scrapes away skin and natural oils that keep your face comfortable. Then you splash on an after shave that dries your face even more.

So every time you shave you make your face dry, irritated, and sore.

It's time you met the soother.

Mennen Afta, the after shave that soothes, protects, and helps heal... It replaces oils shaving scrapes away.

What other after shave can make that statement?

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all I could talk about was babies and recipes

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"Soon after Carol Sue was born, I found my whole life was absorbed by her. All I could think about was *her* needs. All I could talk about was babies and formulas and recipes.

"When friends dropped in, and the conversation turned to world affairs, or the new books and plays, I had absolutely nothing to say.

"Of course, I love my family and I wouldn't change places with anyone on earth. But I was beginning to feel very sorry for myself, so left out of things!

"Then I decided to take a friend's advice and set aside time for *myself* to catch up with the world. I subscribed to The National Observer. And it turned out to be just what the doctor ordered.

"Because The Observer is a weekly newspaper, it has time to explore the news in depth... and I have time to read it thoroughly. I get a clear picture of what's happening in the world *and why*. And not only does The Observer report on all the major news, it also has dozens of articles on fascinating news sidelights. For instance, items such as these:

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. . . why some people in Pennsylvania are being forced to buy coal mines to protect their homes

. . . why Washington men always read the society pages and Washington women never miss the front pages

. . . why Pop Art's best days may be still ahead

. . . why the ancient art of bagpipe playing is undergoing a renaissance

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For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom"—a column which brings you news background on such topics as the device being used to press legislation through the powerful House Rules Committee... the 400-year-old tradition of congressional immunity, and why it is in danger... why a country devaluates its currency. "A Chat With the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints on subjects ranging from indigestion to high blood pressure. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores random aspects of life: the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol . . . the different, distinct types of people found using coin-operated laundries. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy," culled from the home-town press. ("Brush your teeth regularly with an electric toothbrush and see your electrician twice a year.")

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Rabbi Howard Singer serves Laurelton Jewish Center in New York City. He is author of 'With Mind and Heart,' a religious textbook, and a novel, and will soon publish a new novel and a collection of essays.

DON'T TRY TO SELL ME YOUR RELIGION

By Howard Singer

All over the country solemn-faced people are getting together to eat tuna-fish sandwiches, drink lukewarm coffee, and carry out an activity called Interfaith Dialogue.

In Valyermo, Calif., a group of rabbis and the Benedictine monks of St. Andrews Priory recited Psalms together, the monks in Latin, the rabbis in Hebrew. In Latrobe, Pa., Catholic and Jewish scholars spent four days exploring religious problems. The Harvard Divinity School recently brought 100 Christian and Jewish scholars together to discuss Christian-Jewish relations. And the same thing is going on at lower levels. Apparently the shepherd of every little church or synagogue now wants to hold hands with the pastor of every other synagogue or church. And it isn't just churchmen; the number of laymen involved in interreligious dialogue boggles the mind.

The epidemic started only a few years ago. Shortly before the Ecumenical Council met at Rome one began to hear a good deal of talk about "new winds" blowing through the churches, and a wave of "progressive thinking" erupted among theologians. At first only Protestants and Catholics started talking to one another. Then Jews were brought in, at first only for social projects. But interfaith dialogues were soon blooming in every village and town.

Interreligious dialogue takes many forms. There is the formal Interfaith Conference, usually sponsored by a seminary, lasting two or three days. There may be panel discussions, or Christian and Jewish scholars may read learned papers to one another on, say, their differing concepts of revelation. There are many less ambitious formats—for instance, the local enterprise sponsored by a synagogue and church as part of their adult-education programs, and informal meetings of interested laymen gathered in somebody's living room.

The theory behind it all was first stated by Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher, who spoke of "I-Thou" and "I-It" relationships. In an "I-Thou" relationship you don't try to score points or defeat your opponent; you try to understand him, to respect his uniqueness, to establish a warm relationship with him. People learn from the growth in personal relationships. So the theory goes.

Now all this sounds eminently reasonable, or at least harmless. All the same I think that interreligious dialogue between Christians and Jews is a farce, and, in addition, subtly demeaning.

But I want to be careful, and I want to be clear.

I am a rabbi, and I speak only of Christian-Jewish dialogue, not Protestant-Catholic.

What's more, I speak of theological dialogue only.

I have no objection to ministers, priests and rabbis getting together to discuss the poverty program or juvenile delinquency, or, for that matter, the prevalence of noisy motorcycles. We share society's problems, and we certainly ought to cooperate in finding solutions. And it is quite possible that such meetings can lessen the misunderstandings between Christians and Jews. But when Christians and Jews get together to discuss religious differences, I sigh and shake my head. The sad fact is that when laymen engage in theological dialogue they cheerfully exchange superficialities and misinformation. And when clergymen or scholars do it, they walk gingerly around certain topics, like infantrymen poking their way through a minefield.

Purely "theological" dialogue must start with the assumption that, for all their differences, the participants have some religious beliefs in common. Now that assumption is true as between Protestants and Catholics, who might well look forward to the reunion of the "separated brethren." But similar dialogues between Jews and Christians make no sense because there is neither common ground nor the possibility of important, unifying consequences.

But what about all that talk about the "Judeo-Christian heritage"? What about that reference in the Ecumenical Council's Declaration to "the great spiritual patrimony common to Christians and Jews"?

I think it's high time somebody broke down and admitted that the phrase "Judeo-Christian tradition" is one of the most successful public-relations triumphs of the century. Our ancestors, both Christian and Jewish, would hardly have understood it. It's true that both faiths have certain values in common, but we also share them with Moslems and Buddhists; they are the values of any civilized society. As Professor Walter Kaufmann of Princeton has pointed out, there is no more reason to talk about a Judeo-Christian tradition than there is to talk about a Judeo-Islamic or a Greco-Christian tradition. Christianity borrowed at least as much from the Greeks and Romans as it did from the Jews.

Then why is the phrase so popular?

One reason is that Jews are sharply conscious of their minority status, and their organizations understand the techniques of good public relations. The ancient Greeks and Romans, poor fellows, were not similarly oriented. Another reason is that Christians like the idea of a "Judeo-Christian" tradition because it fits their religious outlook. They like to think that since Jews came first, and they came later, Judaism was the seed and the root, Christianity the flower and the fruit. But as a Jew and a rabbi, obviously I don't accept that view. I don't see Christianity as the exquisite culmination of a long and painful Jewish evolution; I see Christianity, to use Santayana's phrase, as a "paganization" of monotheism, something with which I can have no real sense of kinship.

Not only is there no common ground in these dialogues; there is no sense of equality. In theory every Christian is a missionary, and a missionary can't respect the outsider's uniqueness; he must overcome it. Of course he believes it's for your own good, but it somehow never occurs to him that what is altruism to him is subversion to you. And make no mistake, the Christian duty to convert the non-Christian is not a quaint or minor obligation. It is central to Christianity. The last two verses of the Gospel according to Matthew urge the faithful to go forth and teach all the nations, and baptize them. This is still regarded by the major Christian churches as a basic tenet. It was forcefully restated in the first draft of the Ecumenical Council's Declaration on the Non-Christian Religions. And in the final version of the Declaration, according to no less an authority than Cardinal Bea of the Vatican, the church "explicitly and openly declares that it is both her duty and her desire to preach Christ." This is not merely a theoretical position; there are at this moment more than a thousand Christian missionaries of all denominations hard at work in, of all places, Israel. Alas, they're not doing too well. For some reason, a nation populated by so many Jewish survivors of extermination camps built by European Christians is deaf to missionary talk of the Christian God of Love.

Recently I read the remarks of Professor Arthur Piepkorn, head of the Department of Systematic Theology at Concordia Seminary and an editorial associate of *The American Lutheran*. He spoke at one of those dialogue sessions, sponsored jointly by the seminary and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. He remarked that "the concern of every Christian" will be to convert non-Christians, but conceded: "We know that in the past Christians sometimes tried to convert Jews in ways that created an understandable atmosphere of persisting suspicion and skepticism among the Jews." Then some terrifying examples follow—"and similar phenomena are deplorable facts of history". . . . And yet: ". . . to the extent that the Lutheran fails to include the Jews in his evangelistic outreach, to that extent, the Lutheran is on his own terms culpably anti-Semitic."

This good Christian concedes that in the past his co-religionists were a little

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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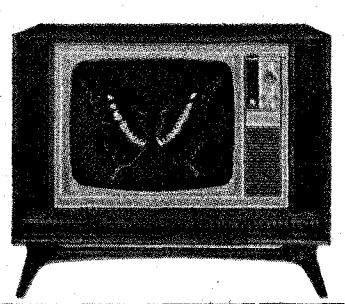

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crude about it, which is regrettable. But the duty remains, though he'll abjure force for the future.

I can't quite decide what disturbs me more: the good professor's remarks, or the fact that the rabbi who shared that platform didn't walk off after hearing them. The nature of an aggressive intention is not changed by labeling it a Christian duty. There's only one fitting response to that sort of thing: "Please understand that my faith is as precious to me as yours is to you. If your imagination or your principles can't carry you that far, just go your own way, and leave me alone in my peaceful outer darkness."

Dialogues between clergymen are always fascinating exhibitions of double talk. In the first place, the vocabulary of theology is itself an endless swamp over a bottomless pit. In the second place, a Christian clergyman can't openly reveal his assumption of his faith's superiority without alienating the nonservile Jewish participants, if any; but he can't quite suppress it either. As a rule he muddles through, which is why listening to him in mid-dialogue is like watching some unusually spry youngsters doing the monkey. I can't help suspecting that clergymen know full well that dialogue is a colossal waste of time. But interfaith-conference-hopping is a great deal more glamorous than visiting old ladies in the hospital. And by now a kind of permanent interfaith clergymen's civil service has developed, with a strong vested interest in calling more meetings. It helps to remember that dialogue is a wondrous puffer-up of clerical reputations.

Laymen who go in for religious dialogue are likely to be decent, open-minded and warmhearted. Their discussions are less guarded, though often superficial, and they do sometimes strike a note of graceful spontaneity. There are good reasons for that too.

One pamphlet published by a Jewish group, intended for guidance on setting up interfaith dialogues, reminds us: "Experience has shown that . . . persons who have much in common are least likely to get sidetracked into controversies over extraneous matters. . . . It's a good idea to make sure that the two sides will be reasonably similar in education, social status and life style." Well, when Christians and Jews of that sort meet, a certain amount of ice-breaking is inevitable. But they would do just as well discussing whether bowling or tennis is more suitable for the middle-aged.

Better yet, let them do some good; let them discuss real problems of our society, not just vague subjective feelings about their faiths. There's something futile and fraudulent in even the most "successful" session of theological dialogue, something tasteless in the notion itself. When we are conscious of the guest or the stranger, we can't help dressing things up a little, and the faith is subtly falsified. There is something artificial in speechmaking about one's deepest religious principles; it's so easy to talk them to death. What goes on at a dialogue is what happens when those lovely tropical fish are brought to the surface; the fish die, and their brilliant colors quickly fade.

There's no reason why it should not be said: Dialogue is a new way to gain social status. But in that very fact lies a problem: When the dialogue is the main social contact between the two groups, the "dialogue" itself becomes a hostage and acquires a significance it doesn't deserve. Participants can even use the threat of withdrawal as a pressure tactic. During the Broadway run of *The Deputy*, the play about Pope Pius XII's attitude toward the Nazis' persecution of the Jews, a leading Catholic figure stated that unless the Jewish community repudiated the play, further dialogue would be impossible. To my sorrow several Jewish organizations and rabbis did signify their disapproval, even while some thoughtful Catholic writers (Hilda Graef in the *Catholic World* and George Shuster in *The New York Times*) agreed with the play's central thesis. Ironically, I believe the play probably was more effective in helping Christians confront the truth about their past than all the dialogues in history.

During the Korean War I participated in what was probably the longest continuous unstructured dialogue in history. It was held among Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplains in my barracks in Japan. We were at it almost every night. Our discussions were playful intellectual wrestling matches and usually they bubbled over with friendly, raucous laughter. But I learned something valuable from those evenings. I learned that dialogue doesn't lead to friendship; rather it's friendship, or at least the sharing of a predicament, that sometimes can lead to honest dialogue. It was great fun. And even so, it had a sour ending.

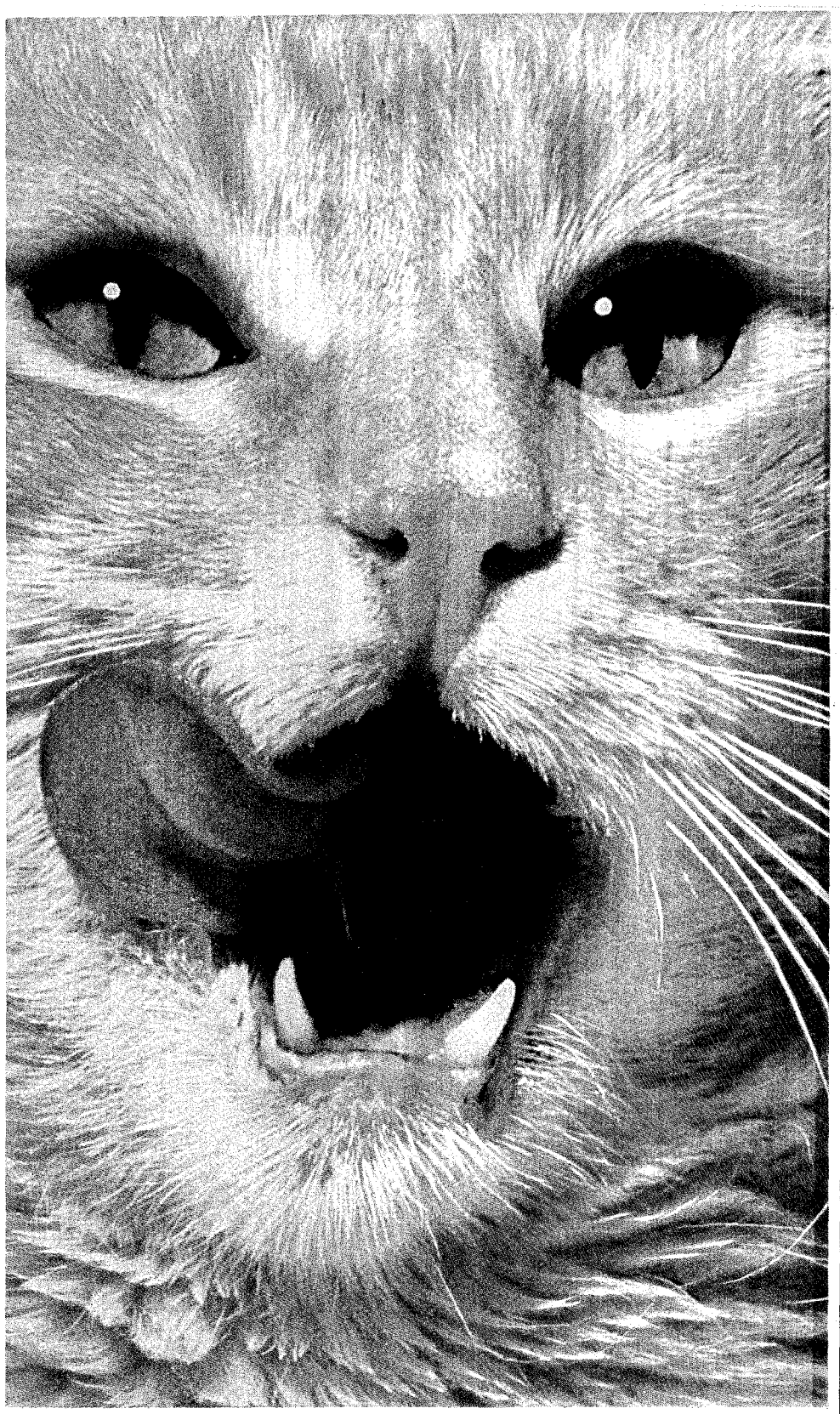
When I was about to return home, one of my fellow chaplains, accompanying me to the aircraft, pulled me aside and told me how wonderful it was that we were now friends. I was touched. I expressed similar sentiments with the utmost sincerity. Then he pressed something into my hand and said, "Howard, listen. Read this on the plane and try, prayerfully, to find your way to Jesus." I looked at what I was holding; it was the New Testament. I did a terrible thing then: I laughed.

I was sorry immediately, for he was stricken at my response, but for a moment I had honestly thought he was kidding. And then I understood.

For centuries good Christians just couldn't believe that Jews really accepted Judaism in good faith. It seemed so obvious to Christians that Christianity was superior. Those who resisted conversion had to be in league with the devil. Now my friend, to be sure, was a child of the 20th century. He didn't believe I was a devil's disciple. But he was also a good Christian. It didn't matter that every evening for a full year I had demonstrated a reasonable knowledge of the New Testament as well as of my own scriptures. It didn't matter that I had made my wholehearted loyalty to Judaism clear in a hundred different ways. He was still going to save my soul. And because he insisted on trying, I hurt his feelings.

Ever since, when a Christian clergyman invites me to talk about religion, I make some careful comment about the weather.

Howard Singer



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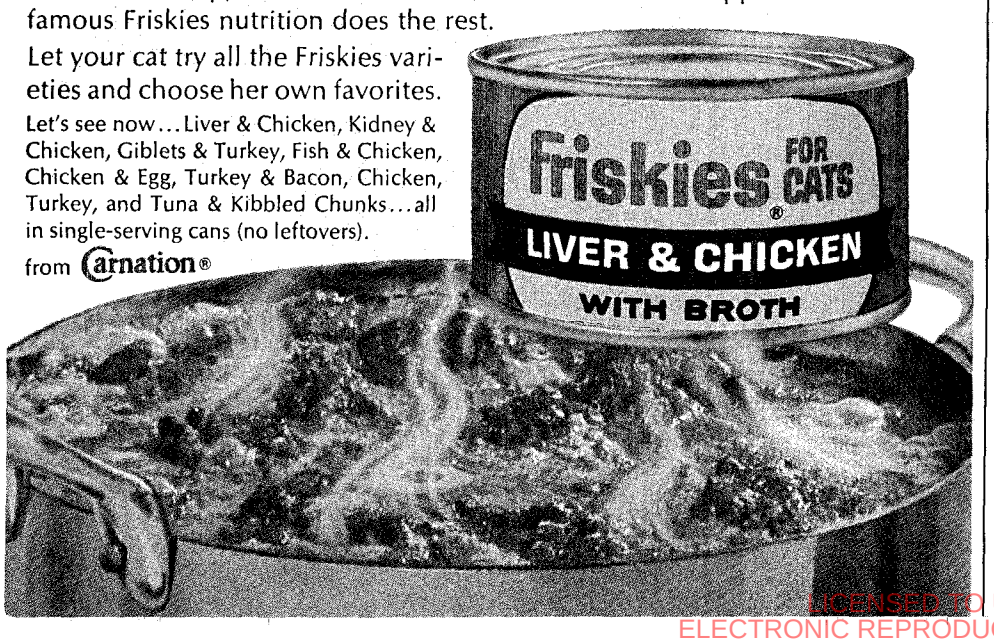

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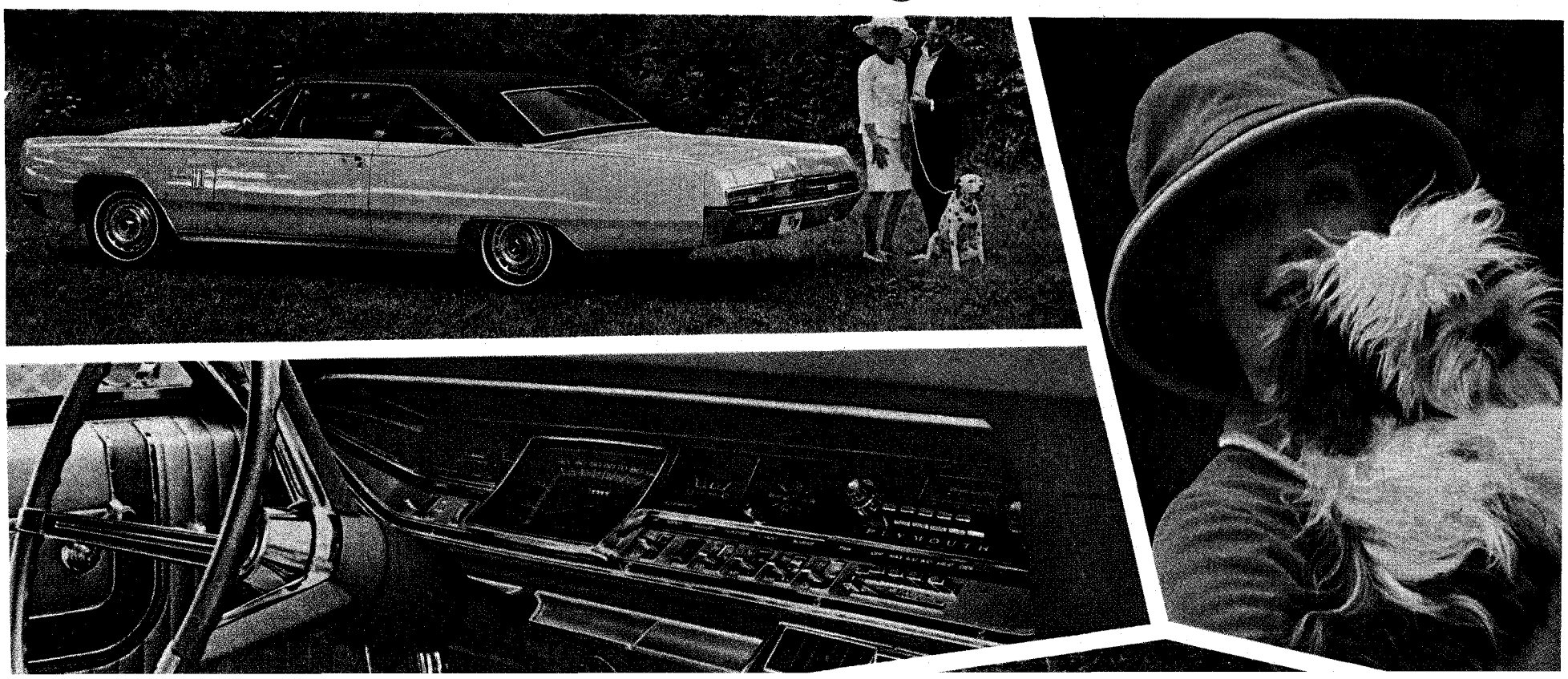

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The Human Comedy

This is to recommend, well . . . me

By James R. De Foe

"Write your own letter of recommendation," said Charlie, "and I'll sign whatever you write. I'll stop at your house on the way to the airport. I'll be there in an hour."

I was touched. Good old Charlie! What a friend! He had given me a blank check. All I had to do was write an unforgettable letter and my life would be changed from that of a lowly advertising copywriter to that of an exalted advertising-agency creative director. I went to my typewriter and began.

> This is to recommend James R. De Foe, Esq., a man of the sort one does not often meet on the pathways of life. He is a most remarkable person: clever, witty, charming, with a great sense of humor and a fantastic capacity for work. I first met Mr. De Foe in his youth, and even then his integrity, his loyalty, his talent and his love of life marked him as a man to watch. The great promise has been fulfilled. I cannot think of a man who combines so many assets and so few liabilities. In fact, I can't think of any liabilities. Perhaps I'm prejudiced but I give you a piece of advice: grab him fast! He's a bargain at any price!

I sat back and smiled. I felt the integrity and talent glowing inside me. I poured myself a drink and showed the paragraph to my wife.

"You can't be serious," she said.

"But I am."

"Are you conceited enough to write something like this and then ask Charlie to sign it? Aren't you embarrassed?"

"You think it's a little thick?"

"Charlie will tell Greta and she'll tell our friends you're an insufferable prig."

I never did like Charlie's wife. I couldn't give her this choice bit of gossip. Besides, I had gone too far. They wanted to know about my capacity for work. I tried again.

> This is to recommend Mr. James R. De Foe. He is a workhorse who would be an asset to any company. I have seen him work 12-hour days, 7 days a week, month in and month out. You have a winner in this gentleman who isn't afraid to roll up his sleeves and dig in. Sign him up quick whatever his price.

"You sound like a grind," my wife said. "If you get the job, they'll dump every kind of problem on top of you and expect you to live at the office."

"You're right," I said, getting myself another drink. "But I don't have much time. Only twenty minutes."

I wrote:

> This is to recommend James R. De Foe, a charming, quick-witted and talented gentleman who isn't afraid of work. In the midst of the biggest crisis, Jim will come up with a jest that will break the tension. If you want to laugh, hire him. But don't be deceived by jovial Jim. When the chips are down, he delivers—with a smile. He's worth whatever price he asks.

"That's awful," my wife said. "I wouldn't trust such a clown to carry my groceries. You're applying for a top executive position, not office jester. You need a more balanced approach."

"You're right," I said, hating her. "Please pour me a drink."

I made another try.

> This is to recommend James De Foe, a well-balanced man. He works hard; he plays hard; he's a delightful guy. Whether it's solving a problem or shooting out of a sand-trap, Jim's your man. You can't go wrong with well-balanced Jim De Foe. Meet his price, whatever it is.

"There's too much with the 'well-balanced,'" my wife said. "It sounds as if your sanity were being questioned. It also sounds fictitious. I can't picture such a person. There's no firmness, no character to the person."

I was beginning to sweat. Ten minutes to go. I wrote:

> Jim De Foe is a splendid person with a beautiful character. He works hard and will do a job for you. But don't try to push him around: De Foe is a man of deep convictions and overwhelming determination. When he says something, he means it. Meet his price, whatever it is.

"Dreadful," my wife said. "You called yourself a beautiful character. And you sound so stubborn. They'll never hire you; you wouldn't fit into *any* organization."

I couldn't speak. Choked with rage and feeling a little tipsy, I wrote:

> It is my pleasure to recommend De Foe. He is a hard worker and a man who will fit into your organization. Just tell him what to do and stand back. He'll do the job quick and do it the way you want it. Pay his price; he's worth every penny of it.

I looked at my wife. She looked at me rather nervously.

"Do you want my opinion?"

"Not really."

"It sounds like you just follow orders. There's no leadership. And I can't stand these references to money. They're so inept. And so demanding. Mention money but be modest about it."

"This is my last try," I said in the tightly controlled voice of a man about to explode. "Whatever I write now goes into that letter." And I wrote:

> It is my pleasure to recommend De Foe. He is adequate.

"Is that all?" my wife asked.

"That's it unless you want me to add that he can be had for a pittance."

"But they expect a page and you've only written two sentences."

"That's all I care to say about De Foe. Anything else will get me into trouble. Type it up. And never mention this to me again. That fink Charlie! What a lousy trick! No man can recommend himself. That's why he asks somebody else to do it."

Six weeks passed. I heard nothing from my prospective employer. Then a vice president called.

"You're hired," he said.

"I had nearly given up hope."

"Sorry. We would have hired you weeks ago if it hadn't been for a certain letter of recommendation."

I winced.

"I can't tell you who wrote the letter but I will say that someone who claims to be your friend isn't. His letter was unforgettable for its brevity and viciousness. In fact, he stabbed you in the back with just ten words."

"I know who wrote it," I said.

"I wouldn't trust him again. He's an assassin."

"I know that," I said, smiling a little sadly. "I've had to cope with the man for a lifetime." □

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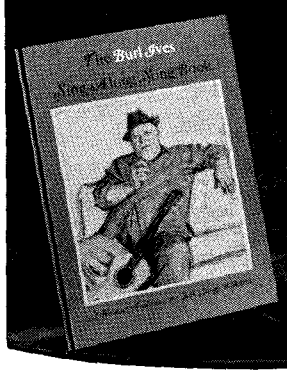

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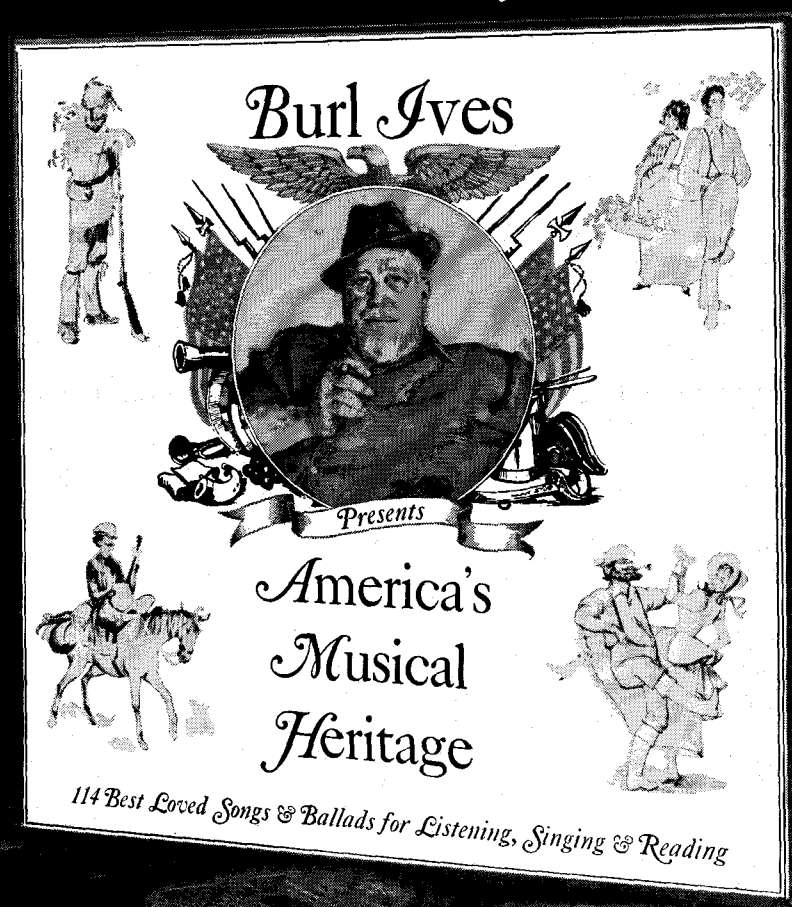
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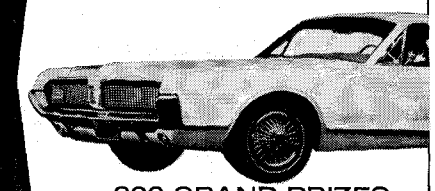

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THE SEX CRIMINAL

'I don't know why I did it'

The United States has the world's highest rate of sex crimes, but incredibly little is done to protect victims or rehabilitate offenders. Here is a major report on a disturbing national problem.

By JOHN KOBLER

One morning in the late winter of 1956 a group of senior psychiatrists at the Atascadero State Hospital for the Mentally Ill Offender met in the director's office to review the progress of Hugh Bion Morse. Then as now, about half the inmates of the California hospital were convicted sex offenders, and Morse belonged to that half. A blue-eyed, baby-faced ex-marine of 26, married and the father of three sons, he had a record of indecent exposure and molesting children. On his forearms were tattooed his nickname, "Chris," his wife's name, "Virginia," and the insignia of the United States Marine Corps.

The original psychiatric diagnosis, after the Los Angeles Superior Court committed Morse to Atascadero in 1955, mentioned "schizoid personality . . . personality pattern disturbance . . . inadequate personality." Morse, a genial, ingratiating patient, wrote to the director about his treatment: It has given me more determination to

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He would note a name on the mailbox and then dial the victim's telephone number.

get home with my wife and children and give them the love that a husband and father should. No one realizes any more than myself that the only way this can be done is by being a man and going about it in the right way. . . . I am sure that I am able to handle myself now and in the future and make the right decisions."

The psychiatrists agreed. One of them said, "I think it is practical to say that he probably has reached the maximum benefit and should be given a trial at reality." Another added, "His mental state is that of somebody who has profited quite some from the hospital . . . he is recommended by the undersigned as a 'B' candidate, who is no longer a menace."

And so Hugh Bion Morse, who had barely begun his extraordinary series of sex crimes, had been examined and "treated" and found fit to return to society. The court placed him on probation for one year.

A native of Kansas City, Mo., Morse had been the only child of a forced marriage, a fact of which he grew painfully aware during his boyhood. The marriage took place following a charge of statutory rape against his father, his mother then being under 16. His father was an alcoholic salesman who died drunk in a barroom brawl. Destitute, his mother found work as a waitress. Hugh, she was to recall, suffered from frequent fevers and nightmares. "There was just he and I, and we were pretty close," she once said.

"I can't remember being happy since I was born," Morse said. "I've always felt no one really cared for me. My mother was always good to me, but she never seemed to be there when I needed her." His grandmother, who chiefly reared him because his mother's job kept her away so much, browbeat both Morse and his mother. "My mother would tell me I could do certain things, and then my grandmother would tell me I couldn't," Morse remembers. "She was a terror. I got this when I was five (fingering a scar on his chin). She hit me with a hammer."

"As he got older," his mother recollected, "he kept yelling at me I should marry again same as he would some day, because I wouldn't want to be alone." She eventually took a second husband, but not until her son married Virginia, a 19-year-old girl from Arkansas. Even so, Morse proved jealous of his stepfather. And as for Virginia, Morse's mother said, "She was taught that sex was nasty. I tried to teach her different."

At 17 Morse enlisted in the Army and by his own request was transferred to a paratroop unit. On a jump he fractured both ankles and hurt his spine. He served three years, leaving with a sergeant's rating and an honorable discharge, and almost immediately joined the Marine Corps. His mother attributed his subsequent emotional deterioration to the delayed effects of his parachute injuries. Virginia, whom Morse married while a marine, differed. She felt that he broke mentally under the rigors of marine training.

His first psychiatric diagnosis was made at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital in 1951, his 22nd year, after he had repeatedly gone AWOL—to be with his bride, he claimed. He returned from his fourth breakout under a suspended sentence for indecent exposure and assaulting a woman in Wilmington, N.C. Eager to quit the marines, he told the military psychiatrist he was a homosexual. The psychiatrist so diagnosed him, and an undesirable discharge followed.

Drifting to California with his wife, he worked at many different jobs—bellboy, car-wash attendant, hotel clerk, farmhand, cabbie and truck driver. In 1953 the Los Angeles police arrested him for exposing himself to two women, and he spent 90 days in a city jail.

"I don't know why or what makes me do it," he said later. "All I can say is I get a wild desire, and I go out and do it. Afterward I feel ashamed and very depressed. All my life I have always had a lot of respect for women. In jail I thought maybe I could conquer it myself. I found out that I couldn't, and I went to a doctor."

The doctor to whom Morse went after his release from jail was a Beverly Hills psychoanalyst. He saw Morse several hours a week for two months, charging him $12 an hour. "It didn't seem like he was helping me much, and it was very expensive, so I stopped going," Morse said.

Soon after, a theft of women's underclothing landed him back in jail for six months. On probation, he lured two eight-year-old girls into an alley with promises of money and candy and attempted to molest them. The court sent him to Atascadero, whose diagnostic and therapeutic techniques, during the first year of its history, were considerably less sophisticated than they since have become.

Following his release, Morse and his wife, now pregnant for the fourth time, settled briefly near Burbank, Calif. Within a few weeks he was picking women's telephone numbers out of Help Wanted ads and making obscene calls. He was arrested and sentenced to a work farm in May, 1957, winning parole in August and unconditional freedom in October. "Completed terms satisfactorily," noted his probation officer.

Virginia finally left him, taking the children to live with her mother. Her "rejection," as he thought of it, triggered in him an urge to destroy. Wandering north to Spokane, Wash., he broke into a girl's apartment and beat and raped her. She recovered. He raped and beat another girl to death with a pipe wrench. He raped and killed an old woman with the same weapon. "It got to be a habit," he said later. He raped a girl of eight, after abducting her from a street corner where she was selling mints for the Girl Scouts. The police later found her body in a wood. Morse confessed to the rape but denied the murder.

Morse's last prospective victim on the West Coast was his wife. As she lay sleeping in her mother's home at Reseda, Calif., he climbed through a window, his head hooded, and tried to strangle her. The noise roused her mother, whose screams frightened him off. Virginia had recognized him, and the Los Angeles police issued a warrant for attempted murder. But by then Morse had fled California. Interstate flight to avoid prosecution is a federal offense, and the FBI added him to its gallery of the Ten Most Wanted Fugitives.

He covered ground fast. Under nine different aliases he tore through St. Louis, Minneapolis (where he looted a woman's house), Indianapolis, Miami, Atlanta (he molested a child in the presence of her mother, whom he held off with murderous threats), Birmingham (he robbed and killed a divorcée, battering her head in with an iron pipe), New Orleans, Syracuse, St. Paul. By his count he attacked six children. To pay his way, he occasionally took on odd jobs. Mostly he stole.

In July, 1961, under the alias Darwin James Corwin, he was living in St. Paul and earning $75 a week as a car washer. He occupied a one-room efficiency apartment and impressed his landlady with his fastidiousness. Though he smoked, no ashes sullied the floor. For an ashtray he used a hollow plaster skull. His reading matter was ranged neatly on a shelf above his bed. It included *Playboy* and an illustrated book of French pornography.

Among the other tenants was an attractive, deeply religious girl, Muriel Lomas (this is not her real name). They formed a close attachment, and by no word or gesture did he ever betray the slightest aggression. They had no sexual relations. "I met him in August," she was to recall with utter bewilderment. "One night I was sitting on the front porch, and he struck up a conversation. He was very much a gentleman and had beautiful manners. He had his moods, as everyone does, but I thought he was very normal, what you'd call an all-around nice guy. He would kid me a lot about my hair being messed up or whether I was eating enough. Several times he took me downtown and bought me a meal, and I knew he couldn't afford it. Sometimes he'd drop in, and I'd throw something together. He appreciated it and complimented me quite often on my cooking . . . I wasn't in love with him and he wasn't in love with me. We were just good friends."

When not entertaining Muriel, Morse would prowl the city. For a burglary he would note the names of apartment dwellers on mailboxes, consult the telephone directory and dial the prospective victim's number. If nobody answered, he would return to jimmy a door or cut through a window screen. Once he encountered a poodle and almost retreated empty-handed for fear it would bark. "But I have a way with dogs, just like I do with kids," he boasted later. The youngest child he molested in St. Paul was five. He also created a minor panic with hundreds of obscene phone calls.

On September 16, a Saturday, Morse jotted down the name, Carol Ronan, from a mailbox at 587 Grand Avenue, near his building. She was a casework supervisor for the Catholic Charities Bureau, 34 years old, unmarried and living alone in a ground-floor apartment. Getting no answer to his call from a nearby telephone booth, Morse tried her door. It was unlocked. As he turned the knob, the superintendent surprised him. "I want to see Carol," Morse said. "She's not home," the superintendent replied. Morse tried again in five minutes, and again the superintendent intercepted him. "OK," said Morse, "I'll see her later."

Sunday Carol answered. "I've got the wrong number," Morse said. Her voice excited him—"sultry," he described it—and Monday night he didn't bother to call her first. He changed into green slacks, a sweat shirt and sneakers. He wrapped mending tape around a steel padlock and drew a wool stocking over that. He reached Carol's door at about 4:30 A.M. Once more he found it unlocked. She was asleep on a studio couch, her head a few inches from the door. Morse brought the padlock crashing down on her skull. He was stuffing a wash rag into her mouth when she came to, moaning. He struck again, fracturing her skull. She still struggled. He choked her first with his hands, then looped a nylon stocking around her throat. With its mate he bound her wrists. Another blow shattered a rib. When she moved no more, he

Photographs by Jacques Lowe

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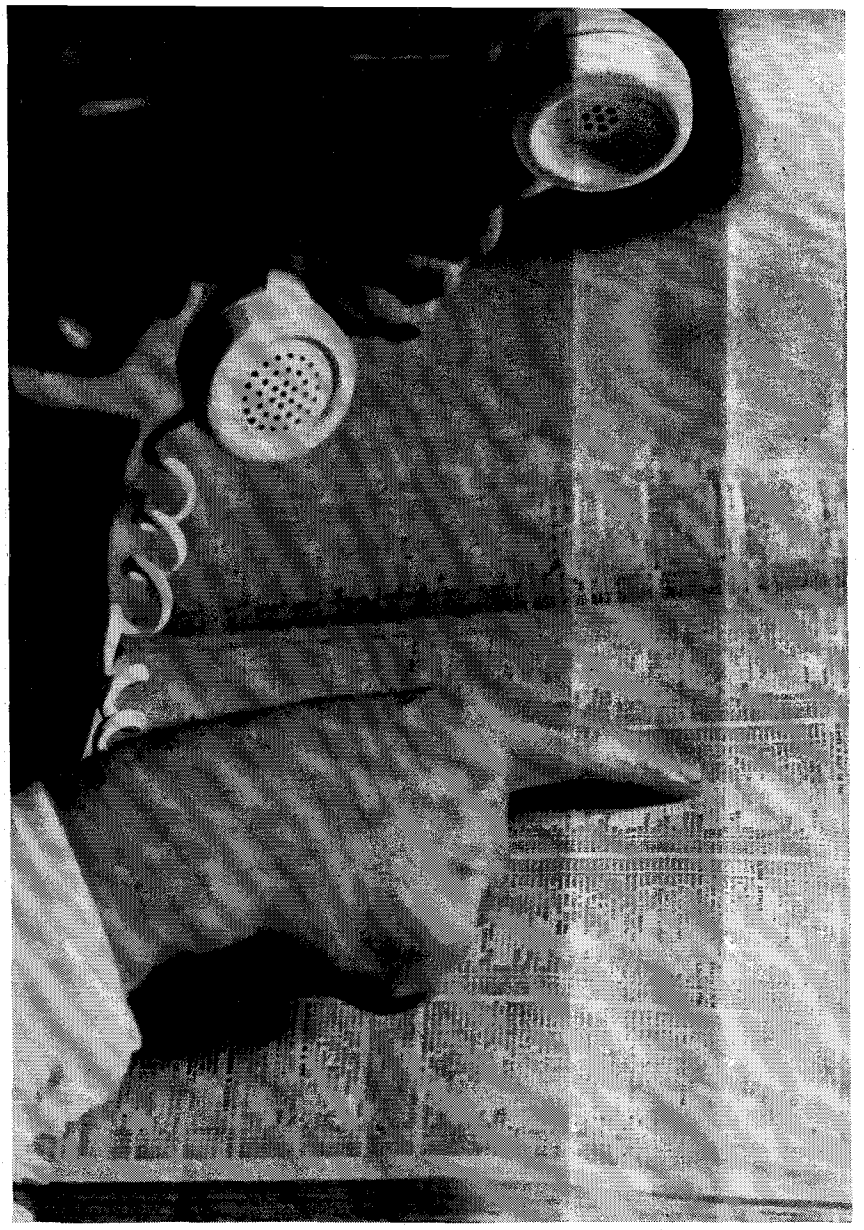

raped her. He left after taking a wristwatch and five dollars from her purse. Back at his apartment he carefully burned his blood-spattered clothes in the incinerator.

The superintendent discovered Carol's naked, broken body late next morning, after her employer, puzzled by her absence, telephoned him. Morse and Muriel heard the news together that evening while listening to the radio. She jokingly taxed him with the murder. He chuckled and changed the subject.

A month passed as the St. Paul police followed a series of cold trails. Then, in Washington, D.C., an astonishing coincidence spurred the FBI into action. A vacationing St. Paul hospital nurse, taking a guided tour of FBI headquarters, spotted a handsome, boyish face among the photographs of the Ten Most Wanted Fugitives. "I know him!" she cried. "We live in the same building." It was Morse. That evening FBI agents rang his doorbell. He had been sleeping, and he answered the door in the nude. Under his mattress they found a knife, a straight-edge razor and a .25 caliber automatic. He put up no resistance. To the FBI agents and the local police he coolly admitted killing Carol Ronan and recounted a host of other crimes, including some that nobody suspected.

A curious phenomenon common to many horrendous murder cases is the number of people who have kind words to say about the killer and can't believe him guilty. Morse was no exception. "I think of him as I knew him, as a friend," said the hospital nurse. "He always appeared to be so nice." His landlady: "He was a gentleman. Never did anything out of the way." His boss at the car wash: "A steady worker. We can't say anything against him." The bewildered Muriel took it hardest. She could neither eat nor sleep. "If he repents his sins," she said, "I hope to see him in heaven."

Morse's plea of guilty to second-degree murder, which eliminated the need to prove premeditation, made a life sentence mandatory. But since he would be eligible for parole in 20 years, District Judge Robert V. Rensch imposed an additional life sentence, to run consecutively, for first-degree burglary, to which Morse had also pleaded guilty. In any event, even if paroled, he is unlikely to remain at large because Alabama and Washington also have filed murder charges against him.

Deploring the dearth of knowledge about sex criminals, Judge Rensch asked psychiatrists at the University of Minnesota to examine Morse before imprisonment. "It might help toward saving other lives," he said. "If it goes toward saving even one, it would be worthwhile."

At Atascadero, meantime, the psychiatrists revised the prognosis made five years earlier. "From the record data," they now said, "there appears insufficient basis for predicting homicide; however, the pathological symptoms suggested that the patient might be a sexual recidivist with mounting preference for direct contact with victims rather than satisfied with the distant factor of indecent exposure and lewd telephone calls."

One of the Minnesota psychiatrists said, "Tests could have shown Morse was extremely dangerous and destructive." The university's director of clinical psychology, Starke R. Hathaway, who developed the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, used the world over to classify psychotic types, disagreed. "No test yet devised," he said, "will surely detect psychopathic deviations." In the short time available to them the Minnesota psychiatrists could only confirm that Morse was not insane within the meaning of the law.

While awaiting transfer from the county jail to the state prison at Stillwater, Morse was allowed to talk to reporters. As he harked back to his crimes, groping incoherently for the motive, he mingled humility with vainglory. "I feel the way about it everyone does, a feeling of revulsion." He blamed it all on rejection by women, but hastened to add that they never rejected him sexually. They failed him in other respects, he said. They withheld the affection he needed. "Every time I found what I wanted, it would change, I wouldn't have it any more. Maybe it was because they didn't live up to my expectations. I guess I wanted to hurt a woman, sort of as a symbol. I wanted them to be just the way I wanted, so they wouldn't have any will of their own. I don't know, it's hard to explain. I don't think I intended rape. I just wanted to hurt them . . . I'm sorry for what I've done. But what can I say? Nothing I could say now would comfort anyone. I'd gladly take Carol's place, if I could, or any of the others." Referring to the psychiatrists' examination, he echoed Judge Rensch's sentiments. "I hope what they learned may keep someone else from ending up this way," he said.

At Stillwater, Morse became suicidal. He tried to open his veins and cut his throat with a hobby-craft knife. Knowing his atrocious history, one may find it hard to care what happens to him. Yet Morse and his ilk—a Caryl Chessman, a "Boston Strangler"—are treasures to be zealously preserved. For if fully, scientifically exploited, they might advance our meager knowledge of sexual aberrations, enabling us to recognize early symptoms in others before they despoil children, rape or kill. "Those who are executed carry the secret of their illness with them," complained the late Dr. Benjamin Karpman, chief psychotherapist of Washington's St. Elizabeth's Hospital, "and when imprisoned, they are not studied. How far would physical medicine have progressed if doctors were not allowed to learn anything about the pathology of disease?" The late Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, renowned

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Strangers are not the only threat to a child.

chief medical officer of Baltimore's Supreme Bench, appealed for "scientifically controlled studies along psychoanalytical lines."

But, like most prisons throughout the country, Stillwater has insufficient research facilities, let alone a staff of therapists to treat sex offenders—116 of them serving sentence in Stillwater at a recent count. Its only consulting psychiatrist visits the place one day a week. Up to the time of this writing, he had never seen Morse.

Who is the John Doe of sex offenders? His portrait, as it emerges from statistical sources, shows a man 35 years old, of pleasant-enough looks, good physical health and medium intelligence. He stands about five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 157 pounds. Race: white. Religion: Protestant. His religious attitudes are conventional; he accepts organized worship. He is native-born and comes from a broken home. His parents were in the low-income bracket and undereducated. He got along poorly with both of them, but preferred his mother, incorporating her values into his personality. He acquired his early knowledge of sex from outsiders. His first coital experience, at 17, produced more anxiety than pleasure. His regular sex life began later than the average, after his 20th year. He went to high school but didn't graduate. He is a war veteran and a semi-skilled worker, who was first employed at 16. He has a wife and two children. He married impulsively a girl he had known a few weeks. She, too, is emotionally unstable. Without self-confidence, he believes her superior to himself. They fail to satisfy each other sexually. John Doe doesn't gamble. He takes no drugs. He smokes moderately and seldom drinks to excess. Sometimes, however, he is under the influence of alcohol when he commits his offenses. He is exaggeratedly preoccupied with cleanliness and order. He belongs to no organized social groups and has no intimate friends. Competitive sports and games don't appeal to him. He likes mechanical gadgets, movies and art, though he is not artistically gifted. His emotional impairments differ in degree rather than kind from those of law-abiding neurotics and even many "normal" people.

The United States has the world's highest incidence of sex crimes, but we can only conjecture about the indigenous forces that create the sex criminal. One answer may lie in the Puritan heritage that lingers in the United States despite the modern license of expression and morals. Summarizing the convictions of his psychiatric colleagues, Dr. Karpman reported: "The most constant finding is a Puritanical attitude toward sexual matters in the offender and in his family. . . . The American social culture is repressive and inconsistent. . . . It is little wonder that sex becomes associated in the child's mind with all sorts of emotional distortions. . . . Sexual maladjustments would not occur if children were exposed to proper adult attitudes."

From his prison experience of 35 years Clinton P. Duffy, former warden of San Quentin, concludes, "Nowhere else is there such anxiety, such confusion, such a mass of guilt complexes regarding sex. And nowhere else are there so many sex offenders. In other countries conversation about sex is open and untrammeled in front of children, who grow up with none of the guilty feelings and unhealthy curiosities that so many of our children have. The secrets we keep from our children fan emotions that are accentuated rather than offset by our crass lack of secrecy in public. All our display is general, but our horror of sex as it relates to any of us in particular is so deep-seated that most of our rape victims would rather drop charges than testify against their attackers."

Other probable contributory factors include the rootlessness of American society and the looseness of family ties. No hurt so scars a child emotionally, not poverty nor illness, as the collapse of a warm, fixed center of existence. Sex offenders, according to the Karpman résumé, are what they are because they were denied two fundamental human needs—security and affection. A Michigan study of criminal deviates revealed that they all suffered from emotional deprivation in childhood. Unable to identify with their parents, they couldn't identify with society. Significantly, among the country's Oriental minorities, with their domestic and communal cohesion, the rate of sex offenses is negligible. A California child-guidance authority says, "If a Chinese or Japanese kid strays, not only his family but the whole neighborhood rallies around to set him straight."

Popular notions to the contrary, rapist-killers like Hugh Bion Morse are rare phenomena. Violent sex crimes in general occur less frequently than the headlines suggest. Even rapists, who, according to the FBI's annual Uniform Crime Reports, claimed 22,470 victims in 1965, form a small percentage of all dangerous sex criminals. The dangerous criminal might be defined as one who threatens life and limb, or, in the case of children, their normal emotional growth—not nonaggressive deviates, Peeping Toms, exhibitionists (before adults), transvestites, and homosexuals with consenting partners. However morally reprehensible, they harm nobody.

For reasons never convincingly explained, women commit so few dangerous sex crimes that they scarcely figure in studies of the problem. Men outnumber women 7 to 1 in every category of serious crimes. Dr. Karpman can only suggest the obvious: "Women are more repressed, men more aggressive." Dr. Ralph Brancale, director of the New Jersey Diagnostic Center since its inception 18 years ago, speculates: "The male offender is usually trying to reassure himself about his masculinity. When feeling unloved or rejected, he discharges his resentment through physical aggression. Women, naturally passive, receptive and anatomically unequipped for sexual violence, are likelier to do so through prostitution."

By far the most common type of dangerous sex criminal, accounting for perhaps 75 percent of the total, are the child molesters—in technical parlance, pedophiles, whose practices range from furtive fondling to forcible penetration and sometimes murder. For a special study John Gagnon of the Kinsey Institute interviewed 4,500 women. Twenty-five percent, he discovered, had been subjected, at some time between the ages of 4 and 13, to one of a variety of sexual experiences from exhibitionism to direct contact. Projecting that percentage into the country's 4-to-13 age group, numbering two million, Gagnon estimated the total at 500,000 a year. The Children's Division of the American Humane Association, basing its figures on the average annual number of victims under 16 in New York City (3,000 to 4,000), puts the national figure close to a million.

One night not long ago Capt. William Richey, who heads the Juvenile Division of the Los Angeles Police Department, paced his office on Georgia Street, near a dilapidated neighborhood, shaking his head in despair. "Right this minute," he said, "there are probably fifty degenerates on the prowl for kids around here. We

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Surveys show that too often the offender is a relative or a close friend of the family.

had over five hundred cases of brutality last year, largely with sexual overtones." Some authorities have cited California as a model state in its handling of sex offenders, but Richey said, "If it is, God help the rest of the country."

Recently, Brooklyn's P.S. 213 kept its street doors locked during school hours, forbade girls to leave their classes alone, and had teachers' aides patrol the corridors, after an unidentified prowler molested two first-graders and tried to rape a third in the washroom. A delegation of mothers stormed City Hall to demand safeguards. "Our children are living in a state of terror," said one. "Many of them don't even want to go to school."

In the Queens section of New York City a mother dropped her 7-year-old daughter off at church for a Brownie meeting. A handyman led the child to the basement, attempted rape, choked her to death and crammed her body into the furnace "so she couldn't tell." Four psychiatrists testified he was sane, four others that he was insane. The sentence: 20 years to life. In the upper reaches of New York City two children were raped and killed within the same hour. The first, age 7, was strangled in a Harlem tenement. The police arrested a jobless junkie. The second, a 9-year-old paralytic, was thrown out of a fifth-floor window in the Bronx, allegedly by an ex-convict with a previous conviction for a sex offense. Both accused have been held without bail since September.

Pediatric clinics serving New York's slum sections treat, on the average, two or three raped children a week, their bodies lacerated, their minds numbed. But pedophilia is not peculiar to slums. Though the poor, the uneducated, the castoffs make up the majority, child molesters exist at every social, economic and professional level and in every age bracket. They include businessmen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, clergy.

Toward the end of an April afternoon last year three small girls were ambling down Longwood Avenue in Westbury, Long Island. A blue station wagon drew up, and the driver, a blond burly man of about 30, wearing dark, horn-rimmed glasses, a black broadcloth suit and a collarless shirt, beckoned to 7-year-old Susie Raymond (which is not her name). As her playmates watched, he flipped open an address book and asked her for a street direction. Presently Susie scrambled into the front seat beside him, and he drove off. When her puzzled friends got home, they told their parents, who called the police. They had good reason. The area was rife with rumors of sexual crimes against children.

When police radio cars reached Longwood Avenue and detectives began asking people there if they had seen a blue station wagon, some boys with cars of their own decided to help trace it. They spotted it in a parking lot behind a high school. The driver drove off as they approached, but they forced him to the curb. Susie was crying. So was the driver. "I didn't hurt her," he said, and begged the boys not to hurt him.

The detectives, arriving a moment later, recognized the Rev. Harold L. Elliott, a guitar-playing, folk-singing assistant pastor at the Episcopal Christ Church in nearby Babylon. With his wife and 4-year-old daughter he had moved to Long Island the year before from a West Virginia parish. Since his transfer 39 sex offenses had been reported to the police of Nassau and Suffolk counties. Several complainants mentioned a blue station wagon. On at least four occasions detectives suspected Elliott, but ruled him out because they couldn't conceive a minister to be guilty of such evil.

The minister, it developed, had a history of sex offenses, which was known to his church superiors. A North Carolinian by birth, he attended New York's Adelphi University, graduating with a B.A. in 1956. Ordained three years later, he assisted the rector of a St. James, Long Island, church as a curate until 1962. (The rector recalls, "He was quite normal. There was no trouble while he was here.") After St. James he became a pastor in Ravenswood, W. Va. He was arrested near there for exposing himself to two teen-age girls, but by forfeiting bond he avoided a hearing. The bishop of his diocese, the Right Rev. Wilburn C. Campbell, immediately transferred him to Keyser, W. Va. Slipping across the state line to Levale, Md., one day, he again exposed himself to children. The police believed him guilty of 40 similar offenses. With official cooperation Bishop Campbell managed to suppress news of the arrest. The charges were dropped upon his assurance that Elliott would receive psychiatric treatment. The pastor and his family left Keyser the same night, and the bishop thanked the Maryland state attorney for sparing the church notoriety by his "delicate handling" of the case. Elliott's successor in Keyser said of him later, "He was a very likable guy. Many church members regarded him highly." (This opinion was shared by some Babylon parishioners, who said: "A great guy, a born leader. . . . He is very witty and athletic. . . . We like him very much.")

Bishop Campbell removed Elliott's police record from the diocesan files and, stripping him of all ecclesiastical functions, shipped him off to work as a gardener for the Zion Episcopal Church in Douglaston, Long Island, while he underwent private psychiatric treatment. A year later, considered cured, he was restored to pastoral duties and assigned to Christ Church in Babylon. When, after his arrest, reporters asked Bishop Campbell whether he alerted the Long Island church officials to Elliott's history, and what precautions they took to protect the children of their communities, he replied, "None of your business."

After his arrest in Long Island, Elliott's wife, who knew her husband's past, collapsed in tears at the police station as she told how she would fearfully count the hours he spent outside his home and church. From the minister himself the police learned that he seldom varied his procedure, cruising in his station wagon and using his address book to trap his prey. He always took off his clerical collar, putting it back right afterward.

He was booked for sodomy and carnal abuse. The indictment in Nassau County's First District Court, followed by a second indictment in Suffolk County, specified that he not only molested Susie Raymond but enticed another child into his car to watch the act.

Two psychiatric examinations satisfied the court as to his competence to stand trial, and he was released in $25,000 bail. Last November, in the Nassau court, he pleaded guilty. He received a five-to-ten-year suspended sentence and was committed for psychiatric care to the state hospital at Central Islip. Meanwhile, the church had unfrocked Elliott.

What becomes of the pedophile's victims? "They are forgotten," says Vincent de Francis, a Denver lawyer who directs the Humane Association's Children's Division. They are children "whose presence, whose condition and whose cry for help is unrecognized or ignored." They may suffer more from efforts to catch the criminal than from the crime itself. Under public pressure to punish the despoiler, the authorities question the child, take her before a magistrate, a grand jury, a trial judge, expose her to cross-examinations and the gaze of 12 jurors and an audience. The constant prodding to describe what happened to her in the most minute, sordid detail magnifies the child's fear and shame. The parents' attitude often compounds the damage. "They are also victims," says de Francis. "They feel threatened. Their self-esteem is lowered. They are anxious about what the neighbors may say. Their inexperience with problems of this kind frightens them. Sometimes their frustration is turned in angry blame toward the child." Between the parents and the law, the child may be marked for life.

A few communities have adopted a program formulated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. By arrangement with the police and prosecutor, a social agency conducts the preliminary investigation. A sensitive caseworker of the same sex gently questions the child and her family at home, then submits a brief to the district attorney. If a court appearance is unavoidable, the caseworker prepares the child for it psychologically, never leaves her side, opposes a jury trial and tries to persuade the judge to hear the case in his chambers. In most communities, however, the child is caught up in the unrelenting cogwheels of legal machinery.

Since last June, de Francis and a New York sociologist, Sol Chaneles, have been codirectors of a project to seek ways of reducing that emotional damage. With an $80,000-a-year grant from the U.S. Children's Bureau, they began a pilot study in Brooklyn of some 500 child victims and their families. The findings to date, corroborated by many other surveys, shatter some widespread illusions. In 83 percent of the cases, they discovered, the offender was a member of the child's immediate environment, a close family friend or often a relative by blood or marriage. One out of four offenses was incest.

It follows that educational campaigns to make children wary of strangers miss a large part of the target. During the last 10 years the FBI has disseminated 35 million "color me" posters, depicting a pig-tailed tot skipping toward a tree where a sinister figure lurks with a bag labeled CANDY. "Turn down gifts from strangers," the caption warns, without explaining why. "Refuse rides from strangers. Avoid dark and lonely streets. Know your policeman." In Phoenix, Ariz., the police distribute comic books illustrating gambits of the child molester. In St. Petersburg, Fla., a ventriloquist's dummy named "Gabby" lectures to school children. But he never mentions sex. "The likely effect," says Chaneles, "is to instill a paranoid mistrust of grownups."

More to the point, he and de Francis agree, would be adult reeducation. The community, they insist, should learn that men known to their prey commit the majority of sex crimes against children. They press for two major reforms: (1) modify legal procedures to make convictions easier with the minimum involvement of the victims; (2) organize local services to soften the child's torment and relieve the family's sense of humiliation.

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Endless questioning by the police and courts magnifies the child's fear and shame.

THE SEX CRIMINAL

In trying to deal with the sex offenders, society has encountered repeated conflicts between psychiatry and the law, particularly on the question of whether the criminal is insane. Insane, as the law defines it, has no meaning for psychiatry, which prefers the term "psychotic." The 19th-century M'Naghten test, still applied in 44 states though widely derided as obsolete, doesn't really test sanity at all but criminal responsibility. The accused is "insane" if he "was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, he did not know he was doing what was wrong." Psychiatry, on the other hand, acknowledges that, even though the accused is able to draw the distinction, he may yet be unable to choose the right course. The mere capacity for not confusing good and evil is not evidence of sound mental health.

Vermont, Illinois, Missouri, New York, Kentucky and Wisconsin have substituted, in whole or in part, the test recommended in 1955 by the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, which holds a defendant not responsible, "if as a result of mental disease or defect he lacks substantial capacity either to appreciate the criminality of his conduct or to conform to the requirements of the law." But seldom do law and psychiatry speak the same language, the former aiming primarily to protect society against the mentally sick offender, the latter to heal him.

Since 1936, a total of 31 states and the District of Columbia have enacted "sexual-psychopath" statutes. On the whole they tend away from the punitive tradition. Sexual psychopaths, they imply, are sick people who should get medical care. The penological approach has dismally failed to achieve either of the aims of a civilized society: to protect the public and rehabilitate the offender. The new statutes shift a large share of the burden to psychiatry. Twenty-three of them empower the courts to sentence a psychopath to a sentence of one day to life, whatever period necessary until he is cured and no longer a menace. Eight states allow such commitments on a mere charge of crime or even suspicion of a bent toward it.

The intent is humane but the performance a mockery. For the legislators impute to psychiatry a prognostic skill which will develop only after a great deal more research, if ever. They act as if treatment facilities exist. With rare exceptions they don't. Few states have implemented the statutes. Florida flatly stipulates commitment to "the newly created state-research and treatment center." A purely imaginary place. No funds were ever appropriated.

The country's entire correctional system numbers the equivalent of 133 full-time psychiatrists. The shortage is not surprising. Working in the bleak prison atmospheres, they earn, at the top, from about $18,000 to $22,000 a year. A skilled private practitioner, receiving patients in the comfort of his office, may earn two to three times as much. Who but an idealist, a novice or an incompetent would choose to fill a state post?

Statutes that permit indefinite detention in the name of treatment, where no treatment is available, that create a special class of prisoner-patient, but fail to provide anything more than custody, are gross violations of human rights. They become mere contrivances to inflict longer incarceration than otherwise possible. The voyeur, one of the hardest types of deviate to treat under even optimum conditions, could, in some states, finish his days behind bars without ever talking to a psychiatrist. As a result many courts refuse to invoke an indeterminate sentence and impose a fixed term. In his brisk, blunt style former Kings County (N.Y.) Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz once summed it up. The defendant before him was an 18-year-old child molester. "He is a sex psychopath. He needs psychiatric treatment. I have no place to send him but jail." He gave him three years.

The fixed sentence is no solution either. It guarantees society only temporary security. If psychiatry, with all its shortcomings, can modify some criminal perversions—a reasonable supposition in view of its frequent successes—then the failure to apply it widely is a costly omission. When the untreated offender does go free, he may be as dangerous as the day he entered prison and, with his pent-up hatreds, probably more so.

Semantic chaos also weakens the statutes and divides the psychiatrists. What is a "sexual psychopath," or, to use the currently fashionable term, "sociopath"? The New Jersey State Commission on Habitual Sex Offenders asked 29 medical experts to define it, and got 29 different answers. Legal definitions, varying from state to state, shed even less light. They agree only that the sexual psychopath is neither "insane nor feebleminded." In language shimmering with ambiguity, Nebraska describes him as "any person who by a course of misconduct in sexual affairs has evidenced an utter lack of power to control his sexual impulses and who, as a result, is likely to attack or otherwise inflict injury, pain or other evil on the objects of his uncontrolled and uncontrollable desires." New Hampshire identifies him by his "emotional instability or impulsiveness of behavior, or lack of customary standards of good judgment." The state of Washington says anybody "affected in a form of psychoneurosis or in a form of . . . psychopathic personality, which form disposes such person to the commission of sexual offenses in a degree constituting him a menace to the health or safety of others." Many states have simply discarded the term, replacing it with "sexually dangerous person," "mentally ill" or "mentally disordered sex offender," or "sex offender."

On practically every major aspect of sexual criminality the experts are split. Compared to their panel discussions, a session of the United Nations sounds like an orgy of acquiescence. Can psychiatry foretell the sex offender's conduct after treatment? During a symposium in Philadelphia a few years ago Prof. Caleb Foote of the University of Pennsylvania Law School said he had found no evidence which would allow him to appraise the accuracy of psychiatric predictions about an offender's future conduct. But Dr. Herbert C. Modlin of the Menninger Clinic said, "Prognosis is one of our daily tasks, and I do not see that it is particularly different with sex offenders. . . . We make fewer mistakes than those who follow the discipline of common-sense psychology."

In his exhaustive review of the literature on sex offenders Dr. Karpman quoted a member of the Pennsylvania Board of Pardons and Parole as stating, "Nearly every case can be recognized in early childhood." But according to a Michigan report, "Psychiatrists and criminologists believe it impossible to tell whether a child will become a deviate." How does the childhood history of sex offenders differ from that of the normal person? At a Maryland state hospital conference Dr. Leopold E. Wexberg claimed it didn't. But Dr. Karpman retorted, "Without exception their problems go into early childhood."

The Harvard Law School criminologists, Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, gave a demonstration of their theory that potential delinquents can be identified as early as the fifth to sixth year. Working backward from data on 500 delinquent and 500 nondelinquent boys of the same age, I.Q.. ethnic origin and neighborhood conditions, they used 400 factors to compare the two groups. From those factors that sharply differentiated the groups in early childhood they selected five: father's discipline, mother's supervision, father's affection, mother's affection and family cohesiveness. They scored each boy on each factor, noting the comparative incidence of delinquency between the two groups. For example, 83.2 percent who had been poorly supervised by their mothers were delinquent, and that percentage became the prediction-score rating for factor No. 2. Finally, from the sum of percentages, the Gluecks constructed their famous Social Prediction Table.

They published it in 1950. Two years later psychologists and social caseworkers of the New York City Youth Board tested it. Reducing the factors to three, mother's discipline (instead of father's, taking into account the likelihood of broken homes), mother's supervision and family cohesiveness, they focused on 301 first-grade boys in public school. After analyzing family backgrounds, they identified 33 as future delinquents, 243 as nondelinquents and gave 25 an even chance. They then followed the boys for 10 years. By 1962 all but five in the delinquent and seven in the nondelinquent group had behaved as predicted. Of the even-chance group nine had been delinquent.

By itself the Glueck table can yield no inkling to future sexual behavior. But if the delinquency factors are present in combination with such signs as sadistic cruelty to animals or to other children, excessive precocious sexuality without guilt feelings, hostility to adult control, the shadow of the future criminal deviate looms large, and therapy would seem imperative.

To compound the general confusion, a noted psychoanalyst, Dr. Ludwig Eidelberg, whose book, *The Dark Urge*, probes the rapists' fantasies, challenges the ability of psychotherapy to cure the sex offender at any age. "It's just a modified, superficial form of psychoanalysis," he maintains. "Cure means changing the total personality, and only psychoanalysis can accomplish that. Also, the patient must be willing."

What further beclouds the problem of sex crime is the profusion of popular misbeliefs, many of them shared by legislators, judges and the police. "The sex offender," wrote Dr. David Abrahamsen of Columbia University's Psychiatric Institute, "is the most emotionally and mentally disturbed of all criminals because his problem reaches to the roots of his most basic and primitive impulses." So, probably, does the community's panicky reaction to those crimes reach to the roots of its own primitive impulses. No criminal, not the professional killer, the kidnaper, the dope pusher, arouses deeper fear and hatred.

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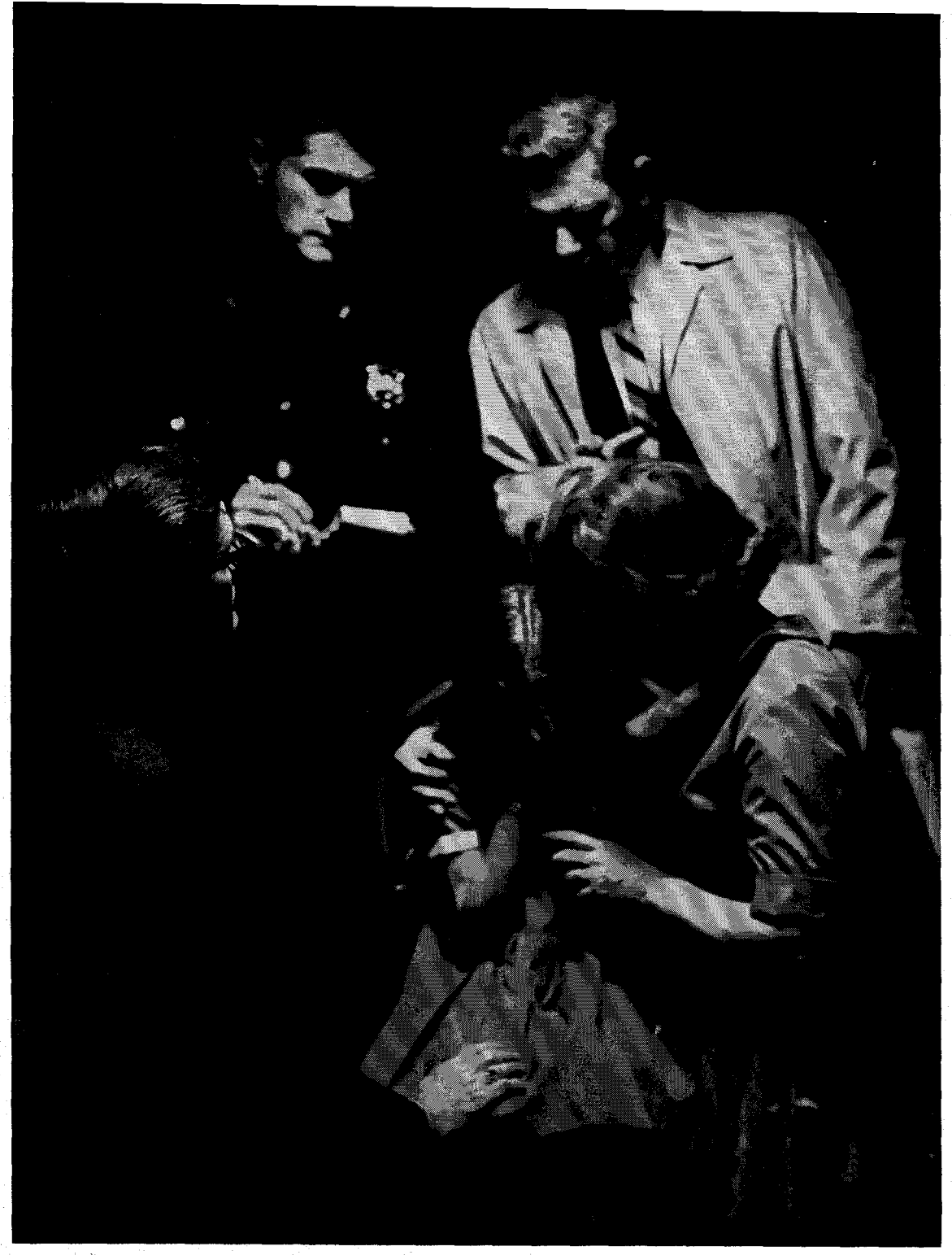

A prevalent psychological theory holds that normal people, having many of the same mechanisms as the sex offender, but coping with them through strong repression, project their repressive mechanism on him, saying, in effect, "I control myself. This loathsome animal doesn't." Whatever the psychological reason, the intense emotionalism breeds myths. Some examples:

Most sex criminals are homicidal. The fact: Comparatively few sex offenders use force. According to large-scale statistical samples by Kinsey and others, the dangerous ones—the rapists, child molesters and sadists—represent between 5 percent and 10 percent of the total convicted. Murderous perverts are scarcer still, and these few don't necessarily kill because their perversion compels them to, but to avoid discovery. The late criminologist, Edwin H. Sutherland, reviewing homicides in America over a three-year period, concluded that people stand an infinitely greater chance of being murdered by a close relative than by an unknown "sex fiend."

Sex offenders rate high as repeaters. The fact: They have one of the lowest recidivist rates of all criminal types. In a recent random FBI sampling of 67,344 repeaters, broken down into 10 categories, the sex offenders, 2,120 of them, formed the second smallest category after murderers. A tabulation by the New Jersey Diagnostic Center, covering 1,206 sex offenders, showed that barely a fourth had ever been arrested before for the same offense and about half for any offense. Studies in New York, Pennsylvania, Minnesota and California arrived at almost the same or even lower percentages. As for behavior after prison, of 3,423 sex offenders, released in Pennsylvania between 1947 and 1962, only 19.8 percent violated their parole. Less than five percent repeated their original offense. The rest were returned either for nonsexual crimes or infractions of parole rules. The violation rate for all parolees was 33 percent, with 18 percent repeating the same crime.

Sex crimes have been steadily rising. The fact: No proof exists either way. The FBI Uniform Crime Reports figure of 22,470 forcible rapes in 1965, supposedly representing a 36 percent increase since 1960, is open to debate. It could be too high because the local police data from which the FBI compiles its statistics do not consistently include the final disposition of cases. A "forcible rape" may have involved no force whatever. Sometimes it happens only in the fantasy of a neurotic woman. False accusations may also be lodged by rejected women craving vengeance, by blackmailers, by parents of a pregnant daughter whom the culprit refused to marry. In a single month last year the Washington, D.C., police investigated 89 complaints. Fifty-six proved unfounded. As an alibi for staying out late, a teenager said she had been assaulted, and her mother called the police. An Army officer's wife who became pregnant during her husband's absence filed a rape charge so she could show him an official confirmation. She didn't get it. Roughly a third of the 3,386 rape cases more fully reported to the FBI in 1965 ended in dismissal or acquittal. The year before, the figure for New York City was 1,145. Convictions: 22, including statutory rape.

Yet the FBI figure could be too low because innumerable rape victims shrink from testifying. Legal fictions further obscure the truth. It is a time-honored expedient of prosecutors, when conviction by a jury seems chancy, to let the defendant plead guilty to a lesser charge. Thus "felonious assault, third degree" may mask the real crime.

Evidence of a rise in crime rates is equally hard to verify. Some statisticians ascribe the apparent increase partly to improved methods of detection, partly to better police reporting. Is there really more crime, or are more criminals being arrested and more cases tallied? One of the most startling FBI figures indicates a 70 percent jump from 1964 to 1965 in Baltimore crime. A discreet footnote, however, invalidates any comparison. In 1964, it was discovered, the Baltimore police simply failed to tabulate several thousand cases. A recent monograph of the National Parole Institutes goes so far as to suggest a decline in crimes of violence.

The myth of sex-crime waves periodically sweeping the country is not substantiated either. A few sensational headlines appearing within a short span of time suffice to produce the illusion. When a "Boston Strangler" rivets the nation's attention, city editors tend to highlight other sex crimes which they would normally relegate to a back page. The police, goaded into sharper vigilance, haul in every known sex offender.

Sex offenders progress from bad to worse offenses. The fact: They usually stick to whatever practice initially brought them satisfaction. The voyeur seldom shifts to exhibitionism or the exhibitionist to rape. Hugh Bion Morse was exceptional in this respect. Dr. Guttmacher, who studied thousands of cases, said that the sex offender permanently adopts the kind of deviation best suited to relieve his unconscious needs. "He is conditioned to it, and he is very unlikely to seek other methods."

Sex criminals are oversexed. The fact: The majority are undersexed when not impotent. It is their very sexual inadequacy for which they try to compensate through their offense. The pedophile reverts to infantile sex play because he is fixated in some childhood experience and so unable to fulfill the demands of a mature relationship. With children he feels secure, unchallenged. When the Kinsey researchers, preparing their study of sex offenders, asked exhibitionists what they would do if a woman showed interest, a frequent answer was, "Well, I don't know. I guess I'd run away."

Psychiatrists classify several types of rapists by motivation. One main type, perfectly potent—"not the true psychopathic sex offender"—is the total criminal who grabs whatever his fancy dictates, rape being merely another kind of plunder. Another type, hating women because he can't love them, tries to prove his virility by aggression. He derives relief of his tension less from the act of intercourse than from exercising power over women. Many rapists can't achieve potency unless the victim resists. *(continued on page 42)*

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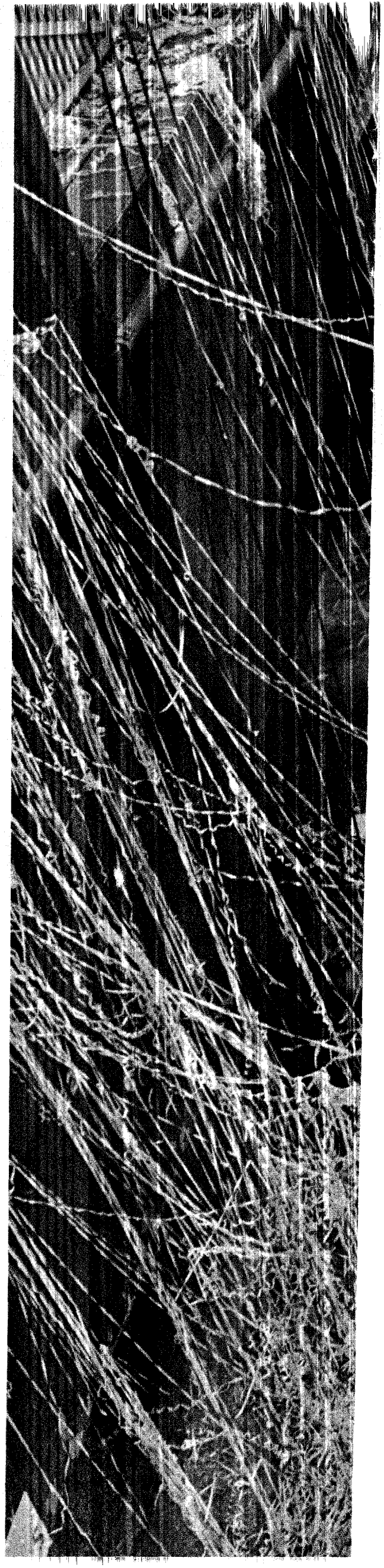
Departing cruisers clutch champagne and wave happily as their "floating pleasure dome" prepares to cast off.



THIRTEEN MAD DAYS AND PASSIONATE NIGHTS LOOSE IN THE ANTILLES

In which we seek to answer the age-old question: Can an aging Vassar graduate find love and happiness on a Bachelor Cruise in the Caribbean?

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN / Photographs by Harvey Lloyd

It was my 10th blissful day afloat on the balmy Caribbean. I could see it out there through my cabin window, fanned by soft, unpolluted salt breezes, as blue and sparkling as a color postcard. I could imagine my friends back in Washington, scraping the ice off their windshields and cursing as they pictured me in a deck chair, slathered in scented oils, turning an irritating shade of tan. Only what I was really doing was wrapping a Band-Aid around my thumb so I could go on sewing the lavender skirt with white plastic hula fringe which I was fashioning out of whole cheesecloth to wear to "Roaring Twenties Night." Which was only three hours away.

The warning, like the previous ones, had been slipped under my cabin door while I slept. They were always printed inside a wild green or orange or pink folder about the size of a Schrafft's menu. "Attention all 'Sheiks' and 'Shebas,'" this one began. "Let's get in the mood to recapture that golden age of jazz, hip flasks, speakeasies and woopee. So, gents, dig out the raccoon coat, climb into your 'Stutz Bearcat' and

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After an assault on the Nassau shopping district, cruisers rushed to Paradise Beach to work on their tans.

drive to the Boat 'n' Bottle Bar. Flappers, don't forget to wear your beads, fringes and headache bands, and 'shimmy' along." Then at high noon in the lounge, like commandos drawing their weapons for the night's raid, we ladies had been issued two yards of cheesecloth in the color of our choice, two yards of white plastic fringe, pins, needles, thread and two-inch plastic false eyelashes. Gents were issued boater hats and urged to sign up for Charleston, Black Bottom or barbershop-quartet practice. From that moment on it was none of that indolent deck-chair stuff, but Black Bottom rehearsals and frenzied, thumb-puncturing *haute couture* in the cabin.

Cruising these days isn't just flopping on air mattresses around the swimming pool. The cruise concept now is that you Do Something. Lindblad Travel, Inc., for example, is bundling up tourists and sending them off on an Antarctic expedition. They fly to Argentina, board an Argentine Navy transport and set out through the ice floes and penguins—not just standing there in their fur hats and peering over the rail, but following a strenuous course of lectures and research on the History of Antarctic Exploration, Marine Biology, Meteorology, Ornithology, Wild Life Conservation, Geology and Glaciology—a curriculum that even the tour folder admits "will leave you very little leisure time."

Other adventurers, led by the Donald L. Ferguson management, aboard the M.T.S. *Argonaut*, will be probing the jungles of Surinam. The Grace Line offers investment seminars by the Wall Street brokerage firm of Oppenheimer and Company. The Matson Line is floating boatload after boatload around Bora Bora, Rarotonga, Australia, Fiji, Pago Pago, Tahiti, New Zealand, Nouméa, Niaufo'ou and Hawaii—while the paying passengers study painting, bridge, flower arranging, golf, photography or take a 42-day crash course in "all the navigation you need for an ocean cruise."

I was on something that sounded rather mild: a "Beachcomber Cruise" of the Caribbean. That is, we were given two days of intensive combat training at sea, including lectures "with special emphasis on the shopping possibilities," plus friendly handouts from the U.S. Treasury's FOREIGN ASSETS CONTROL people telling us we couldn't buy anything in the whole Caribbean area "of Communist Chinese, North Korean or North Vietnamese origin"—even if it said on the label that it was made someplace else.

In addition to my basic duties as a Beachcomber, I was also a member of something called a Bachelor Party—the result of a long, rainy Sunday with *The New York Times* travel section. "If you love excitement, meeting people, going to far-off places," the ad had said, "you're invited on a Bachelor Party Holiday! Travel with your own age group. Enjoy evening entertainment . . . be a special guest at cocktail parties, nightclubs, restaurants."

And down the rest of the page was a list that made me realize that the world was scarcely big enough to contain the people who were out there somewhere having fun on Bachelor Parties. If they aren't off for 23 days AROUND THE ORIENT, they're decimating Europe—EUROPE DELUXE, EUROPE STANDARD, EUROPE GRAND MOTOR TOUR and EUROPE BUDGET. Or DELUXE MEXICO, MEXICO COLONIAL and MEXICO BUDGET. By the time I got to Caribbean Cruises 21 Sailings "from $150 up," with a cold rain drooling down

When the pink and blue streamers snapped off the pier, "it was as though we had all *come unplugged."*

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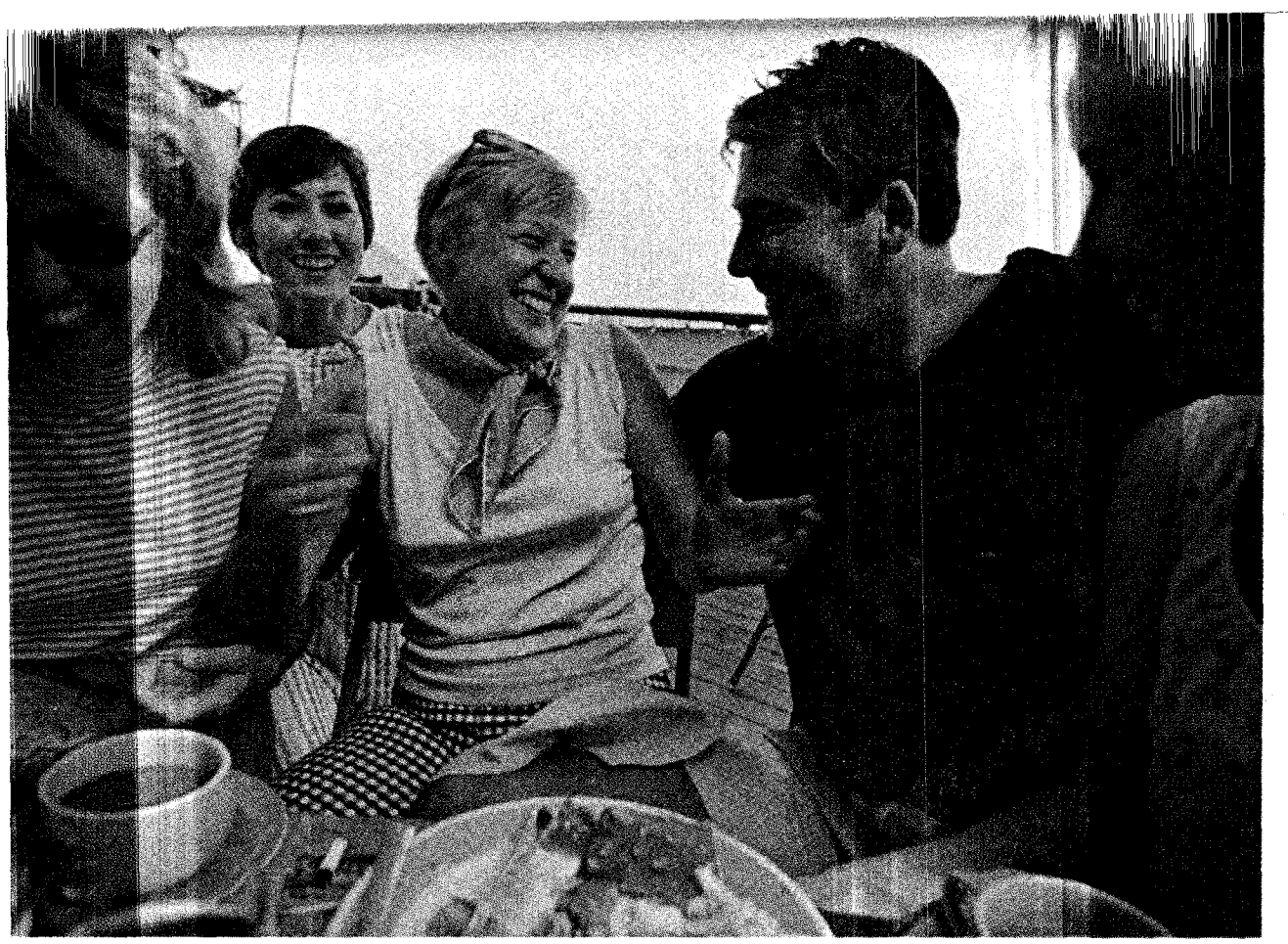

A gaggle of appreciative ladies surround dashing tour director Alan Gaynes during one of the lavish lunches on deck.

Barbados tourist grins happily beneath native plumage.

the gutters outside, I began to wonder how I could lose. And next thing I knew I'd done it, I'd taken out a $12 membership in a Bachelor Party and was signed up for 13 days of Beachcombing in the Caribbean. (The $150 "up" turned out to be way up; I paid $729 for my cabin, and even that wasn't the top price.

By the time I'd finished packing, I had strained the hinges of five suitcases and a duffel bag and won this year's Eastern Airline's Shuttle Overweight Baggage Award, which they don't hand out lightly. I took seven discreet dresses for the seven whirlwind days ashore in exotic southern ports. ("Suntops and short-shorts strictly for the beach," a ship's folder said.) Instead of shorts, I brought three pairs of slacks that almost fit, my Pucci shirt with the button missing, and the skirt I bought this summer at Snappy's Food Mart in Billings, Mont. I have to weigh exactly 95 pounds to button it. It frankly took every after-dark garment in my closet to cover the prospect of the 12 romantic nights aboard ship and one wild swinging Bachelor Party nightclub tour of San Juan, Puerto Rico. *Everything.* The green brocade that my friends call The Hong Kong Mistake; the red crepe that I have to keep a hand over the right hip of to hide where a waiter spilled coffee the first night I wore it six years ago; the long dress I'd had specially made for a party that got canceled; the pink crepe that I've lost the belt to; the pale beige that's been rebuilt three times out of a bolt of cloth I once bought thinking it was pale blue; and the one or two things that seem to get into my luggage on their own. This time it was two black patent-leather belts, two shoes, both for the right foot, and a jar of powdered Medaglia d'Oro coffee. For the fancy dress parties I'd read about in the folders, I figured my natural appearance was hilarious enough. Little did I know! I now possess two sheriff's badges, one pink plastic lei, two funny hats, the lavender cheesecloth skirt with plastic hula fringe, the black-velvet headache band, the lavender plastic false eyelashes and a red-wool handlebar moustache. And on that cruise I *wore every single one of them.*

Since it was then too late to turn back, I decided to have a look at my new club in New York before we sailed. It turned out to be part of a travel agency called The Gramercy System, which has discreet luggage tags that say Gramercy Tours, Inc. ("You needn't fear being conspicuous," their folder says. "Your group travels under the widely known and highly respected Gramercy name.")

The traveling Bachelor Party, flagship of the Gramercy fleet, is the invention of the company's founder and president, Richard Lowenstein, who discovered while traveling through Europe as a bachelor that "the first thing you do is look for company." He came home determined to go into the travel business—he was in shoe manufacturing at the time—specializing in loners. He launched his first Party—38 "singles" and a tour director—in 1957. They spent Christmas in Rome and New Year's Eve in Paris, and it was such a smash that he had to advertise in the papers for a young woman to help with the bookings. He impetuously took the first applicant "right out for a Martini," and next thing he knew she had become Mrs. Lowenstein, and he was still looking for someone to help with the bookings.

Just as in real life, you don't have to *be* a bachelor to enjoy Bachelor privileges, as long as you *look* like one. You can conceal husband, wife, children, grandchildren or any other foreign entanglement back home. But you have to be taking the trip on your own. About 50,000 Bachelors of both sexes and all ages have gone off on one or another of Mr. Lowenstein's gala safaris, and every December the alumni hold a reunion banquet in New York. One woman on our cruise, whose two married sons sent her off with a five-gallon supply of 1959 Piper Heidsieck brut champagne, was on her fifth Bachelor Party, one of which had gone rollicking all the way around the world. There are even Bachelors who have forsaken bachelorhood for someone they met on a Bachelor Party trip—although Mr. Lowenstein keeps urging people not to get their hopes up about this ("Not a lonely hearts club; Not a matrimonial bureau; Not a tour with equal numbers of men and women," the folder firmly states).

'People who run around practicing their Spanish eat dirty ice.'

Our ship sailed at precisely 11 A.M., when it was supposed to, somehow extracting the all-visitors-ashore-please from the other Martini drinkers and snapping off the limp pink and blue paper streamers that connected us to the pier. It kept up that pace throughout the whole trip, always pulling up to the right island at the scheduled time, and always leaving for the next one when it said it would.

This was the work of the seagoing part of the ship. The bridge was a marvelous soaring perch high above the suntan oil and cigars, with neat rubber matting stretched across the floor, and gleaming instruments attended by trim young men in white, who held starched conversations that matched their suits. The captain, peering ahead through binoculars, would issue cryptic commands like: "Midships," or "Two-twenty-one." And the helmsman, standing behind him on a platform, would reply, "Midships," or "Two-twenty-one, sir." And out of this shorthand our stately floating pleasure dome would ghost majestically through a channel or carve a graceful foaming path toward the horizon.

The ship declared its first cocktail hour at 5:30 the day we sailed, and at 6 our Bachelor Party collected behind the Boat 'n' Bottle Bar to look each other over through a reassuring screen of Scotch, vodka, Martinis, vermouth on the rocks, Asti Spumante, caviar canapés and shrimps. There turned out to be 41 of us, distributed along the national pattern—28 women to 13 men.

We all abandoned our last names at that first cocktail party and never came back for them. I'm not sure we didn't get rid of our first names too. From the moment that ship snapped off the last paper streamer at the pier in New York, it was as though we had *all* come unplugged. A glorious anonymity settled over the entire passenger list.

There were 427 cruisers on board, including Master Stuart Yapp, aged 11, who were not on our Bachelor Party, although one or two of them drifted along with us from time to time. But they never really had names, either. Occasionally they would seem to have an address. Like Pittsburgh.

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Somewhere between Puerto Rican traffic jams and a swinging night with the flamenco saxophones, the Bachelor Party stumbled across a cockfight being held in a parking lot.

But even that would go away. Every morning, when I came blinking out on deck, I would find at least 20 new faces among the regular passengers and about three new Bachelors. And most of the people I met one day would vanish without a trace the next. Sometimes I thought they must put out a brand-new set of passengers in all the cabins with the clean towels.

Among our Bachelors I distinguished, fleetingly, that more were middle-aged than not, that among our male minority was a Sears, Roebuck salesman from Michigan, a New York insurance examiner, a purchaser for a folding-paper-box company in Milwaukee. Among the women was the office manager of a wholesale beauty-supply house in Bridgeport, Conn., an X-ray technician from New York, the treasurer of a diaper service, a Buick secretary from Flint, Mich., and a young lady said to have Found Happiness on Every Deck. One of the younger women—as we were to learn during Passenger Talent Night, our last night at sea—was a professional hypnotist. Right before our eyes she laid out the American Express representative between two chairs, as stiff as a cement bench.

We had two tour directors, Alan Gaynes and Fred Hempel. Alan, who is 34, looked like Marcello Mastroianni, the Italian film lover. People have already told him. When I first saw him, he was wearing a black corduroy jacket with black-leather trim. Daytimes he wore pastel linen shorts, a maroon pullover with the sleeves pushed up, and bare feet. Evenings he wore a green ruffled shirt, plaid jackets, brick-red trousers. When I found that Alan was among the 150 persons assigned to my lifeboat, I began to hope for a shipwreck.

Fred was born in Germany, which left him with a faint trace of accent and continental *je ne sais quoi*. He wore a gray moustache above an enigmatic smile. Whereas Alan had trained for the difficult work of leading traveling "singles" as a professional baseball player, Fred had been a textile chemist.

Fred and Alan distributed us among 10 tables in the dining room with a flair that made me realize tour directing was an art form. It was not by age or sex or any discernible logic, but in a sort of haphazard, freewheeling *dolce far niente* way that always somehow skirted chaos without succumbing to it. They saw that we were plied every night with Italian Soave or Chianti, let everyone shift tables until they were compatibly settled and themselves retreated to a quiet corner table for two. In view of how much time we spent eating, this was crucial work.

During those brief periods when we weren't eating or sleeping, we were Doing Something. I tried my best to keep up with the frenzied pace, but shipboard events soon got beyond me. I did get to the Keep Fit Class led by Brian Pragnell, the ship's masseur. This was attended by a dozen cheerful ladies, mostly in plastic curlers and pedal pushers, and drew jeers and catcalls from the men in the surrounding deck chairs. I also made the Deck Hike with Jim McManus, the sports director, who told us to "go slow on the stairs; I don't want heart attacks." I can say now that if you want to keep up in a Deck Hike, don't get behind somebody wearing jeweled gold wedgies.

On the other hand, I missed the Bridge Party, the Gin, Canasta, Scrabble, Ping Pong, Shuffleboard, Deck Quoits and Golf Putting tournaments, two illustrated shopping lectures, one organ recital and the complimentary dance lesson with the ship's dance team.

The day's activities were only training grounds for the nights, those alarums slipped under the cabin door: "Yipee . . . tonight's the night 'you all' go Western. Remember, your best bib and tucker and your slim-jims. No dude shirts nor city clothes. Just hit the Chuck Wagon and Saloons in your ginghams, plaid shirts and dungarees. After that the wingding is in the Dead Gulch Community Hall (Boat 'n' Bottle Bar) where there'll be dances and games, Western style."

Cruise featured 10 meals a day, with snacks in between.

So in between the Ping Pong and Deck Quoits we'd queue up for "Western Props Available" in the lounge on promenade deck. That's why I now have the two sheriff's badges, a plastic bonnet suitable for riding West in a covered wagon, and a red-wool handlebar moustache. That night after dinner some of the men (who always knew they were in for it when the Meyer Davis orchestra struck up *Stout-hearted Men*) had to sit on the ladies' laps to see who could drink a bottle of pop fastest through the nipple of a baby bottle, while the chief purser advised, "If you get a little gas, pat him on the back."

When we weren't dancing the night away, we were eating. And to give an idea of what we were up against, food-wise, I might point out that the ship programmed 10 pounds of food per passenger per day. (By union regulations the crew gets off with seven.) It was dispensed to us in 10 installments of varying sizes. There was a modest Club Breakfast in the Pool Café, a sort of open-air bar near the sun-deck swimming pool, that began at 7. Scrambled eggs, sausages, bacon, hot or cold cereals, four different kinds of sweet buns, muffins and rolls, four jams, two jellies, tea and coffee. By 7:30 you could adjourn to your cabin for some compote of greengage plums, roast beef, white cornmeal mush with milk, muffins and nine kinds of jam. At 8:30 came the *real* breakfast in the dining room, a seven-course expanded version of the previous two, where you could take aboard baked English bloater in butter sauce, omelettes, creamed chipped beef on toast, pork chops, three kinds of potatoes, sliced chicken, ham, Swiss cheese, waffles, nine kinds of jam, four kinds of tea, coffee, milk, buttermilk and yogurt.

At 11, bouillon and crackers on deck helped clear the track for the groaning 12:30 buffet lunch in the Pool Café, scene of the Club Breakfast. It could be followed at 1 by a nine-course sit-down lunch in the dining room. Tea and pastry at four. Cocktails and *hors d'oeuvres* began at 5:30 (early

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'This island,' Alan announced

when we hit Barbados, 'is history,

Author before sailing, dripping with la is and foreboding.

start recommended for caviar buffs), Dinner at 7 and an enormous buffet supper at 11. And of course snacks at all hours in the cabin if you felt faint waiting for the next installment.

I had a chat with the chief steward about our groceries, and found we were programmed for 366 pounds of roast beef a day, plus two pounds of chicken apiece, a daily total of 160 quarts of ice cream and 60 quarts of sherbet. The second day out we tackled the 400 Maine lobsters that had set sail with us from New York in a clean, special saltwater swimming tank. It took 2,500 linen table napkins a day just to wipe the food off our faces. Somewhere in the larder they had 12 cans of a chocolate diet drink and 84 cans of vanilla, but the ship wasn't pushing them. As a steward delicately phrased it, "They found that stuff was constipating people."

Every day some of us would perform some new gastronomic prodigy. One evening Mrs. Teddy Zausner ate oysters, frogs' legs, roast duck, asparagus salad and dessert, while I ate crab cocktail, eight dishes of celery from Alan and Fred's table, two vegetables, roast beef, salad and two desserts. The gentleman at our table had taken a little time out that night, after trying to demolish the ship's vodka supply during cocktail hour. His effort was doomed from the start. The basic liquor locker held 2,800 bottles of hard liquor, along with 720 bottles of champagne, 4,000 bottles of other wines and 12,000 bottles of beer. When he arrived late after a short nap, I ate a second dinner to keep him company. One night two of us couldn't choose between Alaska crab-meat cocktail, shad roe with Bercy butter and fried Long Island soft-shell crabs *Rémoulade* as a first course—so we had all three. And that still left our share of the day's 366 pounds of roast beef to work on.

Then the headwaiter kept having mad seizures about dessert. The lights would suddenly dim, and mountainous sticky concoctions would be borne from the kitchen, placed on our tables and set on fire. Many of us stoked in these flaming extravaganzas *on top* of the regular desserts. One of the gentlemen worried about gaining weight on this program, and I advised him to try cottage cheese—after all we only had 416 pounds of it on board. So he added a huge plate of cottage cheese to everything else.

This arduous table work put us in very close contact with our table waiters, or dining-room stewards, as they are called afloat. Theirs is a highly specialized function. If a dining-room steward has room in his head to remember where the *kitchen* is after mastering his union regulations, he belongs in advanced computer programming. Aside from the basic eight-hour-day, five-day-week, Saturday-Sunday double time, he can serve a maximum of six people, and they have to be the same six. One day a seventh person ate lunch at a table near mine, replacing one of the *regular* six, who was eating ashore, and the table waiter wouldn't wait on her.

By the time we reached our first island we were so absorbed in shipboard life that we never even tried to go native, and I'm sure the ship's surgeon rather hoped we wouldn't. As it was put to me by one old cruise hand: "People who run around practicing their Spanish eat dirty ice." If we strayed too far from the mother ship, or each other, we felt lost. The thought that it might go off and *leave* us somewhere was totally unnerving. The islands appeared and disappeared, as anonymous as the passengers. We could tell them apart, not for what they looked like, or what was going on there, but by what happened to *us* there, and how many meals we missed on the ship.

We were brought into Nassau, our first combat zone, by landing barge. The words of the first man to hit the dock made us all proud. Grasping his traveler's checks in one hand and his camera in the other, he said, "Where are the shops?"

After we'd bought all the baskets, straw hats and non-Communist merchandise we could carry, we rushed to Paradise Beach to work on our tans. There was even time in Nassau for a crash course in the water-ski school. The head professor had a bleached thatch of hair that matched the roof of his hut where he lounged comfortably, picking at his toenails. Tuition, he announced, was $10 if you're a passenger and $8 if you're crew, and "a ride is six falls." I signed on as a chambermaid. (People who live in Washington have to learn to live by their wits.) My six falls came so fast that I was even granted a post-graduate seventh.

We Bachelors were very big in Puerto Rico, where Fred is an old hand. In the morning he took us on a walking tour of El Morro, the old fortress that guards the entrance to the harbor. ("Please don't get lost on the way there—get lost on the way back. And remember: You can see the ship's smokestacks from all over town.") I could see what he meant. We lost people in the no-parking place where we stopped to admire the Plaza Colon. And in Angie's Souvenirs and Shifts, and a place advertising Boy, Is My Tiger Tanked and in the El Convento Hotel. A few were swept away by a large group labeled "Neurological Surgeons," who were headed the other way. By the time we stormed the U.S. Army's Fort Brooke, which surrounds the fortress ("Keep Fort Brooke Clean. Please deposit waste in trash receptacles"), we were seriously reduced in force, and one of our few remaining Bachelors wanted to know if this was where they had the Charge of San Juan Hill. Fred said that was another island. I don't think the FOREIGN ASSETS CONTROL people would have wanted him to say which.

That night, our one wild swinging night ashore, was a wonderful chance to sample the old-world courtesy of San Juan. First a car tried to back over some of our group on the pier, and then, in the Cuevas de Altamira, the manager kept insisting we could all see the show better from behind the posts. By the time the full panoply of flamenco saxophone, flamenco electric guitars, stamping feet and amplified castanets took over, we wished he'd assigned us to a slit trench.

At St. Thomas our marching orders were on a big billboard right on the dock: WELCOME TO THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. YOU CAN TAKE HOME $200 DUTY FREE PURCHASES PER PERSON INCLUDING FIVE FIFTHS OF LIQUOR FOR PERSONS 21 OR OVER.

Fred and Alan took us on a tour of the island, which began with a stop at the Virgin Isle Hilton so Alan could pick up his mail. Our driver, Mr. Williams, allowed us 20 minutes at the Mountaintop Restaurant overlooking Magens Bay, to put away two frozen banana daiquiris, which we understood was an important part of the native diet, and to look over an exhibit of native paintings by artist Larry Gluck, from Queens, N.Y.

What with hurricane Inez and being run by General de Gaulle, Guadeloupe wasn't quite ready for us, but we invaded it anyway. Faced with an entire shipload of Americans, the tourist bureau figured that if they couldn't keep us out they could at least confuse us—so they supplied information folders in nothing but Spanish.

Neither Fred nor Alan had ever been to Guadeloupe, but Alan soon picked out several drivers who he said were the best on the island. "You can tell," he explained to me, "because they are sloppily dressed." We drove to Basse-Terre, the capital, where the drivers mutinied because they didn't want to take us on to La Soufrière, the volcano Alan had promised to show us. Alan had to have a bottle of pop. Nearly everybody else had to go to the bathroom. Only those who have been to Basse-Terre will appreciate the information that you go to the second floor of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique* office, explain your problem to the manager, who gives you the key.

We even won the battle of the Soufrière, although one driver had to patch his smoking engine with blue Scotch tape and a green rag to get to the top. We passed a good many vine-covered carcasses of previous taxis that apparently hadn't made it. Since everyone in Guadeloupe likes to pass on the hills and curves, we very nearly lost one whole carload of Bachelors, including Alan Gaynes, in a head-on collision. As some of us pointed out, it was a terribly narrow squeak as it might have made the rest of us late for lunch.

"This island," Alan announced when we hit Barbados, "is history, culture and class—if you can understand the damn language. And we're going to have a ball."

It was Alan's first trip to Barbados, but as we learned in Guadeloupe, it doesn't take long for him to wrestle an island into his hip pocket. We were so confident that some of us started dancing to the steel band in the Customs Examination Hall in our bare feet.

First we cased the geography in a motorcade led by Mr. C. (Sing While You Drive) Cumberbatch of the Hub Taxi Service, who told us it was "a small island, but a clean island, with no bad smells." We stopped at the Paradise Beach Hotel and ordered a coffee which never came; at Sandy Lane, where it did come and cost 75 cents a cup; at the Coral Reef Hotel, where there wasn't time to order anything. We passed long acres of, as Mr. Cumberbatch said, "what you call the farming of it." At St. John's church we read inscriptions on the graves, while Mr. Cumberbatch plucked jasmine and frangipani blossoms for the ladies, and the gentlemen stuck flowers behind their ears, which had become one of our Bachelor hallmarks of Going Native. Alan made Fred cut

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culture and class—if you can understand the damn language. And we're going to have a ball.'

up a piece of sugarcane so we could chew on it.

After lunch, as a concession to the thirst for culture that is the obligation of every cruiser, there was a special 3 o'clock matinée at Harry's Nitery, a place which advertises in front that "We cater to gentlemen and intelectuals." You could tell it had an informal atmosphere from the moment you walked in. Some year-old Christmas tinsel still hung from the lightbulbs, and the waitresses were wearing rather careworn rayon brassieres and underpants and no shoes. When one of the ladies in our party arrived late she announced: "I shocked hell out of a policeman just by asking where this place *was*."

Harry made us sit along the walls of the room, facing the center, and delivered a very long speech, which told us almost more things than we wanted to know. He quoted Shakespeare, Confucius, "Oppenheimer, the German philosopher," Socrates, and someone he called Lady Gadiver.

Some of the ladies in our group were a bit disappointed in the show. As one said, "If I want to see a naked woman, all I have to do is look in the mirror," and another remarked, in a rather loud voice, "I pay them for that; they should pay *me*." This made Harry very cross. "One person can speak at a time," he said. "A million can growl and squeak," and some of us were afraid he was warming up for another speech.

Well, it was a very stimulating cultural experience, and as far as I know none of us has actually *come down* with anything as a result of our visit. I hope I'm asked out to dinner in Washington before I forget any of the details.

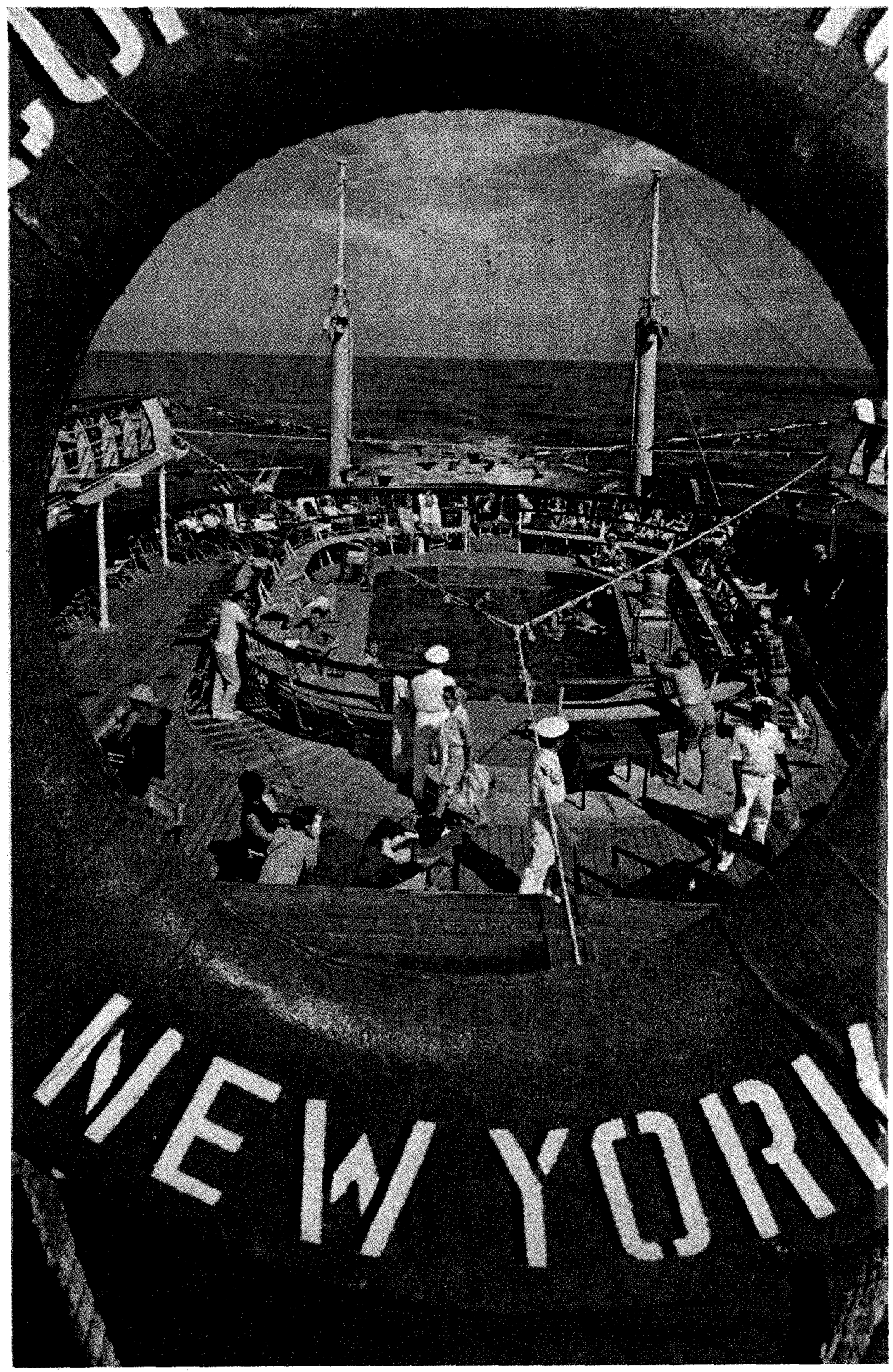
We couldn't do much to Trinidad, because it was Sunday and they'd rolled up the sidewalks and padlocked the stores. The Hilton was open, though, and that's how we learned about the native custom of drinking a Bentley and eating a Suzy Wong Delight for lunch.

In Curaçao, on the other hand, it was Monday, and they had to issue supermarket-size shopping bags at the gangplank just to hold the advertising folders of all the stores.

Yes, they were 13 mad days. At first we were up at dawn, watching the sun filter through the palm fronds. After a while we only came out of our cabins at the signal to hit the landing barges. Finally, in Trinidad, I remember one of our group, as we shuffled wearily past the lush tropical gardens on the way to the Hilton bar, suddenly turning on a chattering macaw and telling it to shut up. You can tell a cruising man is wearing thin when he starts barking at the macaws.

I suppose it was only the discipline of our long combat training that got us off the ship in New York. No native divers. The water was a thick dark bouillabaisse of sewage, floating orange peels and dead fish. No lilting steel band; just hard-faced customs men. And you hardly felt like dancing in your bare feet. The pier looked as though it had been thrown up the night before as a setting for a murder.

I wondered if we shouldn't have gone through with the mutiny we talked about one night, when some of us were ready to march on the bridge with table knives in our teeth to force the captain to take us on from island to island forever. After all, it was pointed out at one of our cell meetings, if we put our minds to it, there was no reason we couldn't cut down to five meals a day. □



On the way home the passengers sat around the swimming pool and schemed to hijack the ship and go sailing on forever.

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In SOUTH PACIFIC, Ezio Pinza (here with Mary Martin) sang SOME ENCHANTED EVENING.

To the love song—with love

By RICHARD RODGERS

THE KING AND I: Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner hinted at romance in SHALL WE DANCE?

In CAROUSEL, Jan Clayton and John Raitt revealed their feelings with IF I LOVED YOU.

Diahann Carroll and Richard Kiley sang of THE SWEETEST SOUNDS in NO STRINGS.

OKLAHOMA!, with Alfred Drake and Joan Roberts, included PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE.

At the outset, I think it only fair to warn you. I am in favor of the love song. I believe in it today as firmly as I believed in it when I first began writing musical shows. I do not think the honorable profession of songwriting can flourish without it, and I have strong doubts that love can flourish without it either.

The songwriter can create the appropriate mood, bring back memories, ease a pain (or even prolong one). He can supply words for the tongue-tied and lift the hearts of the lonely. His work can become so personal that couples speak possessively about "our song"—though the copyright may have been taken out years before by a total stranger. This is not just theory. Hardly a day goes by that I do not receive at least one letter from someone I've never met, telling me how much a particular song of mine has meant in that person's life. Few things are more gratifying than reading words such as "I still ask for *I Married an Angel* whenever my wife and I go dancing." Or "*Hello, Young Lovers* helped give us the courage we needed."

I also know the effect of a love song on my own romance. I'm not going to tell you that my heart stood still or that it was a particularly enchanted evening the first time I ever laid eyes on the young lady who eventually became my wife. Dorothy, you see, was all of two months old at the time when I, age seven, first took one look at her. Since her parents and my parents knew each other, and her brother Ben was one of my closest friends, we did see each other from time to time after that. But it was not until September of 1926 that I *really* took one look at her. I was on a ship coming home from London after writing a musical there, and to my surprise Dorothy was also on board. The ship's orchestra had, without a doubt, the smallest repertoire of any I have ever heard, and somehow, quite accidentally, every time Dorothy and I would get up to dance, the band would play the same number, the lovely Jerome Kern song *Who?* It didn't take the bandleader long to become aware of this, and, obviously enjoying his role of a fiddling Cupid, he soon made a special point of playing the song the moment he'd see us.

I never cease to be amazed at the variety of emotions that can be expressed through a love song. One song describes a girl as being *Younger Than Springtime*, another serenades her *With a Song in My Heart*, while still another chooses her—with pardonable exaggeration—*The Most Beautiful Girl in the World*. A girl may be *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered* about love and even *Glad to Be Unhappy* about it. A song can reveal sincere love despite its firm denial that *This Can't Be Love* or through its warning that *People Will Say We're in Love*, or by means of its hypothetical musings about what would happen *If I Loved You*. A love song, however, doesn't always have to be about a human being. It has been known to express affection for a blue room, a small hotel, the sound of music, and all kinds of favorite things.

The ability to write the words that convey the emotions of love is a singular gift, and during my career I have worked with remarkably talented lyric writers. My first partner was Lorenz Hart, with whom I collaborated for 25 years. My second was Oscar Hammerstein II, with whom I worked for 18. Each of these two men was entirely different in work habits, personality, appearance and practically anything else you could think of.

Larry Hart was a genius at treating a subject in a way that no one ever thought of before. By nature, he was a loner, and his somewhat bittersweet view of life would occasionally reveal itself in his work. But he was also a kind, gentle, generous person, and these traits too can be found in some of his most memorable lyrics.

Oscar's view of life was more positive, more optimistic. He was a joiner, a leader, a man who was willing to do battle for the things in which he believed. He was not naïve. He knew full well that man is not all good and that nature is not all good, but he believed that someone had to keep reminding people of the vast amount of good things there are in the world. He was as careful a craftsman as Larry Hart, and he too could deal with the manifestations of love in seemingly endless ways. Yet he was essentially a man whose greatest love was for the simple, obvious pleasures of life that are all too frequently overlooked.

Perhaps examples of their varying approaches to a single theme might show some of the differences between them. Take nature, for instance. In the song *Mountain Greenery*, Larry Hart described a young couple chucking the cares of the city to live in the mountains. Yet despite the rustic setting, the song reveals Larry as the sophisticated city kid, no matter what his surroundings might be. The lyrics abound in unexpected phrases and intricate rhyming such as "lover let" and "coverlet," or "keener re(ception)" and "beanery." No lyric writer had ever expressed himself quite that daringly before. But when Oscar Hammerstein wrote about nature, nothing was more important to him than expressing exactly how he felt about it. In *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'* he wrote movingly about the wonders of a morning on a farm with its "bright golden haze on the meadow" and corn standing as "high as an elephant's eye." He loved the sight and the

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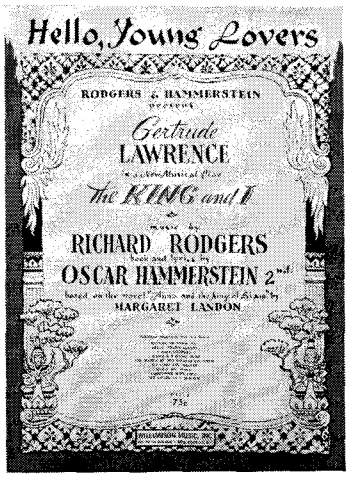
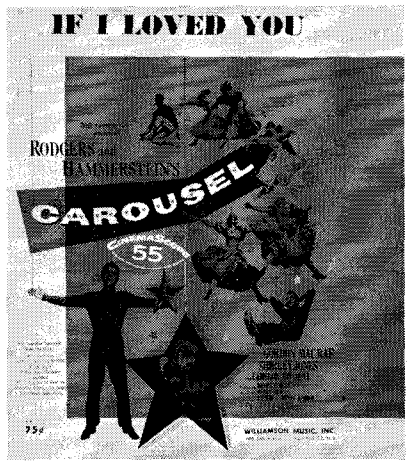
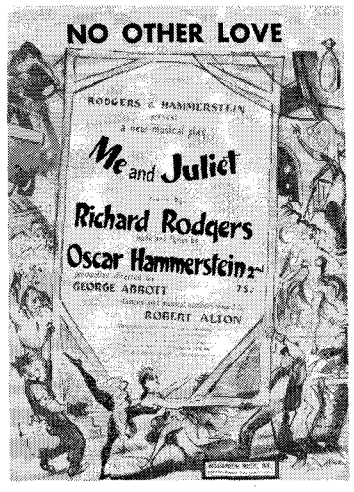





smell and the feel of nature and he just had to have everyone share it with him.

Larry and Oscar each had a different approach to love, too—a girl's love for a less-than-perfect specimen, for example. In *My Funny Valentine,* Larry had the girl ask such unflattering questions as "Is your figure less than Greek? Is your mouth a little weak?"—hardly calculated to give the boy a feeling of security. It is only when she is finished with her gentle teasing that she tells him that she wouldn't want him to change. In *What's the Use of Wond'rin'?,* from *Carousel,* Oscar Hammerstein and I were concerned with a girl's feelings about an even less perfect character, and again, the girl knows all his faults. But she is powerless to keep from loving him, and with her constancy emphasized through a strong, insistent melodic line, she sums up her emotions with the simple statement, "He's your feller and you love him, and all the rest is talk." Two songs and two approaches.

After Oscar's death in 1960, I decided to go it alone, to write the words as well as the music for my next stage production. It was *No Strings,* and it dealt with an interracial love affair. That presented a special problem: Should there be any overt reference to this in the love songs? My great respect for the intelligence of the public quickly made me realize that there couldn't be, that anything of this nature would be completely out of character with the spirit of the story. However, in one duet, I did allow the white boy and the Negro girl to reminisce affectionately about their contrasting backgrounds. For the boy, it was the chilly beauty of the state of Maine; for the girl, it was "up north of Central Park," New York. Perhaps, subconsciously, I had a vague notion of combining Larry Hart's love for the big city, as in *Manhattan,* with Oscar Hammerstein's love for the country, as in *Oklahoma!* At any rate, I purposely used the same music for both sets of lyrics in order to underline the power of love in uniting two people in spite of their racial differences.

Working on *No Strings,* I found I enjoy writing my own lyrics. I also found that the lyricist has a hard job, because he has to fit a song to a specific situation in a story. It must be right on the nose—the only possible musical expression that can be sung within the framework of the plot, the mood of the scene and the kind of people involved. The song must come at the precise moment when the emotion gets so overpowering that words alone cannot express it, and it must be introduced so naturally that it actually becomes an extension of the spoken dialogue.

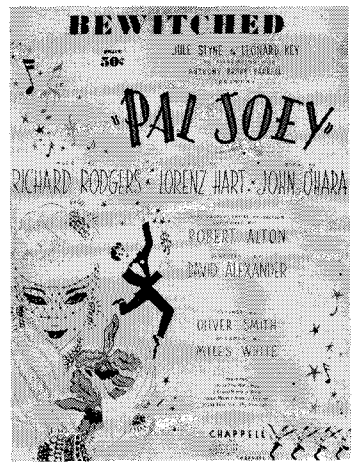
Let me illustrate what I mean. At the beginning of the play *South Pacific* Oscar and I had to establish the fact that Emile de Becque had fallen in love with Nellie Forbush before the curtain had gone up, and it was important that he express his feelings in song soon after they come onstage. Although he is an emotional Frenchman, Emile is too worldly, too sophisticated to come right out and sing an obvious "I-love-you-more-than-anything" type ballad. His feelings had to be unmistakable yet couched in a somewhat indirect manner. That's why we decided to have him sing an ardent, near-operatic aria, *Some Enchanted Evening,* in which he explains, almost hypothetically, the phenomenon of falling in love at first sight.

Nellie comes from a far different background than Emile. Later in the play, we needed a song to express her great discovery that she had fallen in love with him. Nothing subtle about that girl. She's just a gay, optimistic, somewhat naïve kid from Little Rock, Ark. Her personality suggested something buoyant in three-quarter time with a melody running all over the scale. And when she sings it, she throws caution to the wind and trumpets away, "I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with a wonderful guy!"

Let's look at another way a song is made to reveal a personality and help develop the story line. In *Do I Hear a Waltz?,* which I wrote with lyricist Stephen Sondheim, we needed a title song that was absolutely crucial to the rueful tale we were telling. Our heroine, Leona Samish, is an attractive girl, outwardly self-assured, but basically shy and frustrated. And she has never really been in love. It is her romantic notion that she will recognize the feeling only if she hears an imaginary waltz. Well, of course, she does fall in love, and both she and the audience are in on it as soon as the first strains of the waltz are heard. Obviously, the music had to have such a vivacious lilt that everyone was swept right along with Leona's thrilling discovery.

Now that I have firmly established the fact that a love song in a musical has to be written for a specific character and scene, I must confess that a few of my songs were written almost by happenstance. Probably the most accidental love song I ever wrote was *My Heart Stood Still.* It was accidental in more ways than one. One day—it must have been early in 1927—Larry Hart and I were in Paris riding around in a taxi with two girls. Suddenly, the cab just missed colliding with a car. To cover up her fear, one of the girls nervously blurted out, "Oh, my heart stood still!" That was enough for Larry. Despite the seriousness of the situation, he calmly said, "That's a great song title." I made a mental note of it, later wrote the melody, and Larry then filled in the words. He created a brilliant love lyric that was poetic and eloquent while remaining basically simple and direct. The proof is that the entire refrain, with the exception of only six two-syllable words, was entirely monosyllabic. Check it yourself.

Most people think of a love song as always written in a slow tempo. Most of the time it is. But I have had opportunities to use many varieties of musical forms to depict the many faces of love.



When the song was about puppy love, as in *Sixteen Going on Seventeen,* I tried to match the lyric with a melody that was youthful, innocent, and just the kind two teen-agers could sing together naturally. And in *It Might as Well Be Spring,* a song Oscar and I wrote for the film *State Fair,* we took the situation of a girl showing all the symptoms of spring fever—even though the script clearly set the time of year as the fall. Here we have an adolescent with a deep need to love and be loved who reveals herself through lines such as "I'm as restless as a willow in the windstorm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string." When I first read those words, I knew immediately that the music would also have to be restless and jumpy. To bring out the character of the girl even more, I made sure that the musical note for the word "string" was a worried, insecure F-natural rather than the more positive—and expected—F-sharp.

Songs are continually probing all sorts of physiological, psychological and philosophical aspects of love—and doing it in a way that can be appreciated and felt by almost everyone. The phenomenon of a person convinced that he has known and loved someone before—even though they are meeting for the first time—was the theme of *Where or When?,* a song Larry Hart and I wrote almost 30 years ago. Oscar Hammerstein, in *Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful?,* took up the age-old dilemma of whether beauty produces love or love produces beauty. In the musical *No Strings,* I built a song around John Keats's philosophical concept of the unheard melodies being sweeter than those we do hear. Of course, since it's a love song, the lyric of *The Sweetest Sounds* enlarged the concept to include the still unknown "dearest love in all the world."

I would like to think that love songs—of all themes and tempos—do something to dispel the conflicts and the tensions that are so much a part of our daily lives, and help create bonds of sympathy. After all, as someone said, nobody has yet written a hit song about hate. □

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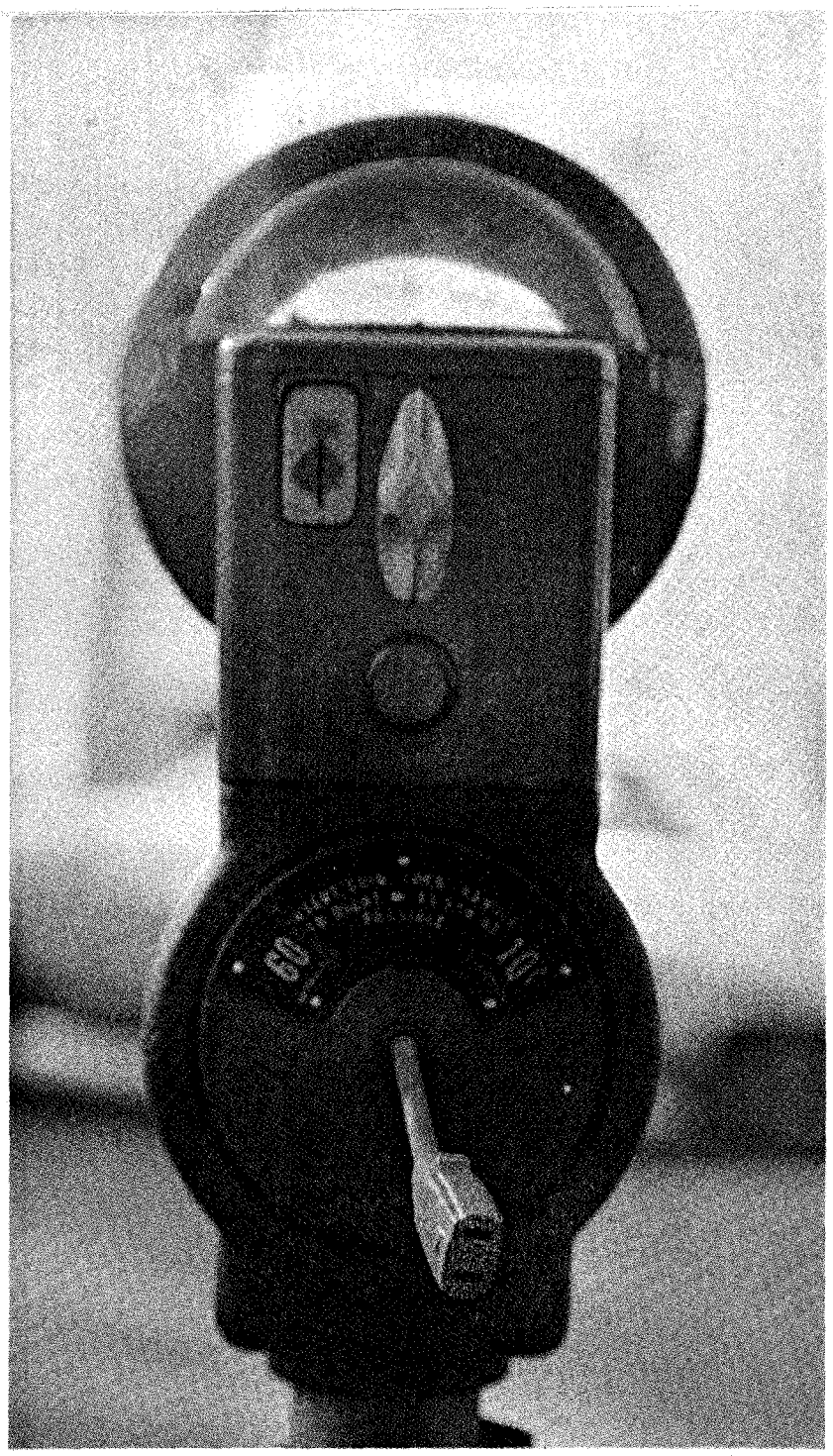

IT CLICKS, IT HUMS— IT'S SUPERCAR!

By ROY BONGARTZ / Photographs by Dan Wynn

For some reason I have always been daffy about electric cars. Maybe it's because they seem to move by magic. They don't steam, puff, roar, backfire, or spew out a jet stream. They just give a contented hum and an occasional click. As a kid I rode to its end every trolley line in Dayton, Ohio; today, if I am set at liberty near the Dodg'em cars in an amusement park, I am a loss to the outside world until the current is shut off for the night. I'm thinking of taking golf lessons, so I can ride in an electric cart. I even like slot cars.

The lovable feature of the electric is what it hasn't got: It hasn't got troubles. There is hardly anything in it or on it to wear out or go on the blink. The absence of gasoline, for example, means no tank, no gas cap or lock, no gas line that can freeze. Gone with the engine itself are motor oil, filter, pump, and pressure gauge; pistons and rings; generator, distributor (with its timing adjustments and frail points), spark plugs, air filter, radiator, water pump, hoses, antifreeze, fan and fan belt. There is no driveshaft—thus no hump in the floor—no transmission, no starter motor, no exhaust pipe, and—of course—no exhaust.

When Ford and General Motors announced this fall that they were working on new electric cars, and Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (D., Wash.) introduced a bill to spend $10 million developing such a vehicle, I was galvanized into action and made Detroit my first stop. I have long wanted to buy one of these gentle smokeless carriages, but I could never find a good one. Now, I thought, my fortunes were changing.

Electric vehicles are used in various places in the United States and abroad; trucks, some of them vintage models, are used in stop-and-go delivery of many items; golf carts move such sportsmen as former President Eisenhower over the fairways. The state-owned French Renault company has an electric-car project; the city of Osaka, Japan, is converting its 1,900 buses to battery power. In England, which has 40,000 electric delivery trucks, the British Electricity Council foresees a million electric cars within 10 years—"given enterprise, courage and swift action." The Tennessee Valley Authority is testing an electric car as a potential market for electricity.

Of course, long before I got my first driver's license in 1938, the last of the old electrics had disappeared from my family's Ohio neighborhood. It wasn't until six years ago that I finally drove one myself—a Volkswagen Karmann-Ghia with its insides scooped out and replaced with half a ton of storage batteries and an electric motor. Its owner, another fanatic named H. Drake Harkins, a retired Atlantic City Electric Company executive, used to drive it tirelessly around a dirt track. He and I drove it in traffic, too, scoffing at the fuming gasoline cars, glancing haughtily at the anachronistic gas stations. The trouble was that you couldn't keep it up for long before the batteries died.

This was the trouble that killed the electric in the first place. There was little to be done about it; piling on more batteries doesn't help because a car fails to gain extra power when the weight of its batteries reaches more than 45 percent of its total weight, according to an empirically determined law of diminishing returns. Though standard lead-acid batteries are now 75 percent stronger than they were 25 years ago, they still can't give a car much range. No matter how much I loved that forthright getaway and that cheery hum, I had to face the fact that an electric just could not make it from my house to town and back—some 50 miles. Sadly I decided to forget it.

But now Ford and G.M., as well as Senator Magnuson, are talking about brand-new power sources. Fifteen Federal agencies are already paying for 86 different research projects on batteries, and Senator Magnuson wants the Government to build the electric cars to go with them.

The "glassed-in drawing room on wheels," as the electric used to be called, is waking up like Sleeping Beauty. The magic kiss may be simply the ugly fact that tons of pollutants are streaming into the American air every year. Sen. Edmund S. Muskie (D., Maine) and Representatives Richard L. Ottinger (D.,N.Y.) and Paul G. Rogers (D.,Fla.) have sponsored electric-car bills similar to Senator Magnuson's, and the power companies, battery firms and conservationists are also eager to bring back the electric car.

If the electric car makes a comeback, it won't be very much like the old one, which had so little power that a strong man could keep it from moving if he pushed on the hood with one hand. One oldster recalled, "It became identified with lady drivers and older people who were not concerned with dash and dreams of glory. Like its upholstery, its public image was dove gray." The first electric vehicle in the United States was a tricycle built by Philip W. Pratt in Boston in 1888. The first car was built by William Morrison of Des Moines in 1890, and within 10 years electrics outnumbered gasoline cars. They weren't all dove gray, either; in 1902, Walter Baker's electric caused one of the world's first fatal car accidents: his oilcloth-and-basswood racer, the Torpedo, hit a row of spectators and killed two of them at a 1902 race on Staten Island. Undaunted, he later set the world's record of 120 miles per hour; the car hit top speed just once, and then the batteries failed.

When Senator Magnuson introduced his bill, he asked the automobile makers what, if anything, they were doing about developing the electric. First to reply was Ford president Arjay Miller, who announced a new battery "that we expect could offer tremendous improvements in range, performance and cost."

Hoping to be on hand for Sleeping Beauty's golden moment, I went to Detroit for the official presentation of Ford's sodium-sulfur battery, said to

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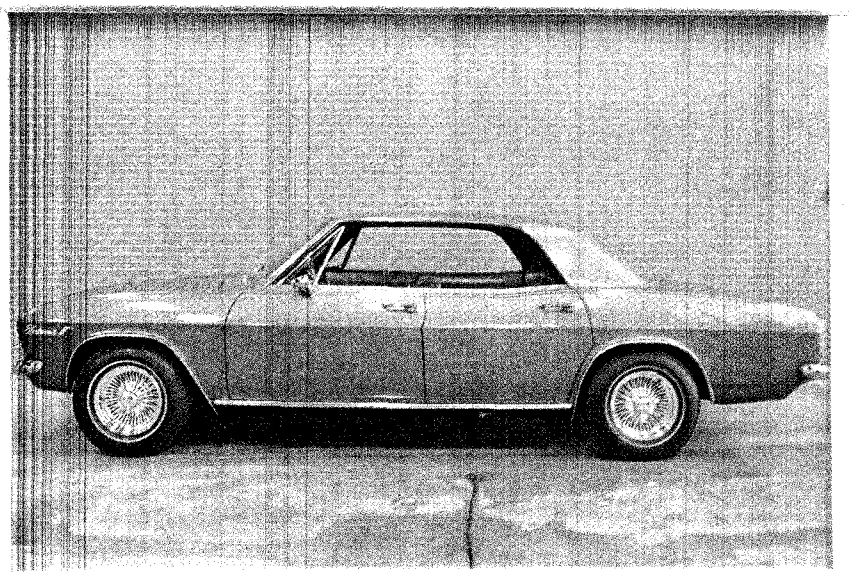
be 15 times more powerful than ordinary ones. Set up in a glass tube, a single cell made of sodium, sulfur and alumina-soda successfully spun a three-inch wheel on a stand. Ford scientists said all they had to do now was make a bigger one and put it into a car. Dr. Michael Ference Jr., vice president for scientific research, said, "The development of a feasible electrically powered vehicle will continue to be one of the primary assignments of our scientific research staff and indeed the entire Ford Motor Company." Ford has in mind a small City-Car to be designed by its British affiliate and tested with ordinary batteries next spring; a 500-pound sodium-sulfur battery should be ready for it within two years. Among the obstacles to be overcome is the danger of handling noxious sulfur and flammable sodium at 500 degrees F.

A bit let down at not having had an actual ride in an electric, I took my quest to the other automobile makers. A Chrysler spokesman said it wouldn't be worth the trouble to visit them, although they have a battery called a fuel cell, which runs a 10-inch car around a track. Their chief engineer for basic-sciences research, Dr. C. R. Lewis, said, "These present fuel cells are at the same stage of development as the piston engine was during the Wright brothers' first flight."

General Motors wasn't ready to talk when I called. Then, before a month had gone by, G.M. called me at my home in Foster, R.I., to say they had a new electric *truck*, an electric *car*, *and* a revolutionary battery to boot! Out to Detroit I went again. It turned out that G.M. had actually been working on electrics for two years. Executive Vice President Edward N. Cole described their display as a "milestone event." Dr. Craig Marks, assistant engineer-in-charge of the power-development department, told me about his early research on the new car: "The things we had taken for granted as advantages of an electric car became our major problems. Smooth, quiet, and reliable! We had mechanical vibrations, and electrical noises, and electronic-circuit reliability problems such as we had never dreamed of."

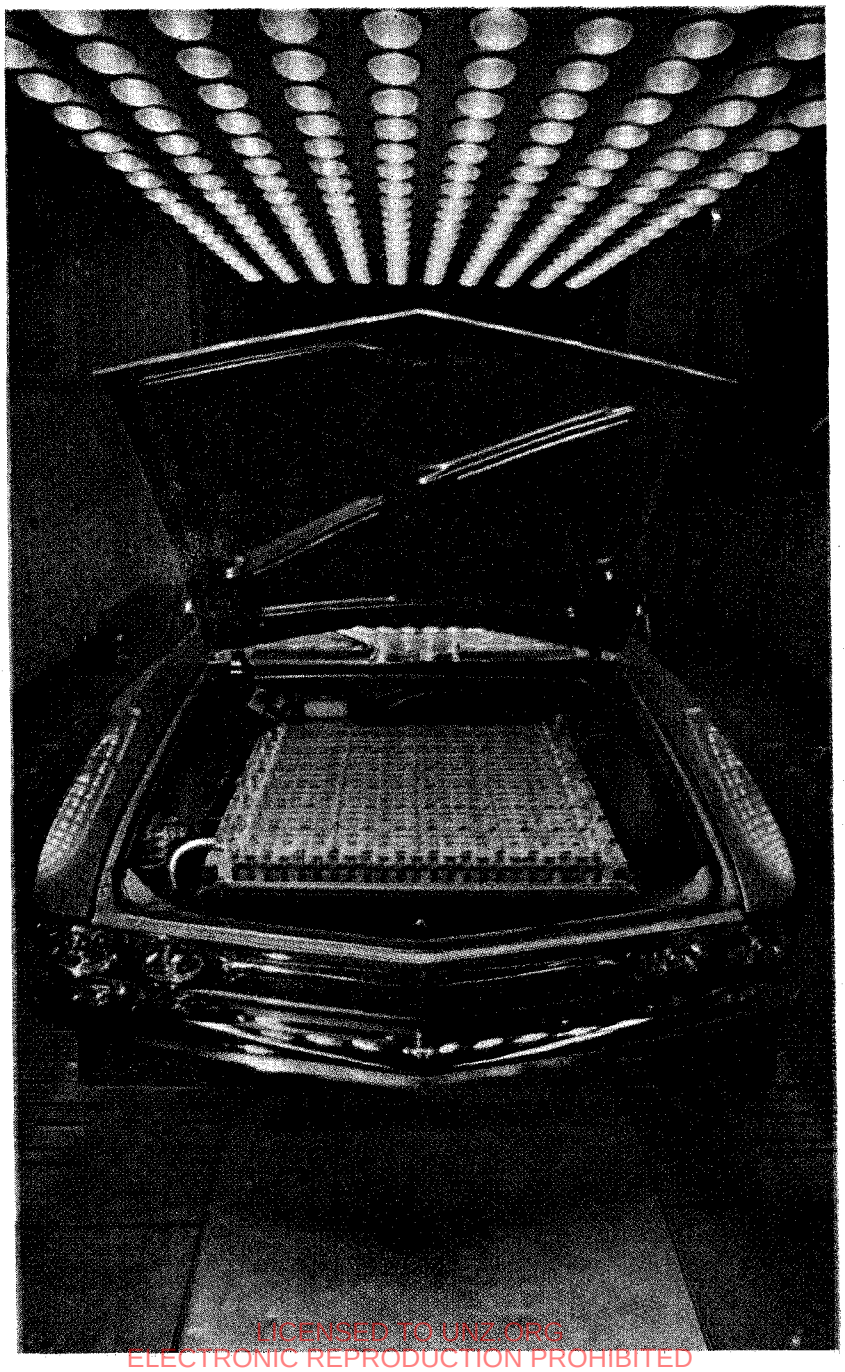
Outside, a pretty blue Corvair called Electrovair II drew up alongside a lagoon, where fountains played in the wind. I got into it, and a voluble young engineer with a crew cut checked me out on the specifications—electronic controls, 115-horsepower motor weighing only 130 pounds, and parts unknown in more prosaic electrics: a cooling system of circulating oil with a pump, fan motor, fan and radiator. We pushed off in a fine swing of increasing speed, with that solid, low-keyed humming I like so much. We hit 60 in just 16 seconds—top speed is 80. Though it weighs 800 pounds more than the Corvair, the car was engineered to equal Corvair performance except in range: Electrovair II's range is only 80 miles. That would be enough to get me to town and back. But then we got out,



G.M.'s Electrovair II, a Corvair converted from gas engine to batteries and motor.

G.M. has a working model; Ford will have one soon. Revolutionary new batteries are being developed. Congressmen are pressing. The smokeless carriage may be only a decade away.

Inside Electrovair II—$15,000 worth of silver-zinc batteries, under the hood and in the rear compartment, can power the electric car to a speed of 60 mph in 16 seconds.



and I looked at the batteries filling the front and rear compartments—silver-zinc batteries, worth $15,000, that wouldn't last six months in regular use.

I inspected the new lithium-chloride battery that could turn out to be 10 to 20 times more powerful than standard batteries; it, too, is in an early stage. Then came the electric truck, called the Electrovan, "the most advanced electric automotive vehicle ever built," according to Marks. It is the first road vehicle ever to run on a fuel cell which, instead of storing power, makes current out of fuel as needed. Hydrogen and oxygen work best. It functions silently and efficiently, with no moving parts.

Inside the Electrovan were some 2,000 cells, developed for G.M. by Union Carbide. Each is like a thin battery, a sixth of an inch thick, with a hydrogen chamber on one side and an oxygen chamber on the other. They are fueled from three spheres, two for hydrogen and one for oxygen (the end product is H_2O). The van develops 125 horsepower, has a range of 150 miles, and can go 70 miles an hour. It can hit 60 in 30 seconds; like the car, it was built to equal the performance of its model, the G.M.C. Handi-Bus, though it weighs twice as much.

It will be "ten to fifteen years before there's any wide use of these power sources," Vice President Cole said. "We have to start with what we have today—electric golf carts that make eighteen holes if you're lucky. We're not contemplating building any low-power car, without a heater or air conditioning. A lot of things are going to come before the electric car: for example, better control of emissions from gasoline engines."

Even so, I felt that things were looking up. Ford's battery, though not very big, looked promising, and my appetite for another ride in an electric was sharp. I had once met an executive of the Electric Storage Battery Company in Philadelphia, an electric-truck enthusiast named Morrison McMullan. I called him, and it turned out that he drives his own electric car to work every day. He invited me down to see it.

McMullan—"Mac" to friends—is a tall, graying man whose blue eyes, peering over half-lensed glasses, light up when he talks about electrics. And it's not just because he works at a battery factory, either; he loves them. Seated in his ground-floor office, he gazed fondly at the roof of his car just outside; he had snaked a cable from the car through the window and plugged it into an outlet beside his desk.

The car is a refitted Renault Dauphine dubbed the Henney Kilowatt by its makers, the Eureka Williams Company of Bloomington, Ill. A colleague of Mac's, Jim Norberg, has bought one too (they cost $3,500). The Kilowatt was the only electric car actually for sale to the public, but production is now suspended. Its makers say, "Tune-ups are unnecessary, freezeups impossible, and motor breakdowns virtually eliminated. A major overhaul amounts

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only to cleaning the contact points and replacing the brushes."

Mac opened trunk and engine compartments; six batteries sat in each. The rear also held a steel cylinder about the size of a water-cooler jug—the electric motor. This is geared into the rear axle. When it is turned on, the wheels go around. Its simplicity is its beauty. The dashboard has a speedometer, a voltmeter and a tiny switch, like one on a flashlight. When the switch is in the center position the car is off; up, the car is ready to go forward; down, backward. A pedal operates standard hydraulic brakes. Steering, lights and signals are all conventional. The only tricky item is the accelerator, which Mac said I'd learn about while driving.

I got behind the wheel, Mac got in beside me, and I pressed down on the pedal. As we moved out into the busy traffic of Rising Sun Avenue, the car click-clicked forward, going *boo-bee-baa-bo-buzz* like a circumspect trolley car. (The metal-on-metal clicks come when electric relays close magnetic switches in sequence as the accelerator is pressed.) It had a kind of doughty strength as it pushed through its six power levels to a top speed of 40. We passed a car and drew no attention to ourselves; there is nothing about it to show it's an electric, except for the missing tail pipe. But Mac's wife is so proud of it that she put a sign in the rear window: ELECTRIC. The 900 pounds of batteries gave us plenty of momentum, and braking at a stoplight came a bit hard. Climbing a hill, Mac warned, "Keep it at full speed, but be sure you press the pedal slowly enough to click through each stage in order from a stop, or you'll blow the fuses."

We stopped again at a light, and everything was automatically off. Mac gave a superior look at a throbbing car beside us. The electric motor works at its very best from a dead stop; its hefty torque—power to the wheels—makes it ideal for stop-and-go use, especially now, when in the centers of large cities traffic moves no faster than the horse-drawn vehicles of another era. Going downhill the car used no power, and Mac says that electrics can be wired for "dynamic electric braking" that would very slightly recharge the batteries at every stop. At the very least this would make a nice phrase for an advertisement.

The speed kept it up with the traffic; going at full tilt is good for the electric.

Mac would like to hook up an electric drag racer with silver-zinc batteries—these are the expensive ones, but they're powerful—and run the car wide open. "I know we'd break 200 miles an hour within that quarter-mile," he says. "Then the batteries would die, but that dragster would be *famous*."

Mac figures he uses three quarters of a kilowatt-hour per mile, which can be more or less expensive than gasoline, depending upon local electric rates. He increases the 20-mile traffic-driving range by charging up during the day as well as at night. As for repairs, in two years he has replaced two light bulbs and the contact points. The batteries cost $500 and last about five years.

An odd feature of the electric is that its batteries gain back a little power when the car stands still. This is the same phenomenon that lets you run down a starting battery, wait an hour, and find it able to turn the motor over a few more times. When I asked Mac if he had ever run out of electricity, he said he had, but could use the recuperative power to get to a service station. When he gets there he asks for an outside electric outlet to "refuel my car." He offers a quarter for "a nickel's worth of current," then all business stops and everybody surrounds the car, stares at the batteries and asks questions.

I got behind the wheel and pressed down on the pedal . . . the car click-clicked forward, going 'boo-bee-baa-bo-buzz . . .'

Mac tells of a tougher challenge. In 1960 he demonstrated an electric truck to post-office officials in Washington, D.C., on behalf of the Cleveland Vehicle Company, which at the time was making electric trucks in cooperation with the Electric Storage Battery Company. When Mac took the truck out of the garage, he found that the mechanic had forgotten to plug it in overnight. It had only half a charge. Mac set out anyway, bravely clicking and humming his way to pick up a mailman and a load of mail for a test run over a hilly suburban delivery route. Carefully timing his stops, and resting at the crests of hills, Mac finished the route just as the batteries gave out. But it was still another mile back to the post office. "I'll never leave a truck; it's very bad, psychologically, with prospective customers," he says. He got out, made a show of scratching his head, kicked the tires, and peered under the truck, where there was nothing to be seen but the underside of the floor. He suggested that the mailman hike to the top of the next hill and wait. After a few precious minutes had gone by, the truck had recharged itself enough to move again. Mac picked up the mailman, coasted to the bottom of the hill, and came to within half a block of the post office before the truck died again. "Drive her on in," the mailman said. Mac said no, he wanted to be sure there was a parking place. This ruse—walking over to the parking lot and back—killed another two minutes. The truck then obediently made it into the lot behind the post office. Mac rushed a cable to its starving connectors. And later, post-office officials ordered five electric trucks, which are in use today in Washington, New York and Miami; more are being considered.

Vintage electric trucks are still used in various cities; their big nickel-iron batteries often last a dozen years. The only manufacturer today in the United States is Paul Hafer, who has a body shop in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, where in partnership with the Electric Storage Battery Company, he makes Battronic trucks.

Electric companies themselves are naturally interested in the future of electrics. They would more than double their output if road vehicles went electric. This could cut the rates, but eventually they would have to go up by a quarter to a third for road taxes.

By now I was tempted to give up my odyssey in search of the perfect electric. These rare Henney Kilowatts and delivery vans did not quite fill the bill for a reawakening Sleeping Beauty.

But then I recalled a challenge to the Ford battery that I had seen in the papers. It came from Gulton Industries, of Metuchen, N.J., claiming a battery twice as good as Ford's. So I invited myself down to meet Dr. Leslie K. Gulton. At 65, Gulton is a big, expansive man with a broad smile and the trace of a Viennese accent. That silver-zinc battery, because of the high price of silver, is just a curiosity, he said. The Gulton entry, a lithium-nickel halide battery, will be light in weight—lithium is twenty times lighter than the lead used in present batteries. It could run a small car 150 miles on a charge, he said, and its materials are cheap and available. "With this battery we have vindicated Edison," Gulton boasts.

Thomas Edison once had a small laboratory here on what later became the Gulton firm's grounds. Edison, in 1905, told Walter Baker, "If you continue to produce your present quality of electric automobile, and I my present battery, the gas buggy won't stand a chance." Nine years later Edison tried to build an electric with Henry Ford, but they failed at it. If perhaps Gulton hasn't yet quite vindicated Edison, maybe the Ford Company will beat him to it and vindicate Henry.

Gulton says, "Don't talk about *electric*, it won't be electric, it will be the *electronic* car." He has many ideas about this car but has no plan to build one—only the battery for it. He suggests that parking meters could be wired to recharge cars; his battery will take a quick charge. But it is still in the laboratory stage. Gulton adds, "If the Government took the interest in transportation on earth that it takes in space, we could have our electronic car, built from the ground up, in six months. There *is* one Government electric-car project—for travel on the moon!"

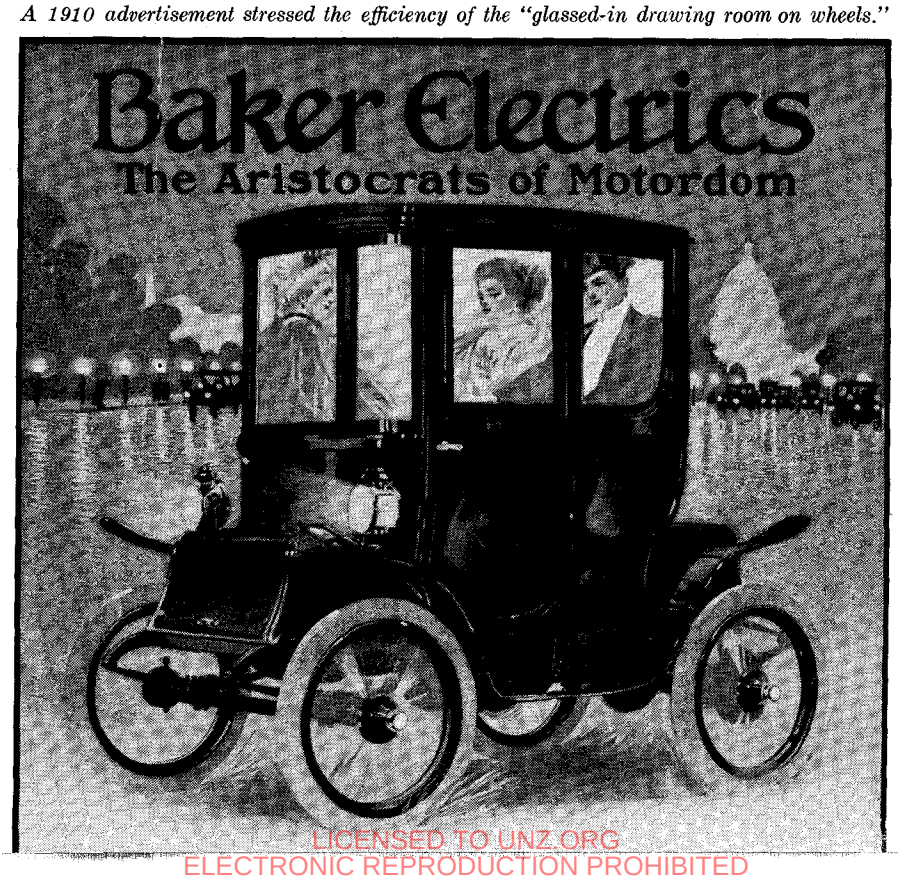
Many amateurs have built fairly successful electric-car prototypes. One, designed by an Illinois Institute of Technology graduate student named Marnie Averitt, is called "Sparky." Priced at $900, it weighs 1,000 pounds and carries an 800-pound load, plus two persons. Six-volt "golfer" batteries run its five-horsepower motor (electric motors need only a fifth to a quarter the horsepower of gasoline engines to develop the same power). Its speed is 30, range 60 miles; the cab opens from the front like a clam.

In Bethesda, Md., scientist John Hoke has adapted a two-passenger King Midget car to run on six auto batteries. It goes 40 miles an hour and costs two thirds of a cent a mile to run.

Rules can be broken with the electric, and my head is exploding with all kinds of possibilities: self-service taxi fleets, tiny cars bundled aboard trains for vacations, exchangeable battery packs ready at every corner, highways alive with power imbedded in the concrete. But somehow I'll have to cool my impatience because for today, anyway, I still cannot buy an electric that will get me to Providence and back.

I'll be the first one to my electric-car dealer when he opens, but meanwhile I'm killing the time by looking around elsewhere. And I found out there's this steam turbine no bigger than an office typewriter that could easily outpower a modern car engine. It's built by a man named Danny Bogni up in Montpelier, Vt., and all it needs is to have money put into it. Maybe I can get to like a nice sharp, steamy hiss just as well as that monotonous old electric hum. I'm heading north tomorrow. □

A 1910 advertisement stressed the efficiency of the "glassed-in drawing room on wheels."



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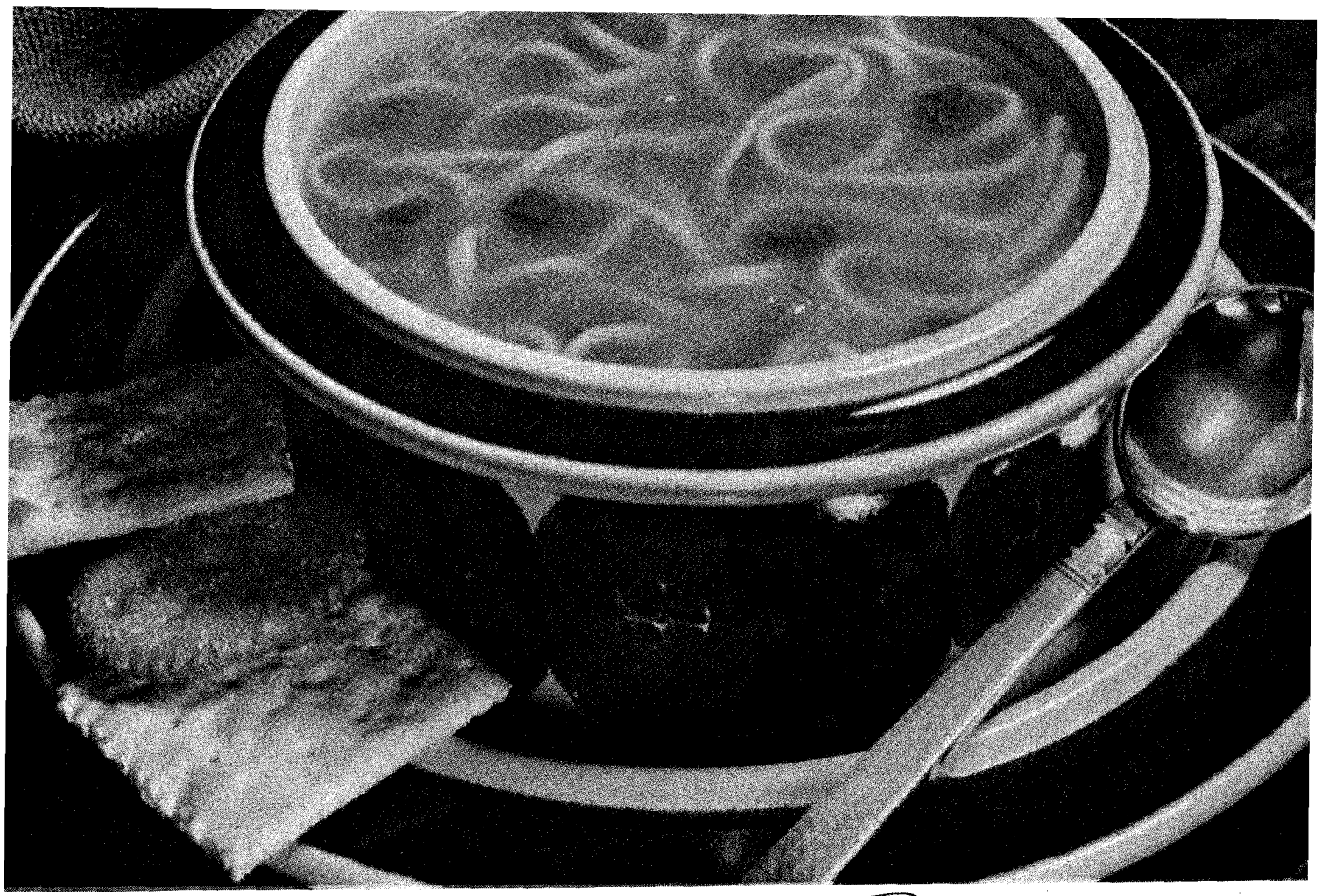

Big Break for Beef-eaters

Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup. Tender beef. Oodles of noodles. Bracing broth. And man—what flavor! When your hungry beef-eaters take a break, give them a real one. Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup

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'I don't know why I did it'

(continued from page 29)

A 30-year-old California convict, who raped two women and attempted to rape three more, said, "They were all much older and not attractive. I didn't get any pleasure. I had no climax. I think I know now what I was doing. I was trying to get even with my mother, trying to drag her off her pedestal." He added that his victims enjoyed it in spite of themselves, a common delusion of rapists.

Among the most horrific and psychiatrically baffling sex criminals of the early postwar years was William Heirens, a University of Chicago freshman, who at the age of 17 confessed to 300 burglaries, the attempted murder of three women, the murder of two other women and a five-year-old girl. He strangled the girl in her bed, carried the body to a basement coal bin, dismembered it with a hunting knife and scattered the parts through the sewers of Chicago. The women he variously beat, shot, stabbed and strangled. He was committed to the Statesville Penitentiary at Joliet for life. What gave Heirens sexual pleasure was neither carnal contact (he molested none of his victims sexually) nor loot (he discarded a lot of it), but breaking into a strange place. The sight of an open window sometimes excited him. He killed in blind fury when interrupted before he reached orgasm. In statements to his lawyers and later to an assistant district attorney he recalled: "I first started to steal when I was about ten years of age, and the mere act of stealing carried with it sexual satisfaction. . . . I have never been given to masturbation or other abnormal (sic) desires, nor have I ever had sexual intercourse nor attempted to have any relations with any females. . . . The only thing I get satisfaction out of is burglaries. . . . If I have an erection and ejection at the place, then I go out without taking anything."

To laymen who believe that an inordinate libido dominates sex criminals, a simple, drastic remedy seems logical—castrate them. Though no state sanctions compulsory castration, judges have been known, especially in Kansas and California, to obtain the offenders' consent by coercion: Submit or serve the maximum sentence. But according to the psychiatric consensus, castration only intensifies the feeling of inadequacy that motivates offenders in the first place. Since psychic, not biological, factors condition their criminal behavior, loss of potency is likely to make them more dangerous. With equal irrelevance 12 states provide for the compulsory sterilization of "hereditary criminals," seven of them specifically including sex offenders. The assumption here, that a tendency to crime is passed through the genes, finds little scientific support, and a vasectomy, destroying the ability to procreate, does not, of course, inhibit the sex drive.

An outcast among outcasts,

the sex criminal is despised and brutalized

by his fellow convicts.

To say that sex offenders as a class are less dangerous and numerous than they appear in the popular imagination does not imply that they are few and give no cause for alarm. They are grave cause for alarm. Wild exaggeration, however, obscures the problem. Under the impression that most sex offenders are incorrigible, retrograde and potentially homicidal, some people cry, "Lock them all up and throw away the key." But catchall laws miss the mark. Indiscriminately sweeping the passive with the aggressive offender into the same net, they distract from the real danger. The exhibitionist needs control and treatment. Yet he is a peripheral problem. It is the sadist, the rapist, the child molester who calls for the major concentration of legal and psychiatric resources. A Pennsylvania medical committee appointed to advise the state government recently reported, "Approximately one million dollars is expended annually in the detection and apprehension of sex deviates, an unknown percentage of whom constitute a burden to themselves and families rather than an immediate threat to the community. Increased ability to differentiate between the non-aggressive and the predatory sex offender will reduce government costs now incurred in apprehension of the non-aggressive sex deviate."

More and more courts all over the country are, in fact, interpreting "dangerousness" in a stricter sense. They tend to limit the word to compulsive, repetitive perverts prone to violence or the seduction of children. The exhibitionist (as long as he doesn't exhibit himself to children), the voyeur, the fetishist, the transvestite they consider public nuisances, guilty of a misdemeanor, and the sentence, if passed, rarely exceeds a few months in jail. The courts almost never penalize homosexuality between consenting adults.

Support is also growing for special sex-offender units outside the standard prison channels. The Pennsylvania committee pointed out: "Since sex offenders vary widely with respect to psychiatric characteristics—ranging from the normal to psychotic—institutions established for specific purposes, such as mental hospitals or correctional institutions, do not have adequate specialized facilities for the various types of sex offenders." As a starter the committee recommended setting up a diagnostic, research and training institute. In Georgia, there is neither medical examination (except to determine a defendant's "sanity") nor, with the exception of Fulton County, psychiatric care after conviction. Superior Court Judge Luther Alverson, former president of the National Association of Mental Health, calls the deficiency "asinine" and proposes the conversion of an abandoned public-works camp near Atlanta into a treatment center.

But why, traditionalist critics demand, should sex criminals be dealt with any differently from other kinds? One reason is that in the caste system of prison he ranks at the bottom. His fellow convicts despise him and often brutalize him. An outcast among outcasts, he sinks deep into a slough of self-hatred, precluding the possibility of rehabilitation. As a matter of fact, the proponents of special treatment do not, in their long-range view, restrict it to sex criminals. If it proves fruitful, they would extend it to all classes of criminals with psychiatric disturbances.

Thus far four states have launched such centers. California's Atascadero State Hospital, the largest, which was established in 1954 to treat mentally ill offenders of every variety, has a population of 1,600. About 50 percent fall into two legal categories: M.D.S.O.'s (Mentally Disordered Sex Offenders), who have been convicted of a sex crime, and M.A.S.O.'s (Mentally Abnormal Sex Offenders), not convicted, but voluntarily committed because of compulsions they fear may drive them to crime. Of the 467 prisoner-patients confined in Maryland's Patuxent Institution at Jessup as "mental defectives with an emotional disorder," 20 percent are sex offenders. Wisconsin, the first state to apply systematic therapy, installed a Sex Deviate Facility 17 years ago within the state prison at Waupun (the present population is 150). Since 1959 Massachusetts has maintained the Treatment Center at Bridgewater for "sexually dangerous persons." There are 127 there today. In New Jersey a plan for a similar center now is under way.

No state has concentrated more capital and energy on the problem than California. The culmination is Atascadero—nicknamed "Ashville" by its inmates—built at a cost of $13 million and now operating with an annual budget of $6 million. A thousand-acre enclave of plum and pale-green units, surrounded by flowerbeds and rolling, carpet-smooth lawns, it stands near the coast midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. From its population the Kinsey Institute chose some of the interviewees for its monumental study of sex offenders. Parolees from Atascadero also provided the material for the most detailed follow-up survey of sex offenders ever attempted.

Ashville's early days were turbulent. Diametrically *(continued on page 46)*

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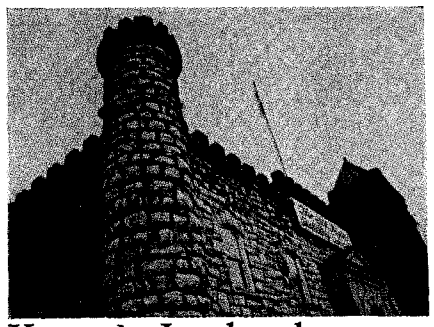
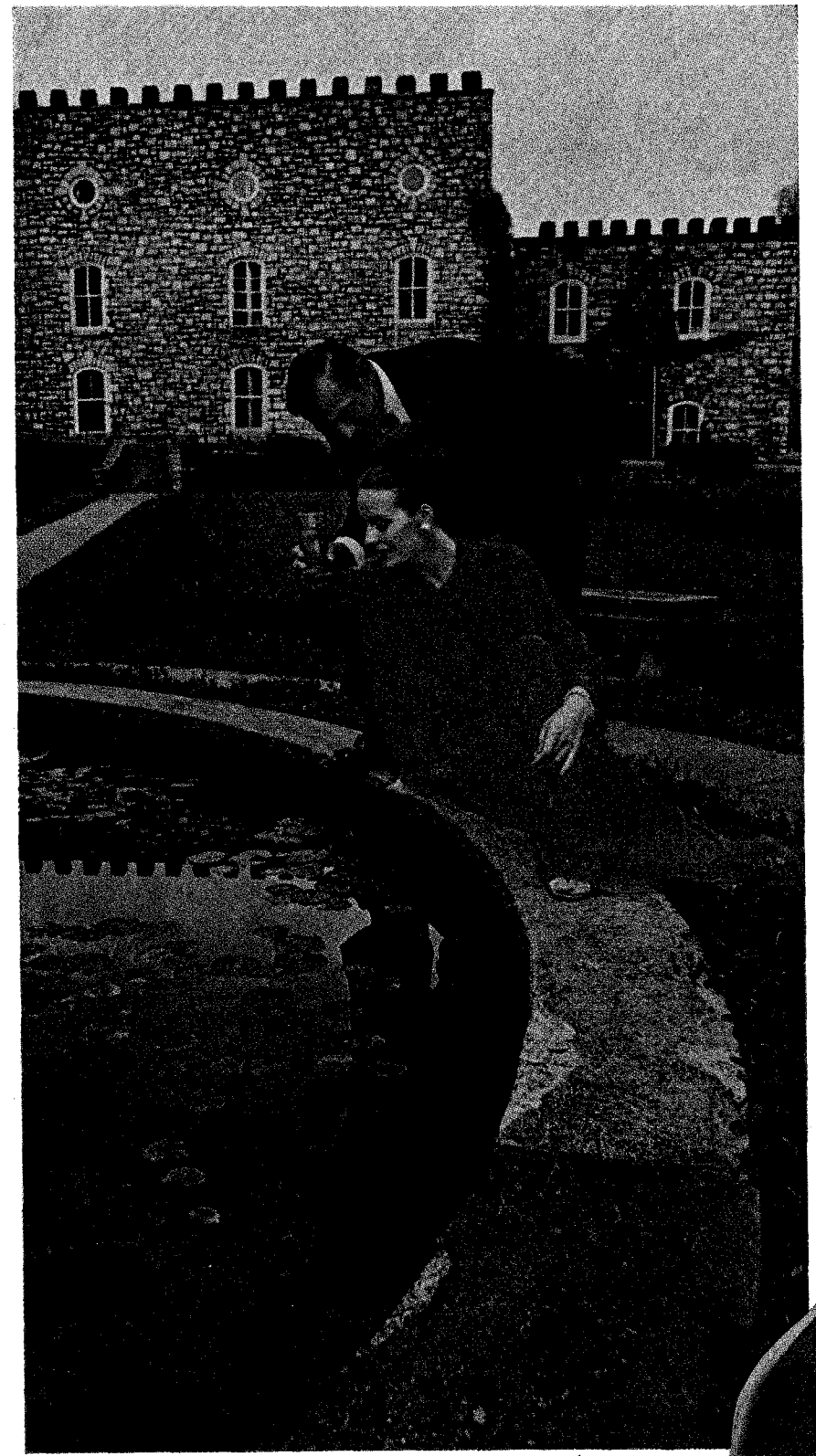
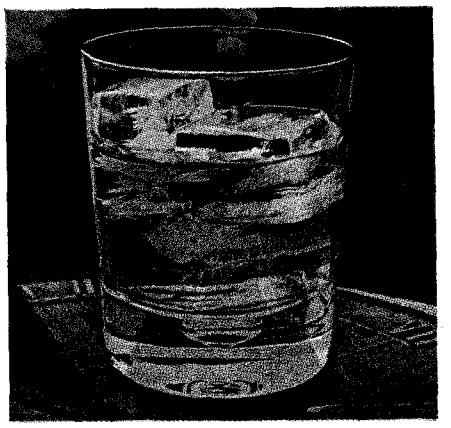
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



Kentucky Landmark:
The Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, built in 1887 by Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.



Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created...and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?



Old Taylor's timeless flavor is a 19th-century secret. Enjoy the secret with us!

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

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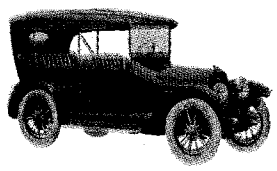
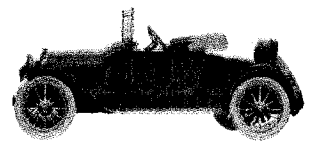


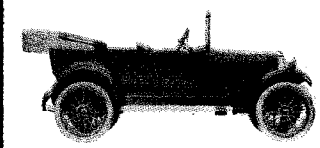
Buick

1915



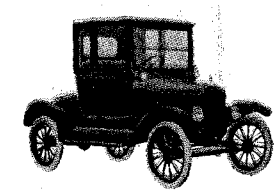
Oldsmobile

1916



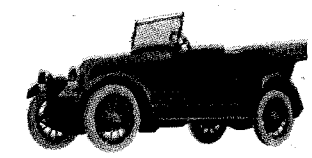
Oakland

1917



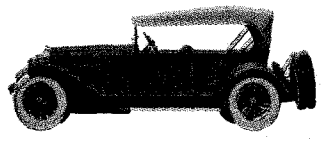
Ford Model "T"

1918



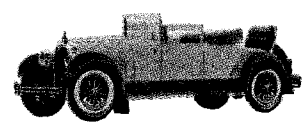
Franklin

1919



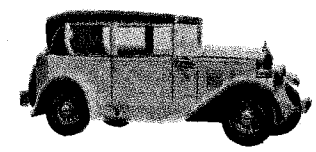
Locomobile

1925



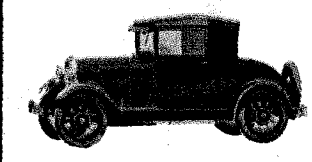
Kissel

1926



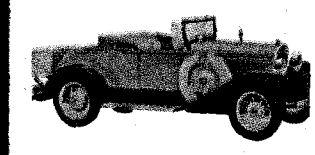
Jordan

1927



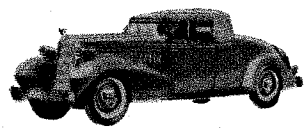
Ford Model "A"

1928



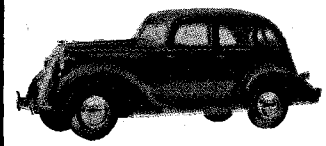
Plymouth

1929



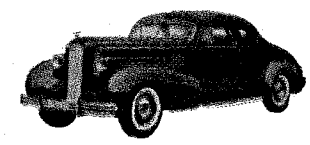
Cadillac

1935



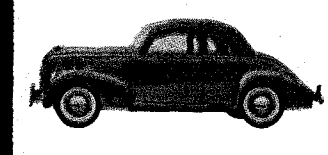
Terraplane

1936



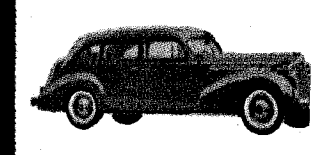
LaSalle

1937



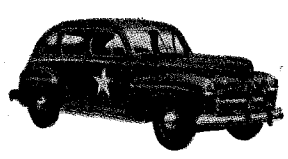
Ford

1938



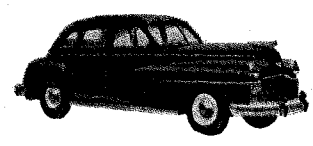
Packard

1939



Staff Car (Ford)

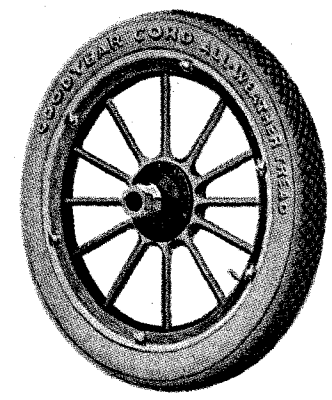
1945



DeSoto

1946

MORE PEOPLE RIDE
THAN ON AI
...and that's been true



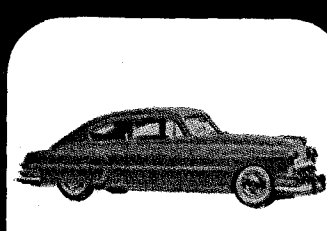
1915 Goodyear All-Weather tire

GOOD
AMERICA'S

If you would like a reprint of this advertisement, just send a postcard to Goodyear, P. O. Box 88, Akron, Ohio 443(

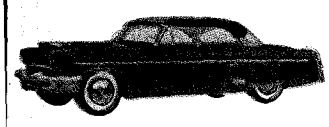
Ford

1949



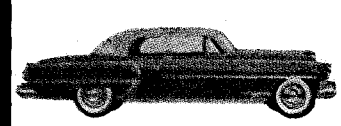
Pontiac

1950



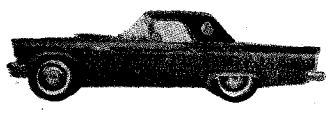
Mercury

1953



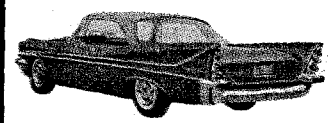
Chrysler

1954



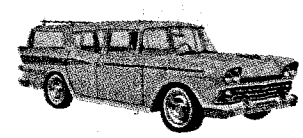
Thunderbird

1957



DeSoto

1958



Rambler

1959

Valiant

1960

Willys

1961

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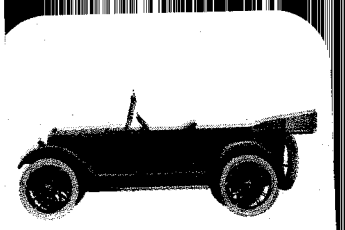
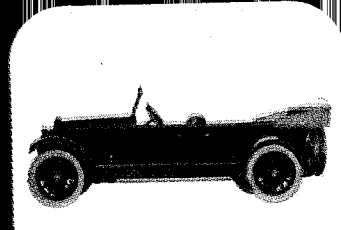


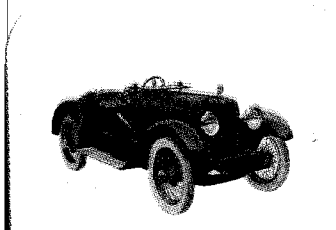
Chevrolet

1920



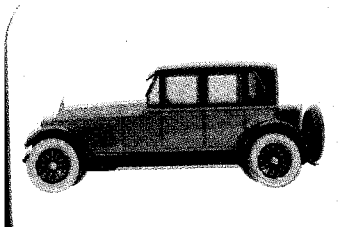
Case

1921



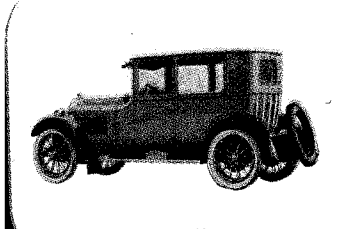
Mercer

1922



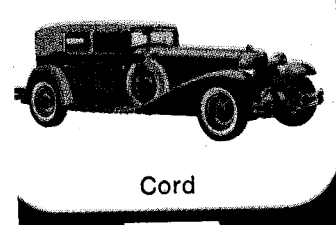
Stearns

1923



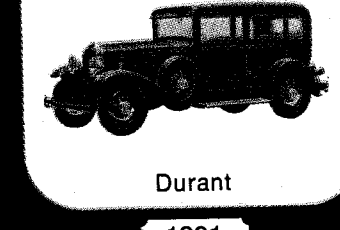
Chandler

1924



Cord

1930

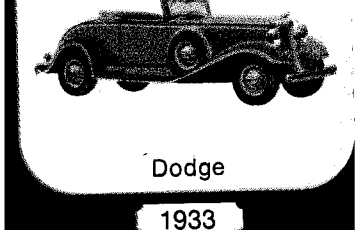


Durant

1931

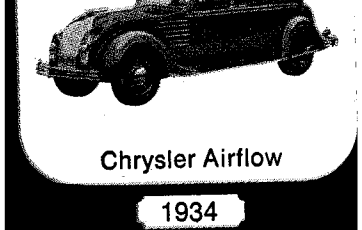
Essex

1932



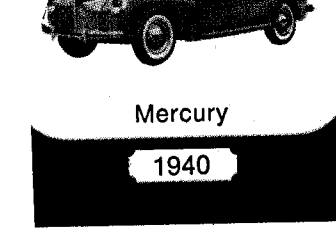
Dodge

1933



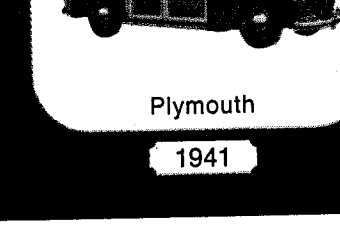
Chrysler Airflow

1934



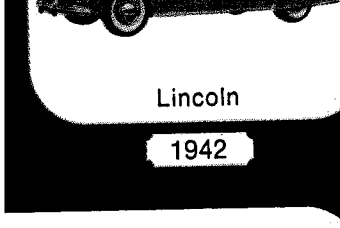
Mercury

1940



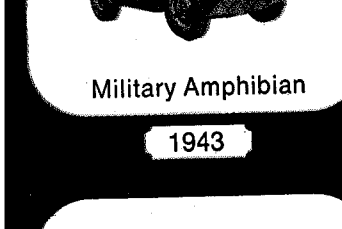
Plymouth

1941



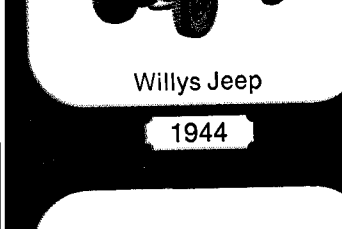
Lincoln

1942



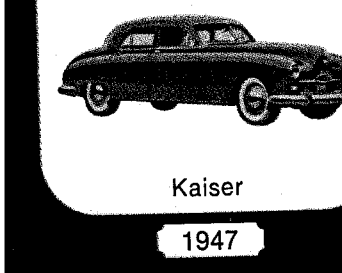
Military Amphibian

1943



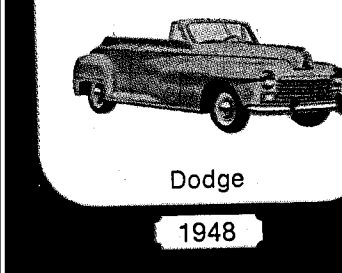
Willys Jeep

1944



Kaiser

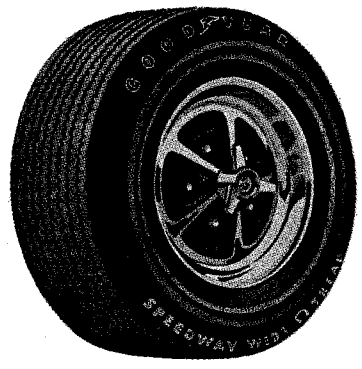
1947



Dodge

1948

N GOODYEAR TIRES OTHER KIND 52 consecutive years

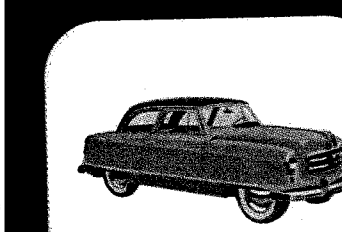


YEAR

ER ONE TIRE

1967 Goodyear Speedway Wide Tread tire

All-Weather, Speedway Wide Tread — T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

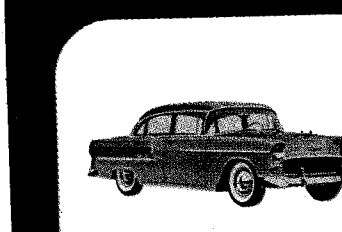


Nash Rambler

1951

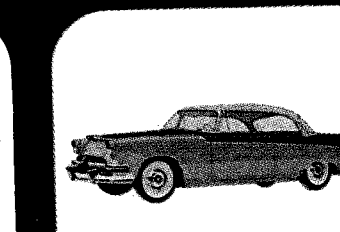
Plymouth

1952



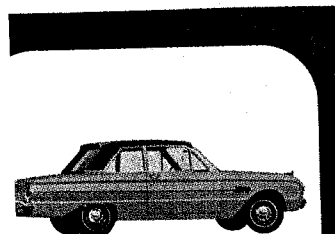
Chevrolet

1955



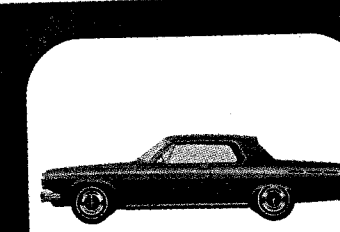
Dodge

1956



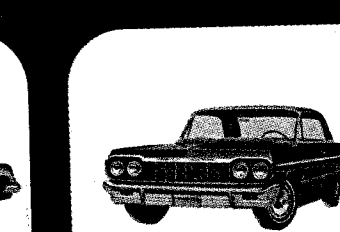
Falcon

1962



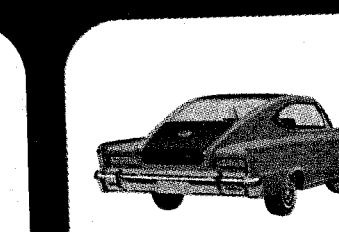
Dodge

1963



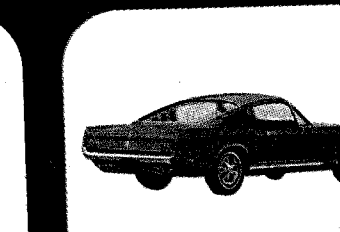
Chevrolet

1964



Marlin

1965



Mustang

1966

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Test your talent

WIN ONE OF THREE $675 COMMERCIAL ART SCHOLARSHIPS PLUS CASH PRIZES

For many years Art Instruction Schools has conducted art talent contests. These contests helped to uncover new talent for the many fields of commercial art. Hundreds, who are successful commercial artists today, started their exciting careers by sketching the famous "draw-me" heads. With these triplet drawings our professional artists can evaluate the trainable talent you may have.

As you try each of these drawings you'll probably find Susan the easiest to draw because she is a simple draw-me-type profile. The sketch of Marlene is "full-face"; the planes of her face are equal and symmetrical. Donna may be the most difficult for you to draw. Hers is a "three-quarters profile", using perspective to give the illusion of depth. Even if you feel you could only draw Susan, we can train you to draw the others.

Because of the varying degrees of difficulty of each of the heads your drawings of the triplets will be individually judged as three separate contests, cash awards plus scholarship prizes go to the winner of each contest: $25 for Susan, $50 for Marlene, and $75 for Donna.

SUSAN

DONNA

MARLENE

Draw one or "triple your fun" and draw all of the triplets. Make your drawings, in pencil, larger or smaller than those above. If you win one of three commercial art scholarships you'll receive a complete home study course in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning or painting. You'll be taught by professional artists from America's leading home study art school, Art Instruction Schools. Even those who do not win will receive an honest professional appraisal of their talents. Entries for these three contests must be in before March 31, 1967. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Start your drawings now; mail your entry today.

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS
Studio 7F-4290
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55415

Please enter my drawing(s) in your Draw-the-Triplets contests. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____

County_____ Zip Code_____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

THE SEX CRIMINAL

(continued from page 42)

opposed views divided the staff, one group stressing penology, the other, hospitalization. For a time the permissive views of the first director, Dr. Reginald Rood, prevailed. He allowed seemingly tractable offenders to leave the grounds to attend ball games, fairs, songfests and other local festivities. The townsfolk were alarmed, and with some justification, it turned out. During the first two years 120 Ashville patients escaped, among them an ex-marine who went berserk with a machine gun and killed a policeman. Under fire, Rood was assigned to another state hospital.

His successors, Dr. G. Lee Sandritter and after him, Dr. Sterling Morgan, steered a middle course. Today no convict may step beyond the gates. Every man in a ward is accountable for every other man. If one escapes, the rest are locked in. On the other hand, compliant convicts, after their first three weeks, are permitted to circulate through the building. After six months of satisfactory adjustment a "white card" gives them access to the grounds. They are always referred to as "patients" and never as "inmates." They occupy "rooms," not "cells." There has been no escape in two years.

Sandritter conceived of Atascadero as neither solely security nor solely therapy, neither prison nor hospital, but a "therapeutic community." To absorb patients into that community, sundry devices were introduced, involving them with each other and with the staff. For example, an "Emotional Security Program" promotes self-government. Each ward elects a council charged with housekeeping, orienting new patients, planning recreational and social activities and enforcing discipline. The ward council elects a member to the E.S.P. "senate," representing the entire patient body. The "senators" in turn appoint a seven-man executive council, which meets weekly with staff members to air general grievances and discuss means of improving living conditions. The therapeutic benefits theoretically derive from a sense of mutual aid and the experience of the democratic process. "As patients show progress," says Morgan, a lanky, ruddy-cheeked man who exudes good fellowship, "they receive more responsibility and more freedom. They attack the specific areas of their disorder through thinking it out, talking it out, listening to other patients, observing their own reactions and the reactions of others to the incidents of daily existence. Their every thought, word and action becomes a part of treatment." Meanwhile therapy teams, each of which includes a psychiatrist, psychologist, social worker, rehabilitation therapist and ward supervisor working in shifts around the clock, keep the patients under constant scrutiny.

Some psychiatrists doubt the efficacy of treatment in confinement. The involuntary patient, they feel, in his craving for freedom, will fake whatever attitudes he thinks the therapists approve. Morgan concedes the advantages of a more permissive setting, but the issue is academic. Society will accept no alternative. It demands as much right to isolate a dangerous sex criminal as to quarantine a typhoid carrier.

Both to and from Atascadero the legal road is long and tortuous. By way of illustration, Sam Foley (a fictitious name), a 30-year-old used-car salesman, accosted a middle-aged woman on a Los Angeles side street late one night and held a knife against her ribs as he forced her into his convertible. Driving up into the hills, he made her undress and then raped her. She had memorized his license plate, and next day the police traced Foley. Upon conviction the superior court judge appointed two psychiatrists to settle three questions: Was Foley mentally disordered? If so, was he predisposed to a sex crime? If predisposed, would he benefit from treatment? The psychiatrists did not conduct a very searching examination of him. Paid a fee with a statutory ceiling of $40 per diagnosis and report, they completed the examination in less than an hour. "The system is inadequate," says Dr. Seymour Pollack, director of the University of Southern California's Institute of Psychiatry and Law, whose staff assists the Los Angeles Public Defender. "I've spent five or six hours testing a sex offender without even getting off the ground."

The court-appointed psychiatrists answered "yes" to all three questions. While the judge was not bound by them, he took the customary step of referring Foley to Atascadero for a period of observation limited by statute to 90 days. (The alternatives open to him included a straight prison term, a suspended sentence and probation, and hospitalization elsewhere.) The Atascadero psychiatrists tackled the same three questions. They, too, declared Sam Foley mentally disordered, predisposed to sex crime and treatable. (Had they found him not mentally disordered, the judge almost certainly would have sent him to prison; if mentally disordered, but not treatable, to prison or another state hospital.) The upshot was indeterminate commitment to Atascadero. At that point Foley had the privilege of demanding a jury trial on the issue of his mental health, and he invoked that privilege. But there was no reversal of the psychiatrists' decision. There seldom is.

After 18 months, the average stretch, Atascadero discharged Foley as no longer dangerous. By law the 18 months were credited against the 10-year prison sentence still facing him. The judge, however, did not oblige him to serve the rest of it, freeing him with five years' probation. If Atascadero had reported that Foley was still dangerous, but unamenable to further treatment, then the judge would have had to reconsider all the alternatives as before. Sometimes he recommits a sex offender to Atascadero, telling the staff, in effect, "Persist."

The basic psychiatric treatment at Atascadero is group therapy, combining elements of psychodrama, Alcoholics Anonymous and public confession. "We have abolished individual therapy," says Dr. Morgan. Necessity dictated the choice. If all 68 staff members were to use individual therapy on the 1,600 patients, they could spare each patient no more than five minutes a day. With the group technique, from 4 to 15 patients gather for several hours a week under the direction of a psychiatrist or clinical technician. The presumed value of group therapy is the

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support it gives to a deficient ego. Men in communion with each other can tolerate truths about themselves they cannot tolerate alone, and the discovery that others share their affliction helps them understand it. While Freud-oriented, the therapists shun classic, prolonged, couch analysis as not only hopelessly impractical, but because it is unlikely to reach a criminal patient. "The private psychiatrist on the outside must usually strive to relieve inhibitions," Morgan explains. "Here we have to implant controls."

During a typical session at Atascadero not long ago, six patients and a young technician sat in a circle on blue plastic-upholstered chairs in Ward 22. The ward was long and high-ceilinged, and sunlight streamed through a bank of tall windows. Scores of other patients, not part of therapy groups, wandered in and out, read, wrote letters, played checkers, sipped soft drinks. By the open door a guard, himself a patient, sat before a table covered with colored file cards. They served as a system for checking each patient's whereabouts at a glance. Everybody except the white-clad technician wore khaki fatigues, the obligatory uniform.

Throughout the therapy session an elderly man, with a long record of exposing himself to children, dozed. A beefy Mexican, convicted of raping three women, glared about him, seldom uttering a sound. The other patients were voluble, and the technician, whom they called "Nick," blond, crew-cut and soft-spoken, acted chiefly as a monitor. He turned to a chubby, middle-aged man on his right, recently committed for molesting children. "Bob, he said, "did they give you your I.T. card yet?" I.T. (Industrial Therapy) is a supplementary program requiring the patient to work three hours a day at an assigned chore and an additional three hours at an occupation of his own preference. Bob nodded. He was on laundry detail in the morning, and in the afternoon he typed reports for the research department.

NICK: What brought you here, Bob? Why did you crack up?

BOB: I was working 16 hours a day, making $8,000 a year with two jobs. What more can a guy do for his wife? That's how I cracked up. But I guess it really started when I was a kid. I used to ask my mother about things, why I had no father, the man she went out with, about life in general. She'd always brush me off. So I tried to find out for myself. I had this horrible feeling of being worthless. I started working when I was nine. It seemed the only way I could feel worth something, to bring home money.

NORM: (*a child molester, age 32*) What were those last two jobs?

BOB: Soda-fountain clerk, dance teacher.

AL: (*The elderly exhibitionist, reviving briefly*) Too bad we can't dance here. (*General laughter.*)

BOB: Sixteen hours a day. What more can a guy do?

HARRY: (*In his mid-20's, stiff black hair, rugged*) My wife left me because I wasn't making enough dough.

BOB: What are you in for?

HARRY: (*Dropping his voice*) Going after kids. Boys.

BOB: What kind of kids appeal to you?

HARRY: Oh, I don't know . . . .

BOB: Why do you like them better than women?

HARRY: How the hell do I know? Some people rather swim in the ocean than a pool. He's black (pointing to a Negro patient passing by), I'm white. You can't help it any more than Jack here can help robbing banks.

JACK: (*From the nonsexual "mentally ill" population, a cigar clamped between teeth that look like piano keys*) I ain't no bank robber. I only rob supermarkets. (*Laughter.*)

BOB: (*to Harry*) What did you actually do in the sex act?

HARRY: What's the difference? Is that important?

BOB: I want to know.

NICK: Put it in scientific words, Harry.

JACK: Nick's trying to help you, man. (*Harry whispers his answer.*)

NORM: Yeah, that's what I did too.

HARRY: (*To Nick*) That's the lousy part of this hospital routine—repeating the same stuff over and over. But I'm through. I'm not coming back here. I'm ready for society, even if the hospital says I'm not.

JACK: What makes you think you've changed?

HARRY: Hell, I changed before I got here. I learned fast that the only way to get by is to go along with the rules.

JACK: Not that you still don't like kids?

HARRY: No, but I don't want to come back here, so I got to keep away from them.

JACK: It ain't because you want to keep away.

HARRY: No, it's because if I don't leave them alone, I'll wind up back here. I'm all loused up as it is. I couldn't be anything now. It's on my record. Can you see me getting to be governor of the state? All they'd have to do would be look at my record.

JACK: I hear there was a governor who fooled around with kids.

HARRY: And I like to do art. I always liked that.

JACK: Listen, you're lucky you got into trouble in this state. They got the best hospital program in the world. And it don't really hurt you being sent here. Before I came back this time, I was making $180 a week. Carpenter foreman. Been back four times, and each time I got out I got a better job. The hospital gives you time to think. You know, I don't feel the way about sex offenders like I used to. I'm not saying I approve of them, but I feel different. One of my buddies here is a sex offender.

HARRY: I've learned a lot from books here. That's what they want you to do. If they get enough smart guys in the hospitals, it'll profit the state. It costs plenty to keep people here.

JACK: Ah, you won't learn nothing from books. Nobody gets well in sex just because their minds change.

BOB: Harry, why do you want to have relations with a kid?

HARRY: (*confounded*) Why? Why? Because there's sex there.

BOB: You mean to say you don't enjoy women at all?

HARRY: I didn't say that. I'm married. I have a daughter.

JACK: Why bother with marriage? You can get a woman anytime.

BOB: Oh, I don't know about that. There aren't many women that you can just do anything you want with. (*To Harry*) About when did you go queer?

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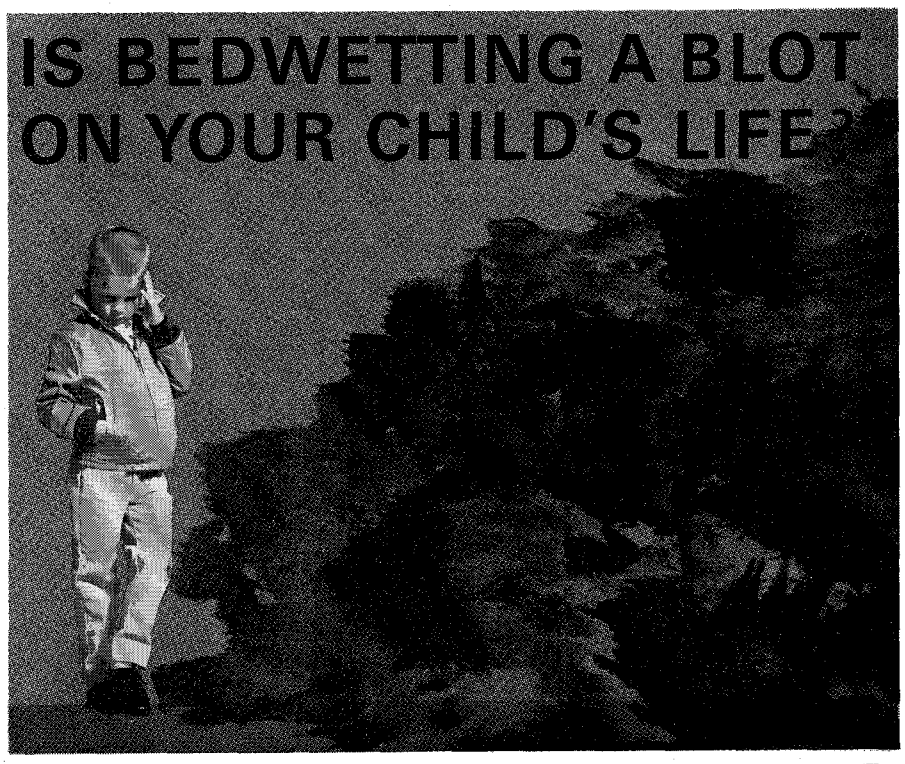

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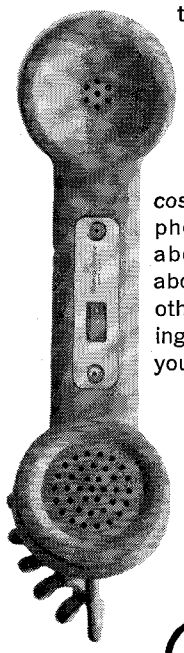

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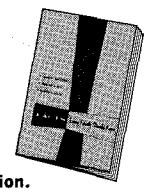

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HARRY: I've always been. Since I was five. My first experience was with the same sex, and I got to like it.

NORM: Five! I didn't even know what the word meant.

BOB: Was he older, the one you had the experience with?

HARRY: Hell, yes. Forty, forty-five.

BOB: After the first time, did you do it with older boys before you started with kids?

HARRY: Yes, sure, much older in the beginning.

JACK: How many times a year would you do it?

HARRY: How many times? How do you mean?

JACK: Like two, three times?

HARRY: Three times! You kidding? Lots of times.

BOB: And you think you've changed? What made you change?

HARRY: Well, I talked to one of the kids' mother. She was real understanding. She saw I was in trouble and needed help. She wanted to help me, to be my friend. And here I'd gone and messed up their lives, hers and the kid's. All I want is another chance, get married, live a normal life and not go near kids.

BOB: But what are you going to do when you see them everywhere—pray?

HARRY: I'll just think of Ashville. I'm not coming back. No more kids. It's too dangerous. And I'll tell you something, you know, just writing letters to kids can cost you plenty if their folks find out. I'll accept myself as a homosexual, but I'll try to live like a heterosexual.

MANUEL (*The Mexican, speaking for the first and only time*) Come on, *amigo*, we all know what homos are like.

JACK: Yeah, how come a guy's a queer and then, boom, goes for dames. What's he really?

HARRY: Homo. But I'll find a woman and stick with her. Sure, I admit I was guilty. I *am* guilty. It's on the books ... you know, the lousiest thing, dragging the kids through the courts too.

JACK: You're worried about that? You don't think what you did to them was wrong?

HARRY: I said I was guilty. I'm just saying it's lousy to put the kids through all that.

NICK: Tell us, Harry, do you sincerely believe you've learned enough here, gained enough understanding of yourself, to be ready for society?

HARRY: Yes, Nick, I do.

NICK: Are you strong enough now to say no to a child?

HARRY: Yes, I could say no to a child.

Since this session the staff has decided against consideration of a discharge for Harry for at least another year. Bob has been returned to the court, and from there was transferred to the state prison at Vacaville. The prison's hospital staff includes 16 part-time or full-time psychiatrists, and they probably will have another try. Norm has been paroled. Al and Manuel face many more years of treatment. Jack, the four-time loser, may never go free.

Each case is reviewed from time to time in Morgan's office by the senior psychiatrists. At one recent conference three patients were under consideration for discharge. The first doctor, as he thumbed through a sheaf of progress reports, began: "Frankly, I'm a coward about this one. He relates poorly to people. He tries to dominate everybody. He's thirty-seven. Let's see, been here since 1963. Pedophile. Still, I think he's ready to go." They reserved judgment.

Second doctor: "This one molested his stepdaughter. First sex offense. He was drunk. Twenty-two arrests for drunkenness in a year. I don't think he's treatable. Let's get rid of him. He's only taking up space." Opinions were divided.

Third doctor: "The next one is a functional schizophrenic. Other hospitals ought to be able to handle him better in a closed ward. He's been bugging me for a transfer for weeks. I'm for it." Unanimous agreement.

In forming a decision the doctors tread a rocky path between conflicting imperatives. On the one side they are harassed by overcrowding. Atascadero now has 320 more patients than it was designed to accommodate. "If a hundred come in next month," says Morgan, "a hundred would have to go." The inclination, therefore, is to weed out patients who progress too slowly and make room for promising cases. Combined with fallible human judgment, this pressure can result in the premature release of a Hugh Bion Morse. On the other side hover the ghosts of such past errors, inhibiting both the hospital and the court from running risks. Leery of a patient with an especially black history, even though every sign points to recovery, the psychiatrists tend to hedge. Glossing over the question of dangerousness, they report, "Has reached maximum benefit," and pass the buck to the court. The patient may then go to his grave, riding what Los Angeles public defenders call "the merry-go-round." Dr. Pollack gives an example:

A boy of 17, whom I will call Joe Macklin, raped a woman and, panicking, choked her to death. When his frenzy subsided, he went straight to the police. Largely on the strength of Pollack's diagnosis ("chronic schizophrenic reaction"), the court adjudged him not guilty by reason of insanity and committed him to Atascadero. He regained his freedom five years later with an "A" certification (improved and no longer dangerous). During Macklin's confinement his sister would visit him, sometimes bringing a girl with whom she shared an apartment. He fell in love, and upon his release they married.

The newlyweds' sexual relations were normal. Yet within six months Macklin began having rape fantasies, though not of a sadistic kind. Presently he was acting them out in exhibitionism. He drove a bakery truck for a living, and when his tension built up beyond control, he would pull up beside a woman and expose himself. He made no effort to disguise his license plate or avert his face. "This is characteristic," Pollack notes. "Unconsciously many sex offenders desire punishment. They hope to be caught." Macklin soon was.

Exhibitionism is only a misdemeanor, but because he once killed, the court returned him to Atascadero. "Unamenable to treatment and dangerous," the hospital decided. Pollack disagreed. "I felt sure he desperately wanted help and would benefit from it." He managed to have Macklin recommitted. Another year of treatment didn't alter Atascadero's opinion, and it bounced

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[illegible] back to the court. "No doubt," Pollack concedes, "a psychiatrist would have to say he was mentally disordered in the meaning defined by statute, but I don't believe he was still dangerous. After all, how dangerous is exhibitionism? If we had a sound system of outpatient care and close vigilance, I think he could have been safely released in the community. But we don't." And so the merry-go-round.

From Los Angeles, Macklin went to the Chino State Prison, a reception center which evaluates and relocates felons. Same evaluation. Next stop, the California Men's Colony, a maximum-security prison with one psychiatrist. Macklin has now been there a year. He may well be shunted back to Atascadero for reevaluation, and from there back to the Men's Colony again. "What psychiatrist, what judge," Pollack asks, "reviewing the record, with all those negative prognoses, is going to go out on a limb and say he isn't dangerous? Nobody. Not today. Not twenty years from now."

Despite its flaws, can Atascadero claim substantial overall results? A sociologist, Louise Frisbie, followed the careers of 1,921 sex offenders who were discharged and placed on probation during the hospital's first six years. The largest group, almost 8 out of 10, were child molesters; the second largest, exhibitionists (13 percent); the smallest, homosexuals (1 percent) and, in between, voyeurs, transvestites and "lewd persons," a catchall category (3 percent) and sexual aggressors, chiefly rapists (4 percent). Of the total, 1,536 or 80 percent had not been convicted of any new offense by June 30, 1961.

Measuring recidivism rates by type of offense, Mrs. Frisbie found the highest in the voyeur-transvestite-lewd persons' group, with exhibitionists next, then sexual aggressors, then pedophiles. The homosexuals didn't enter into Mrs. Frisbie's recidivism computations, but generally they have the highest rate of all groups.

A recidivism rate of less than 27 percent seems impressive, but the sociologist cautioned that Atascadero's techniques are not the only conceivable approach. Some patients, she said, particularly first offenders, might have responded just as well to probation and outpatient care. (New Jersey's Dr. Brancale ventures, "Maybe they get better in spite of our therapy.") Mrs. Frisbie further discouraged a rose-colored outlook with the forecast that, as time goes by, further testing the mettle of patients, the proportion of repeaters may increase.

The only completely separate institution in the United States—indeed, in the world—for "sexually dangerous persons" is the Treatment Center at Bridgewater, Mass., 40 miles south of Boston. The statute under which it operates, providing for diagnosis after conviction and indeterminate commitment, resembles that of California, but the Bridgewater philosophy and method differ sharply from Atascadero's. The statute itself evolved painfully. As an initial step, in 1947, Massachusetts empowered the superior court to pronounce a defendant a "psychopathic personality" simply on the petition of the district attorney. Doctors with no psychiatric training could qualify as expert witnesses. The department of health then had to "safely keep and treat the person committed." The statute's language was so fuzzy, its constitutionality so dubious and the department's facilities so scant that only one judge ever invoked it.

In 1954 a revision substituted "sex offender" for "psychopathic personality," made conviction of a specific sex crime a prerequisite to commitment and proposed a treatment center. Not to infringe constitutional rights, it limited the period of commitment to the maximum criminal sentence. Cured or not, the offender went back to society. That statute, too, remained inoperative because no funds for a treatment center were furnished—the joker that nullifies sex-offender statutes in most communities.

The present statute, like many similar ones, was the legislature's response to the public outcry following a particularly bestial sex crime. On July 26, 1957, a 20-year-old shoe-factory worker named Raymond Ohlson, prowling through Field Park near his home in Brockton, Mass., came upon two boys wearing swimming trunks, John Logan, 12, and his brother Paul, 10. Forcing them at knifepoint into a secluded gully, he stabbed them each half a dozen times, stripped off their trunks and attacked both of them sexually. They were still breathing when he heaped brush around their bodies and set a fire. A set of house keys found beneath the charred remains led the police to Ohlson, who confessed. They charged him with first-degree murder,

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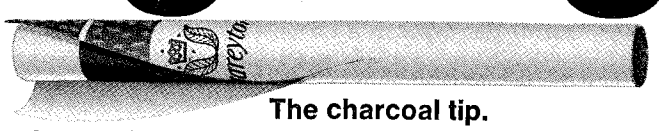

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which is punishable in Massachusetts by electrocution.

It was not Ohlson's first atrocity. At 13 he sexually abused a three-year-old boy. A county juvenile court sent him for observation to the outpatient clinic of the Foxboro State Hospital. The clinic's report said that although Ohlson was of "neurotic temperament," he suffered from "no particular mental ailment." Psychotherapy, the doctors suggested, might alleviate the neurotic symptoms, providing his mother cooperated to the extent of bringing him to the clinic. This Mrs. Ohlson indignantly refused to do. The juvenile court took no further action.

A year later in Field Park, Ohlson again assaulted a boy of 12, after clubbing him senseless. He then tried to strangle him with a bicycle chain. Failing that, he knifed him five times in the head, back and thigh. The boy lived, however, to identify his assailant.

Before trial for "assault with intent to murder," Superior Court Judge Charles Fairhurst requested the Metropolitan State Hospital to determine Ohlson's competence to understand the proceedings against him. "Psychopathy with asocial and amoral trends," ran the unenlightening report, but "without psychosis." Dissatisfied, the judge sought another opinion from psychiatrists in the Department of Mental Health concerning Ohlson's condition at the time of the killings. They declared him "not suffering from any mental disease or defect which would affect criminal responsibility."

The judge imposed the maximum sentence of 10 years with deep misgivings. He knew that no matter how dangerous Ohlson was, he must under the law be turned loose at the expiration of his sentence, and if granted time off for good behavior, sooner. Only commitment to a state hospital as a mental invalid could keep him out of circulation indefinitely. But the psychiatrists, reflecting a prevalent attitude, hesitated to diagnose a defendant as mentally ill, unless they found him psychotic, which is one extreme form of mental illness. They also hesitated to certify an offender as committable unless they could specify the form of psychosis, such as schizophrenia or paranoia, convenient classifications which explain nothing about cause or cure. Many state-hospital administrators, in their perpetual struggle against overcrowding, still favor the archaic classifications. So, on various grounds, do many legislators, jurists and psychiatrists. Yet the psychiatric tag pinned to an offender bears no relation to the degree of his dangerousness. A "manic-depressive psychotic," totally remote from reality, may prove quite harmless; an "obsessive-compulsory neurotic," functioning successfully on most levels, may prove as deadly as a cobra—and vice versa. Raymond Ohlson, apparently unsuited for any familiar label, went to the Concord Reformatory. Judge Fairhurst later told a friend, "I was so terrified of what might happen that I seldom had a peaceful night."

Though Ohlson's behavior at Concord was exemplary, the warnings of a prison psychiatrist moved the parole board to reject every appeal he filed. Nevertheless, with time off, he won an unconditional release in six years.

Seven weeks from the day he walked through the prison gates he murdered the young Logan brothers. No trial followed. Now diagnosed as schizophrenic, he was committed to the Bridgewater State Hospital for the criminally psychotic, until such time as he might be competent to defend himself. He is still there.

The fearful object lesson impelled the legislature to rush through a new law calling for the indefinite detention

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"First, I want to compliment you on your disguise."

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and treatment of offenders diagnosed as "sexually dangerous." When, the following year, the procedural problems had not yet been resolved, and potential aggressors still were being released from prison, the legislature proclaimed it "an emergency law, necessary for the preservation of the public safety." An amendment required the commissioner of mental health to install a treatment center at one or more state prisons. Concord was the first chosen. But again the facilities proved so meager that the state supreme judicial court abolished the law on constitutional grounds. Ruling on the appeal of a child molester, the court decreed: "Such confinement in a prison which is undifferentiated from the incarceration of convicted criminals was not confinement in a treatment center within the purview of the statute." In short, if detained on the strength of a psychiatric diagnosis, the offender must be considered a patient. The basic purpose of confinement was therapeutic, not punitive.

The legislature finally appropriated $120,000 to organize a sex-offender unit. (The annual operating budget now runs around $100,000 plus an estimated $3,200 per patient). The building allocated to the enterprise is one of numerous red-brick, turreted monstrosities, dating from the 19th century, that comprise the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Bridgewater. The others house delinquents with low I.Q.'s, alcoholics and the criminally psychotic. They combine some of the best and some of the worst prison conditions. Superintendent Charles W. Gaughan, a social worker by training, will brook no brutal or callous personnel. For the treatment center he handpicked guards who can approach sexual deviates without revulsion. The stark interior of the building is kept spotless. Meals are tolerable. But the small cells—some so small that the inmates can touch both walls at once by extending their arms—contain neither running water nor toilets. A single wash area to a floor serves as many as 30 men. During the night they use buckets. When the guards unlock the cells next day, the inmates empty the buckets into a common sink. While inspecting the place, not long ago, the chairman of a state senate committee was overcome with nausea.

Under the joint administration of the departments of mental health and correction, the treatment center admitted its first patients in November, 1959. The ensuing efforts to reclaim a special class of offender, like those efforts at institutions such as Atascadero, Jessup and Waupun, marked a revolutionary advance in the history of criminology. Never before had such responsibility been entrusted to psychiatrists instead of jailers.

To direct the enterprise, the commissioner of mental health appointed Dr. Harry L. Kozol, a Boston psychiatrist distinguished both as a private practitioner and a teacher at Harvard Medical School. Kozol is an eclectic of prodigious energy, whose seamless face and slight, trim frame belie his 60 years. He recalls, "We had to start from scratch. There was no consistent body of literature to guide us in our work. We developed our own methods out of our day-to-day experience."

After six years and nearly 600 patients he professes an optimism not universally shared by his colleagues. He believes psychiatry can not only determine how dangerous a sex offender may be but predict the probability of an offender's repeating his crime. He sets forth the following general criteria of dangerousness:

An infantile behavior pattern. Offenders often value only those experiences that bring them instant pleasure. They have no capacity for delaying the gratification of a desire, of sublimating it, of tolerating the tension generated by self-control. As fast as the desire reaches their consciousness, they act it out. The consequences to themselves or others carry no weight. Like a hungry infant who flies into a tantrum if food is withheld, they tend to meet denial with violence.

Disaffiliation (what Kozol terms "psychological nomadism"). Except when they are likely to achieve immediate relief of their appetites, they pursue no sustained, orderly course of conduct. They roam, purposeless, unsettled, and are easily diverted.

A low threshold of satiety. They crave a perpetual renewal of energy outlets. School, jobs, hobbies, involvement with a friend or lover, soon bore them. Kozol compares their impulses to a shooting star. "They move swiftly, flash across the sky of consciousness and burn out. . . . Unhappily, their skies are filled with shooting stars. The impulse satisfied gives rise to another."

The exploitation of people as objects. They can't differentiate among individuals, only between "them" and "me." "Them" exist solely to gratify "me." Lacking emotional depth, incapable of warmth or trust, seldom feeling intense joy or intense sorrow, they seem to be impervious to the emotions of others.

The faintest sign of the opposite reactions that may emerge under treatment, Kozol contends, offers hope of salvage. Does the offender show concern for his family's welfare? Does the plight of his fellow patients touch him? Does he identify with any of them?

"The worst offender has some inherent potential for good, some positive, constructive quality," says Kozol, who considers no offender, not even the psychotic, totally inaccessible. "The big problem is to uncover that potential and help him cultivate it, until he gains self-respect, sees himself as an adult, begins to react to people with compassion instead of hostility, and finally recognizes that freedom in the community involves responsibility as well as gratification."

Kozol's staff numbers seven full- or part-time psychiatrists, six psychologists, three psychiatric social workers, two research trainees in clinical psychology, a recreational therapist and a medical officer. The paramount questions they ask themselves during the initial 60-day diagnostic stage are: What kind of problem did the offender imagine he was solving by his offense? Does the problem still exist, and will it exist if he is released? The search for the answers begins with a meticulous reconstruction of his thought process and actions shortly before, during and after the offense. Was the offense impulsive or premeditated? Did a fantasy precede it? Of what order? Did he

I said: "What I want is a rich-feeling limousine
that drives like a perky sports car and is easy to park
and doesn't cost very much—particularly since it is
strong enough to last a long time. And uses very little gas."

He said:
"Lady, you just ordered a Falcon!"
(People call it the short limousine.)
You're ahead in a Ford
Ford

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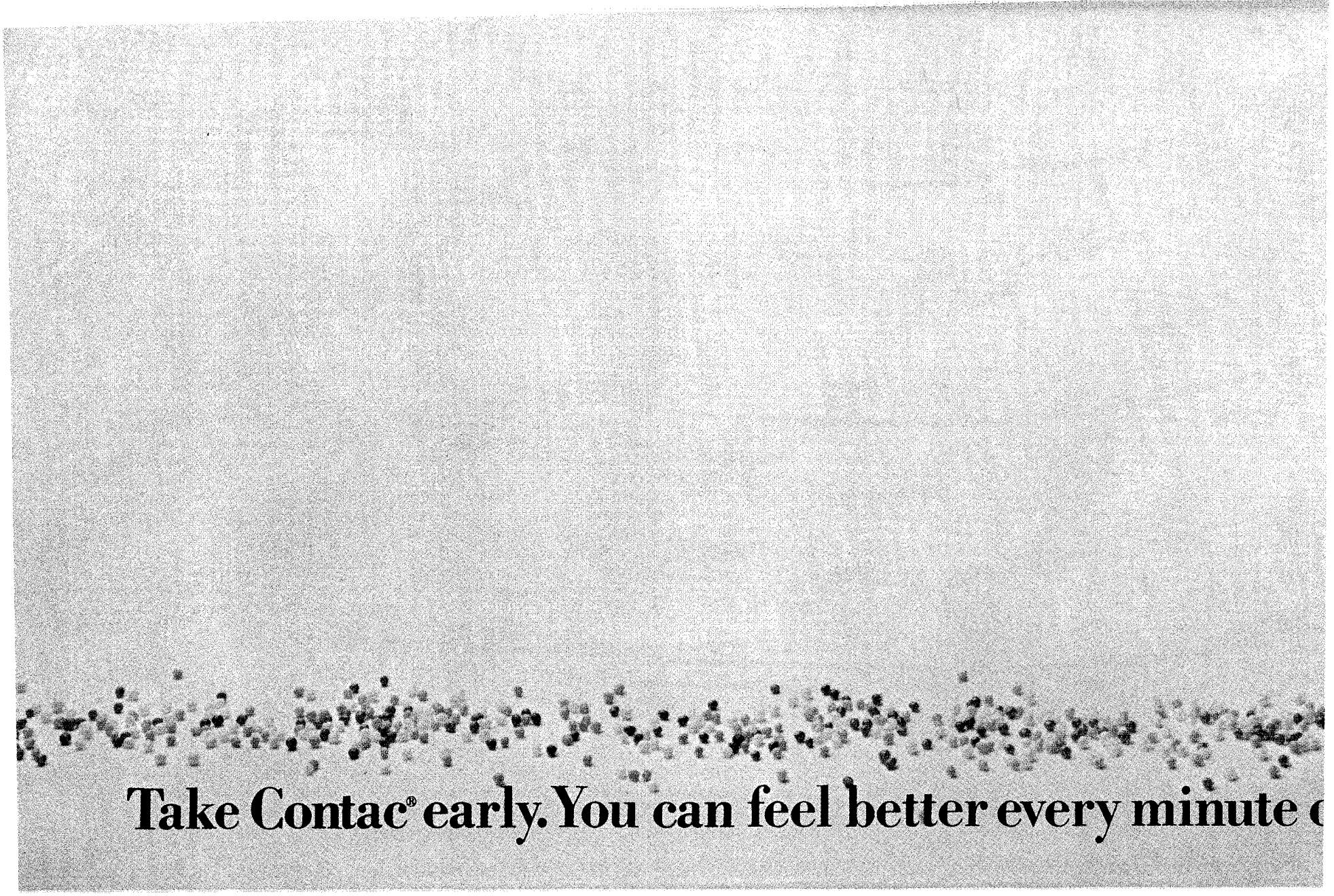

know his victim? Did she provoke him, consciously or unconsciously? ("We sometimes discover that the real victim is the accused.") Did she physically resemble anyone close to him? Did she symbolize somebody he hated, or was he venting his rage against womanhood in general? Did he cajole or threaten his victim? Did he indicate any concern whatever for her anguish, or only gross indifference?

Field investigations covering his family, friends and the victim frequently turn up clues of clinical significance that appear nowhere in the police or court records. A member of Kozol's team once drove a hundred miles to verify from a rapist's first wife his assurance that their sexual relations had been fully satisfying.

Besides standard personality and behavior tests and, if brain damage is suspected, an encephalogram, the offender undergoes lengthy analytical interviews. The staff then weighs all the evidence, conferring many times, before sending a report to the court. Nearly always the court accepts the staff's finding.

In 1963, to cite an instance, the sheriff delivered to Bridgewater a confessed offender under sentence of two-and-a-half to five years for "assault with intent to rape, and the commission of an unnatural act." Jack Colby (as we shall call him here), a meat cutter by trade, age 24, was soon to be married when he perpetrated the crime. Driving along a suburban road at night, while his fiancée was waiting for him at her home, he saw a 17-year-old girl. In the grip of a sudden, fierce urge, as he later described it, he dragged her behind some bushes and attempted intercourse. When she fought him, he subdued her by closing his hands around her throat and threatening to kill her. The sound of footsteps frightened him into letting her go. The police eventually managed to trace him through her description.

At Bridgewater, Colby seemed cooperative, sincere and deeply remorseful. According to his account, the assault followed a telephone quarrel with his fiancée. She wanted him to take her to a movie. He pleaded exhaustion, having worked late, but finally yielded. After two drinks and dinner in a restaurant, he drove toward her house. He stopped to relieve himself by the roadside. As he walked back to his car, the girl appeared. "I don't know why I did it," he told the psychiatrists. "I'm certain it could never happen again."

Colby, a field investigator learned, had survived a harsh childhood. The youngest of three children, he grew up in foster homes, his father having decamped, and his mother having taken to drink. He got little affection from his mother, who was often jailed, and he felt none for her. Rebellion and truancy marked his school record. In his 11th year a juvenile court put him on probation for petty theft. He stole again at 16 and spent six months in a reformatory. But there was no further delinquency. Almost overnight, it seemed, he changed into a quiet, diligent worker. He served four years as an Air Force private, receiving an honorable discharge in 1961. The following year he became engaged to a girl of good family.

Most of the people the investigator questioned couldn't imagine Colby in a violent act. According to his aunt he was gentle and affectionate. He never drank heavily, she added, and never consorted with bad company. His fiancée spoke of him with tenderness; her desire to marry him was unaffected.

But Colby's interviews gradually betrayed him. His spontaneous responses began to show the superficiality of his remorse. Hostility would break through the surface. Then, if he suspected himself of a giveaway, he would amend his answer to conform with what he thought to be the norm. After eight conferences the staff agreed: "His personality lacks an adequate, built-in control system. Impulse takes over in a frustrating situation. He is sexually dangerous." But considering that his history indicated no previous sex offense, and that he had a good employment and service record, the staff finally entered a favorable prognosis.

Colby stayed at Bridgewater nearly three years before the staff pronounced him no longer dangerous, and he was paroled. He has since found a well-paid job and has been married to the girl whose loyalty never wavered.

Under Bridgewater's maximum-security regulations the convicts never set foot outside the prison proper. Treatment proceeds in the cell tiers and includes both group and individual therapy. Atascadero mixes different categories of offenders. "We favor diversification," says Morgan, "because such is the condition in the outside world. Besides, we have found that patients of dissimilar disorders can see each other more objectively than those with identical ones." Kozol dissents. He prefers, when it is feasible, to keep the group homogeneous. "Having an offense in common stimulates freer communication," he argues. "Rapists interact better with other rapists, and pedophiles with other pedophiles."

But he considers group therapy by itself worthless. He believes that individual treatment is also necessary. "Society holds the individual accountable for his offense, not the group," says Kozol. "The individual, not the group, gets paroled." The size of his staff, 20 members for 130 patients, makes it possible to explore both avenues. In addition to one or two hours a week of group therapy, about half the patients—those emotionally and intellectually capable of responding—spend up to four hours a week secluded with a therapist in a cell converted to that use. The individual therapy consists mainly of analytic and directive talks, tailored to the patient's I.Q.

A unique adjunct of the center is psychiatric aftercare. As a condition of release, parolees must report at frequent intervals to one of two outpatient clinics which the center operates in Bridgewater and in Boston. "Their readjustment to life in a free society, after a long confinement, is extremely difficult," Kozol points out. "If they are not to repeat their offense, they need close supervision and all the guidance we can give them. The minimum period of aftercare is two years."

In addition to direct court commitment and voluntary admission, Bridgewater receives its patients in a third way. Offenders already serving prison terms may be transferred at the request of a superintendent who detects a predisposition to sexual violence. "Unfor-

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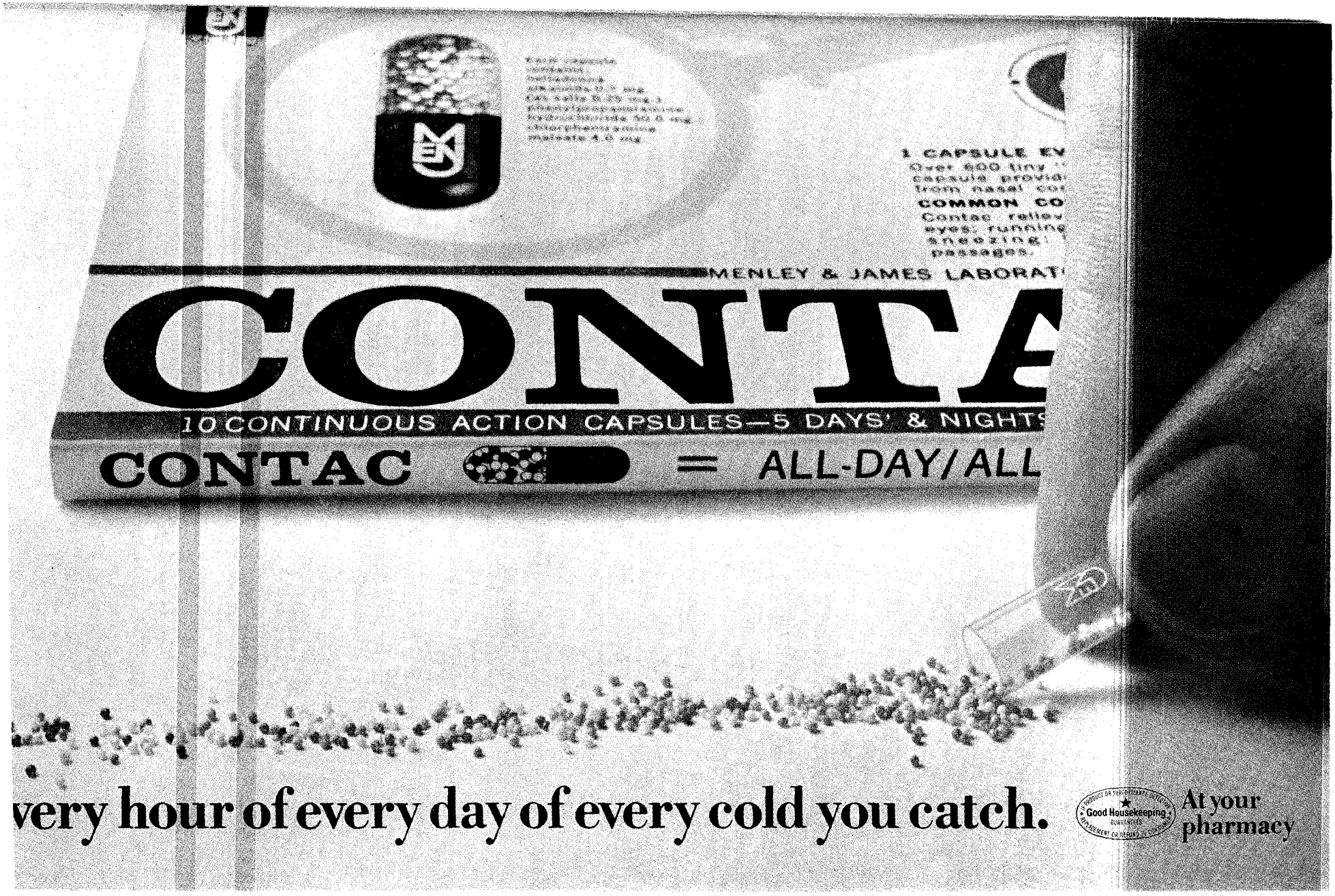
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tunately," Kozol complains, "not every judge and only a few prison superintendents choose to exercise the option. We should mend the dragnet by making referral mandatory. As it is now, we get to see barely ten percent of all the sex offenders."

Too little time has elapsed, and too few offenders have undergone treatment, to appraise the Bridgewater project. A tentative follow-up study, however, warrants persistence. Of 567 offenders examined in six years, the center certified 396 as not dangerous. Of the 173 detained, 36 have been paroled. The courts returned nine for technical infractions, none involving a sex offense. One catastrophe marred the record, but the blame fell only partly on the center. After four years in therapy, Charles Pierce, originally sentenced for sexually assaulting two children, was paroled with the proviso that he report weekly to the outpatient clinic of the Worcester State Hospital. Through an administrative oversight nobody enforced his attendance. A year later he strangled a five-year-old boy. Declared legally insane, he was removed to the Bridgewater State Hospital.

"Every patient we discharge is a calculated risk," says Kozol. "But so is every parolee everywhere. How else can we test our theories?"

With at least one premise few psychiatrists quarrel: The earlier that aberrant symptoms can be recognized and treated, the better the chances of cure. According to Sen. Thomas J. Dodd's Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency 4,500,000 children—10 percent of the country's school population—need psychiatric attention. From this group, Dodd says, we get a substantial proportion of the nearly six million delinquents in the nation each year.

But if treatment facilities for adult offenders are sparse, for juveniles they are, in most states, nonexistent. Barring some exceptions, the juvenile training institutions (formerly called "reformatories") pay only lip service to therapy. Under the minimum standards set by the U.S. Children's Bureau there should be one full-time psychologist and one full-time psychiatrist to every 150 trainees. For the approximately 50,000 now in state- or locally-run institutions the psychologists total 183, the psychiatrists, 56. Their distribution, moreover, is unequal, so that 37 states provide less than the equivalent of one full-time psychiatrist for their entire delinquent population. They take the cheaper, easier course of remedial schooling, vocational training, physical exercise. Full-time staff salaries generally range from a counselor's $5,109 a year to a supervisor's $9,473. In one state several staff members are on public welfare.

"When they toss the juvenile offender into the legal works," says U.S.C.'s Pollack, "he's usually lost." The average training institution breeds crime. Obliged to accept whomever the courts commit, it lumps together first offenders entering their teens with hardened 18-year-olds, the emotionally disturbed with the mentally retarded. The strong victimize the weak. In the resulting contamination, anti-social hostilities spread and homosexuality flourishes. Within a year of discharge, or less, half the trainees commit new crimes.

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency recently finished a report summarizing a three-year, countrywide investigation of training institutions. While awarding high marks to a number of intelligent, dedicated staffs, the report bristles with stinging criticisms. In many states, the investigators found, whipping and lockups remain the chief means of discipline. The report says, "The training school is built around the concept of 'home,' 'farm,' or 'school,' and the youth is required to fit into its pattern. If the youth does not adjust, the training school does not adapt; instead, the youth is either released, transferred or isolated. . . . Once he fits into a pattern of daily institution life with minimal dislocations, the staff believes he has 'changed,' 'adjusted,' or 'improved.' When the youth has been present in the institution a length of time deemed sufficient by existing practice, he is released home to the community. His sentence has been 'served.'"

The council attacks the common failure to differentiate between individual delinquents and to gear treatment accordingly. "Delinquency is like a headache; it may be caused by eyestrain or a brain tumor." The management, the report charges, tends to worry more about its budget from the next legislature, its relations with the courts, the press and civic groups than the delinquents' rehabilitation.

Demolishing various prevailing philosophies of treatment, the council says of the "moralistic-style institution," "The youths perceive themselves as 'bad' or 'suffering from hard luck,' and generally endure the program with the knowledge that if they behave themselves, they soon can get out." Of the "family-styled institution," the council notes, "The staff are openly disgusted with the parents of the youth and never lose an opportunity to express their views about the neglectful and sinful parents." As for vocational training, dairy farming may be taught to city-dwelling delinquents who in all likelihood will never again see a cow.

The council aims its sharpest blows at the negative reaction of the community to institutionalized delinquents. Many institutions place the community's "revenge needs" ahead of the children's needs. Reintegration becomes next to impossible when neighbors, teachers and the police further stigmatize them with such attitudes as, "They're troublemakers." "They can't be trusted." "We're not letting our kids run around with them."

This month President Johnson receives proposals from his Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, which he created in 1965. When made public a few weeks from now, those concerning sex offenses are unlikely to surprise anybody familiar with the problem. They will recommend jettisoning legal attempts to regulate private morality, narrowing the sights to the dangerous criminal deviate, and adding substance to well-intentioned statutes with research and treatment centers. They also will recommend establishing community outpatient clinics under whose continued therapy and supervision the paroled sex offender can live and work usefully.

What federal or state action may result from these proposals is impossible to predict. For 30 years legal and medical committees have been urging the same measures. □

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DARE I WEEP, DARE I MOURN?

The East German border guards started to open the coffin. What they found inside would determine the rest of his life. . . . A new suspense thriller by the author of "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold."

By JOHN LE CARRÉ

In the ancient German city of Lübeck there was no finer grocer than Herr Koorp. He lived with his narrow wife in a narrow street where gables touched like inquisitive noses. His shop smelled of spices and good traditions, of smoked ham and reverent prosperity. At Christmas he put marzipan pigs in the window, and, at Easter, wheaten cakes and a loaf of bread thickly varnished with egg yolk. On Saturdays he walked up the narrow street from his shop to his new aluminum garage; there, with a soft leather, he would clean his fine Mercedes car.

It was a Mercedes of unusual build—a Mercedes with a wooden back like a cupboard. He used it to deliver groceries to all the fine people in Lübeck: to the senators, the mayor, to the lawyers and merchants, and they recognized his worth because he had a fine Mercedes.

On Sunday mornings he wore a black hat with the brim turned up all around, and he floated to church on his wife's thin arm. On Sunday evenings he drove to the soccer match or to the meeting of refugees from the lost territories of the East. He was a fat, glossy, tidy man, quite nimble. His hands, when not in use, curled lightly inward, thumb and middle finger touching as if they were holding a needle. When they wrapped your coffee they deftly flicked the package round and round, and you wondered at the delicacy of such a large man.

Sometimes—once or twice a year, perhaps—he would make a speech to a gathering of refugees in Lübeck. He would stand alone on the big Gothic platform between the electric candles, while his wife, her thin body pressed into the white ruffs and stiff lace of her Silesian costume, sat below him, as in church, with the leading citizens of Lübeck.

His speech never varied. First (with indignation) he referred to the loss of his homeland; then (with discernible grief) to the plight of his father and his sister, who still lived in the East. Did not his sister write weekly begging for good Western coffee and the comfort of a warm coat? Had not his father applied innumerable times to be united with his fortunate son in Lübeck? Herr Koorp's protest over, he made (with ominous vigor) his claim. He was demanding, he would say, for all German people what was already the right of the most minor African tribe: self-determination. And the German people, he would have them know, was no mere African tribe. When he sat down, the leading citizens of Lübeck applauded, and his wife's narrow face brightened with color, and her eyes shone as if from the cold. Herr Koorp was making his mark.

He was a meticulous man: meticulous as he took his knife and beheaded his egg at twenty minutes past eight that morning in early January; meticulous as he put down his spoon and with surgical precision slit open the letter from Mohndorf with the picture of Ulbricht on the stamp.

"It's from your sister," his wife said.

"Begging, I suppose," Herr Koorp replied. He read a line.

"They're never afraid of asking," his wife said.

"It's about Father," he said.

"I suppose he's ill," his wife said. Her father-in-law was capable of almost any act of inconsideration.

Herr Koorp laid the letter beside the open egg. "He's dead," Herr Koorp said, and glanced at the commercial calendar hanging on the newly papered wall. "He's been dead three days."

He began crying, little-boy tears, holding the letter away from him. There were several pages, and he had not even finished the first. Frau Koorp took the letter from him and read it. She read it once slowly, as if she were checking figures, then suspiciously, as if it were a devious legal document, then a third time, but distractedly, as an aid to other thoughts. "He wants to be buried over here," she said. "In Lübeck," she added. "He wants *us* to do it." She took a sip of coffee. "He wants a grave in Western soil. It was his dying wish."

She looked out of the window at the tall roofs of Lübeck. Standing up, Herr Koorp wiped his chin and walked into his shop. "It's a tragedy," he said. Beside the till was a rack of ties, a special line he had recently introduced as an experiment. Such things were

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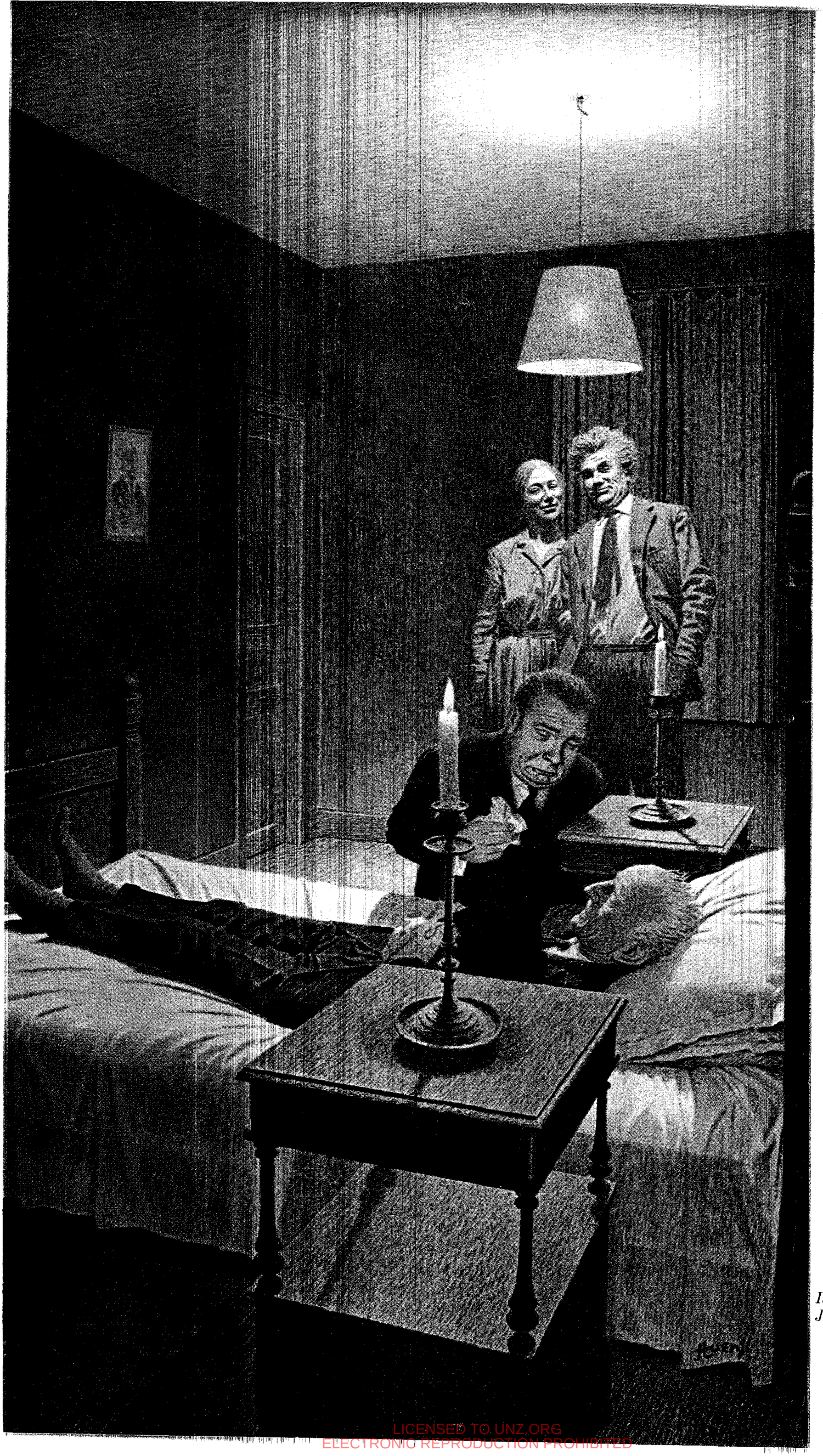

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often worth a try at Christmas. They were priced at twelve marks eighty. He selected a black one, counted the money from his purse into the till (for he was a meticulous man who liked everything in order), and returned to the dining room. "From now on," he said, "we're in mourning." He might have been launching a ship.

"He wants to be buried here," his wife said again. Herr Koorp sat down limply, his thoughts upon his youth.

"He wants to be buried here," she repeated.

"It would never be allowed," Herr Koorp replied, hearing her for the first time. "Too many formalities." He shook his head. "It's too late."

She said nothing.

"Winter transport is unreliable. The train would be delayed at the border," he said, and she, his ally for once, echoed, "A train would be most unreliable."

"We must send some flowers," Herr Koorp declared, making an end of the matter, and with a sigh returned to his egg before it was entirely cold.

"He could come by car," Frau Koorp suggested.

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Never get permission. It would take weeks to get permission. Poor man." He swallowed some egg, mournfully, filled with a sense of loss. "It wouldn't be legal," he said, for Herr Koorp was a meticulous man and valued the law highly.

"If we had the funeral in Lübeck," Frau Koorp continued with a musing, reminiscent expression much softer than her usual scowl, "everyone would come." Her eyes were on the roofs of Lübeck. "The senate. The mayor. The corporations. The societies. All the refugees would come. It would be a patriotic duty. They'd have flags," she said. "They'd have a band. All Lübeck would come. Your father would be treated as a hero, do you realize that? And so would you," she said, "if you went and fetched him."

"Fetch him? Fetch him from Mohndorf?" Herr Koorp had shaken off his grief. "You're mad!" he said. "You're absolutely mad!"

She would not help him that morning. She left him to rant alone, to goad himself, her back turned to him while she studied the roofs of Lübeck.

"You're off your head," Herr Koorp said. "You know nothing. I told you: They'd have to apply! You know nothing of conditions over there! Take the car to Mohndorf? The Mercedes? The authorities would never give permission."

"Your sister suggests it. Your sister writes it in the letter. She's made the application."

"Made an application? Christina made an application without my knowledge? She expects *me* to drive. . . . Who does she think she is?" he shouted, and banged his flat hand on the table. "Ordering *me* about; making applications in *my* name? Three hundred kilometers on rotten roads? On icy, rotten roads? In January? For a body? Has she forgotten we are free over here?"

"No one is free," his wife replied, "when duty is involved." She stabbed the letter with her finger. "Duty to the dead," she said, and whispered to the roofs: "They make a wreath. I've seen them. Two or three meters high. From all the refugees. They come in costume," she said. "I can wear my costume. Everyone comes." She turned to face him. "You go and get him," she said with absolute assurance. "Bring him here to me. In the Mercedes. You go today."

"But the permission!" Herr Koorp screamed, taunted beyond bearing by the sheer romantic folly of a woman. "Do you not hear me? Permission has to be granted! By the Eastern authorities! It could take weeks! Months!"

"They've already granted it. Your sister says so in the letter."

After a very long time Herr Koorp said, "Who'll look after the shop?" The bluster had quite gone.

"Close it," she said. "Out of respect. Respect for the dead. You said it yourself: We're in mourning."

It was nightfall when Herr Koorp arrived in Mohndorf. The town where his childhood was had not changed for thirty years. He reversed along the cobblestone street and parked in the familiar alley. As he got out of the Mercedes he looked at the house and the one light burning in the upstairs window, where his father's bedroom was. They had draped the entrance to the house with bunting, blackout material from the war. The alley was quiet as a field. The people might have been forbidden the streets, but he felt the eyes of his neighbors upon him and guessed the secret faces looking out.

They've probably never seen a Mercedes, he thought.

He should have brought things for the family. He should have brought them coffee and chocolate and soap and all the things that had mattered in the war and mattered still in this shabby, backward town. The journey had gone far better than he had dared expect. It was relaxing with so little traffic. Especially in the Mercedes. Nor was he as frightened as he thought he'd be—so rich among the poor.

He pressed the bell and heard nothing, so he banged the knocker. The paint was peeling from the door; as he knocked, flakes settled like snow on the steps. It's a disgrace, he thought—my own front door. That was his sister, Christina: sloppy, no sense of order.

He heard her footsteps coming toward the door. I'll take him tonight, he thought. I'm not going to sleep in this place; it's certain to be damp. Open shop tomorrow; can't afford to lose trade. That's what he'd tell her, not that she'd understand. Christina had never given a damn for money. No respect for property, that was her trouble. She's just like a Communist, he thought. No wish to better herself. But it wasn't Christina who opened the door.

It was Dr. Sandel, Klaus Sandel. The same thoughtful child he'd sat with at school, the same baby face and unruly hair. "Well done," the doctor said, keeping his voice low. "Well done," he repeated, shaking Koorp's wet hand and closing the door quickly to keep the cold away. "Did you have difficulty?" he asked. He helped Koorp out of his coat, stroking the lapel enviously with his hand. "No trouble at the border?" he asked.

"No trouble," Koorp replied. The hall, the parlor, the kitchen—all were in darkness.

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs," the doctor said. "She doesn't like to leave him."

"There three days?" asked Koorp, "She's been with him three days?"

"All the time," the doctor said, and led the way upstairs.

Three days, Koorp thought. She'd never shown her father that much respect before. They stopped in front of the closed door; a single light burned over the landing.

"What about you?" Koorp said suddenly.

"I?" Doctor Sandel asked.

"What are you doing here?"

"Helping," Doctor Sandel said. "As any friend would."

"Have you been here three days too?"

"Off and on."

"You ought to marry her," Koorp said. "It isn't respectable after all this time. Was it his heart?" Koorp himself suffered from passing pains in the chest.

"His heart was always bad," the doctor replied.

"Did you know he was dying?"

"Of course," the doctor said.

"Did he?"

"How else would he have told us about the funeral?" He was not looking at Koorp anymore, but at his own hand upon the handle of the door.

"You ought to marry her," Koorp repeated. "You owe it to her."

Sandel opened the door.

The candles were at the head of the bed, one on each side of the old man. He was dressed in his black suit, the suit he wore for weddings. His hands were on his breast, like an effigy. They must have shaved him, Koorp thought; his face is all smooth, like a child's. Christina was in the rocking chair beside the window. She was wearing her everyday clothes, an old khaki dress and long, ribbed socks like a schoolgirl's. "If it isn't Dietrich," she said. She had never grown up, of course.

He knelt beside the bed, the tears breaking, and bowed his head to the smooth linen sheet. I've deserved this, he thought. I treated him badly. I was selfish and mean, and I shall be next if the pains in my chest get worse. He felt a resentment that he had ever been born. He was frightened and moved. The tears were running on his knuckles; his heart was thumping against his ribs. I'm dying, he thought. It could be now. Tonight.

He heard Christina getting up and shuffling across the room. She never prayed like this, he thought, Christina and her atheist lover. He turned to look at her. She was standing beside Sandel, arm in arm. They were grinning, grinning at a stricken son who kneels at the body of his father. "You can laugh," he said. "You never loved him."

As he spoke, he felt the movement of the bed and the sliding of the linen, and heard the creaking of the springs as his father sat up.

He saw it in fragments: the black trouser legs splayed on the white sheet, the stupid mouth half open, the stupid eyes alight. He felt it in fragments: the embrace, the soapy baby cheek, the clumsy hands caressing Koorp's ample back, the tremble of the old frail body. He heard it in fragments: Christina's laugh, then Sandel's, then Christina again, and the old man's wheeze like a tremble on a faulty piano wire. They had always laughed at Koorp; laughed at his cowardice and his precision, laughed at the cautious way he had preserved his clothes and polished his shoes and brushed his hair, and wrapped himself against the winter's cold. They had laughed at his early dignity and his attachment to the law, laughed at his monetary caution. Laughing still, they guided and pushed him down the dark staircase, Christina running ahead with the candles to set them on the table for the feast.

And such a feast it was. He did not know that they could get such food. A whole ham, as good as any he had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This train don't carry no gamblers . . . this train . . ."

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tasted in Lübeck. As good as any he had sold. Butter! God, how many times had they complained they had no butter? And the bread. It was sour, certainly, blacker than he cared for himself, but for the East more than adequate. They must have been buying on the black market especially for the occasion. They must have spent a fortune.

And how pleased they were with themselves; how cleverly they had worked out their plan! It was the old man who had thought of it; apparently thought of it all by himself. It must have been the first clever idea his stupid brain had ever conceived. It was so simple, he explained. Sandel had issued a death certificate. (And Sandel is the best doctor in the town! If Sandel says you are dead, you are certainly dead!) Christina had obtained an export license and a health certificate. "You see?" the old man said. "It was done all the time in the war. All sorts of things were smuggled in coffins. No one likes to look in a coffin."

Koorp sat there, letting them talk.

"Why are *you* so gloomy?" the old man asked. "Would you rather have me dead?" The table shook to their laughter, and the candles flickered in the chill air.

"Don't you want to take me back to Lübeck?"

"Of course he doesn't," Christina said. "It isn't legal."

"But he will," Sandel said. Koorp remembered now: Sandel was a very arrogant young man. "He's got to. They let him in to get a body. He can't go home without one."

"They'd say he was a spy."

"A smuggler."

"A saboteur."

"An American saboteur!" Sandel said. They had drunk quite a lot by then. "It's the only way out, Dietrich."

"After all, Dietrich put us up to it, didn't he?" Christina said. "That's what they're bound to say. They always do." She poured out the wine, a half-glass only for her father because he was so fragile. "The wicked Westerner," she said, "with his Mercedes. He put us up to it."

The coffin fitted very nicely. They laid it with the head forward by the driving seat. "I want to be near the engine!" the old man had said. It was after midnight.

"You'll have to open the coffin every half-hour," Sandel said. "To let him breathe. You've got a screwdriver?"

No lights were burning in the town as Herr Koorp set off along the Western route. He didn't see another car for hours.

The day broke gray and dark. Herr Koorp drove slowly at first, distrusting the night frost upon the cobblestones, then gradually increased his speed as his confidence returned. The Mercedes was running beautifully, sleek and straight despite the pitted surface, as if glad of the journey and the morning air, and glad of that bit of extra weight that kept the back wheels down. He had the heater on full.

"What's the price of coffee over there?" the old man shouted from the coffin.

"Be quiet," said Koorp. "You'll run out of breath."

America, America

"If you think I'm shelling out three thousand bucks a year so you can do a thesis on Henry Wallace, you've got another think coming!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How much?" the old man shouted. "Brazil, Kenya—all blends, I hear! How much?"

"Be quiet," Koorp repeated, and turned on the radio.

"It's a beautiful box," the old man said. "Lined with felt. And such a car! My son," he shouted through the coffin, "and driving such a car!"

Yes, it was a fine car, Koorp thought. A credit to him, this car was. Unlike his father.

"I'll get a hat," the old man called. "One of those sailor's caps with a shining peak, the kind they wear along the coast!"

And you'll hang about, thought Koorp, turning up the radio. You'll hang about the shop and make your common jokes, and tell the *Frau Bürgermeister* how I wet my diapers. You'll drool down the alleys with your low-class ways and boast to the senators about your marvelous escape. And they'll watch you: How you cut your potatoes with a knife, how you belch over your food, how there's not an ounce of dignity or respect to your whole unwashed body. And you'll be there. You'll be there and alive, day and night, until you're a hundred, drinking my drink; there for all of them to point at and say, "That's Koorp *Senior*—the son runs the shop, you know. Young Koorp." You'll be there to laugh at my speeches and jeer at my indignation, to applaud when the others have stopped, to prod your own chest and say, "My boy! They're clapping for my boy!" And God Almighty, he thought, veering on the road, what will my wife say?

"Have we stopped?" the old man asked.

"I want to look at the documents."

"Turn the radio down. I can't hear!"

"It doesn't matter," Koorp said, and drew from the glove compartment the folder of documents which Christina had carefully assembled. Health certificate, death certificate, export permit, letter of consent, receipt for personal papers. They'd done a thorough job. Good.

He felt fresh now. Acute. He wasn't afraid. He felt fit, ready for orders, as in the war; he wanted to please someone, if only himself. He put the papers back.

"Sandel said you must open the lid."

"It's too dangerous," Koorp said, and turned the radio up still louder.

"Dietrich, I'm too hot! It's the heater, Dietrich. Turn off the heater!" And then: "Why do you make the music so loud?"

"What music?" Koorp said on an impulse. "I hear no music. What music?" he repeated, putting his face close to the coffin. "You old fool!" he shouted. "You're hearing angels!"

He waited for an answer, but for a long time none came.

"Why don't you open the lid?" the old man asked. His voice had lost its confidence. "Why are we waiting here?"

"I was having a rest," Koorp said. "Before the border."

A man must overcome his past, Koorp thought. He must improve himself, otherwise he's a Communist. He would take a mistress when he got back. There was that girl at the rigging-maker's shop, the plump one. He'd take her. He started the Mercedes.

"Dietrich!"

God, what a car; she ran like a dream. A dream. She really *liked* the weight; she really *liked* the work.

"Dietrich, turn the heater off!"

There was a rest area short of the border. He'd stopped there on the way in, to recover his nerve after the checkpoint. Perhaps he might pull up there, listen to the radio. He turned off the headlights. It was bright now. A good day.

"For Christ's sake, Dietrich!"

He drove in third gear for a while, the heater full on. This cold can be treacherous, he thought, if one isn't used to it. He liked the music. That was the thing about the East: They played damn good music, military music, tunes he remembered. A soldier *was* somebody over here; Koorp would admit that. Even those frontier guards on the way in; there was no getting round them. Boys, of course, lads, but remote. You felt the authority. There was no taking them lightly, not like the *Bundeswehr*. As a matter of fact he rather admired those boys who'd checked his pass. Politics apart, of course. Here: He'd marched to this one. Tra–lum–da–da.

He slowed down, changed into second, and continued for four kilometers until he came to the rest area. He wouldn't cross over. Not yet. Have a nice rest and a think. It does you good, a rest. There was no one else about. No traffic. Thirty-one kilometers to the border. There would be the first check as he entered the strip, and the second as he actually came to the border. One thing you could say about those frontier guards. They knew their job. They weren't going to make any mistakes or be fooled, for instance, by a wartime ruse.

He wiped the sweat from his face. The heater was really going now, with the blower on maximum. He'd take off his coat. His thick, silky coat that Sandel had admired so. Where could he put it, now? Put it so that it didn't crease or spoil or lie on the floor? He spread it carefully over the coffin. Yes, that was the place. He set off again but kept the car in second. The heat was hard to bear. But he needed the heat, of course, on such a cold day, now that he'd taken off his coat to lend to his old father. *Dietrich*, indeed! Dieter—that's what his important friends in Lübeck called him—Dieter Koorp, man of substance, grocer of our city, orator of our agony, owner of a Mercedes. A man must shake off his heritage, overcome his past. Dietrich? Who called him Dietrich these days? Who would have the gall to do a thing like that? Somebody a long way off. Somebody the wrong side of the border. Somebody who ought to be dead.

The frontier guards were quite courteous as they checked his papers: health certificate, death certificate, export permit, letter of consent. "We ought to look inside," the young one said.

"Leave him alone," said the corporal. But the young one was a sergeant, and he fetched a screwdriver.

"God, the screws are tight," the young one said.

"It's to keep the air out," Koorp explained. "He's four days dead already."

The sergeant touched the old man. "He's still warm," he said.

"It's the heater," Koorp explained. "The Mercedes has a wonderful heater. He's been dead these four days already."

They looked at the papers and then at the body once more. They had authority, those frontier guards, although the sergeant was so young. "You wouldn't have thought he'd look so fresh," the sergeant muttered, "after four full days."

Herr Koorp did not reply. The tears were running down his cheeks again. A man feels for his father. □

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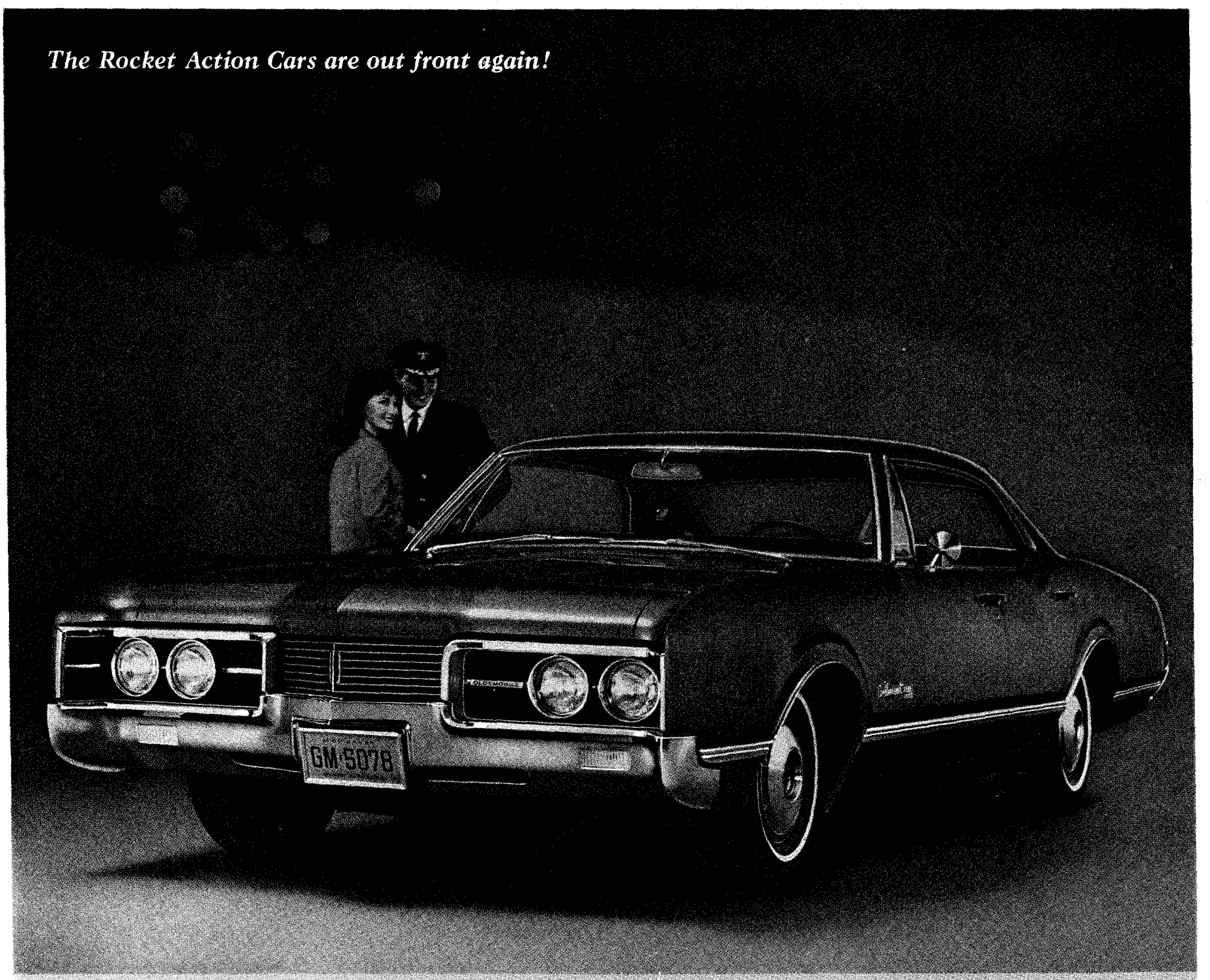

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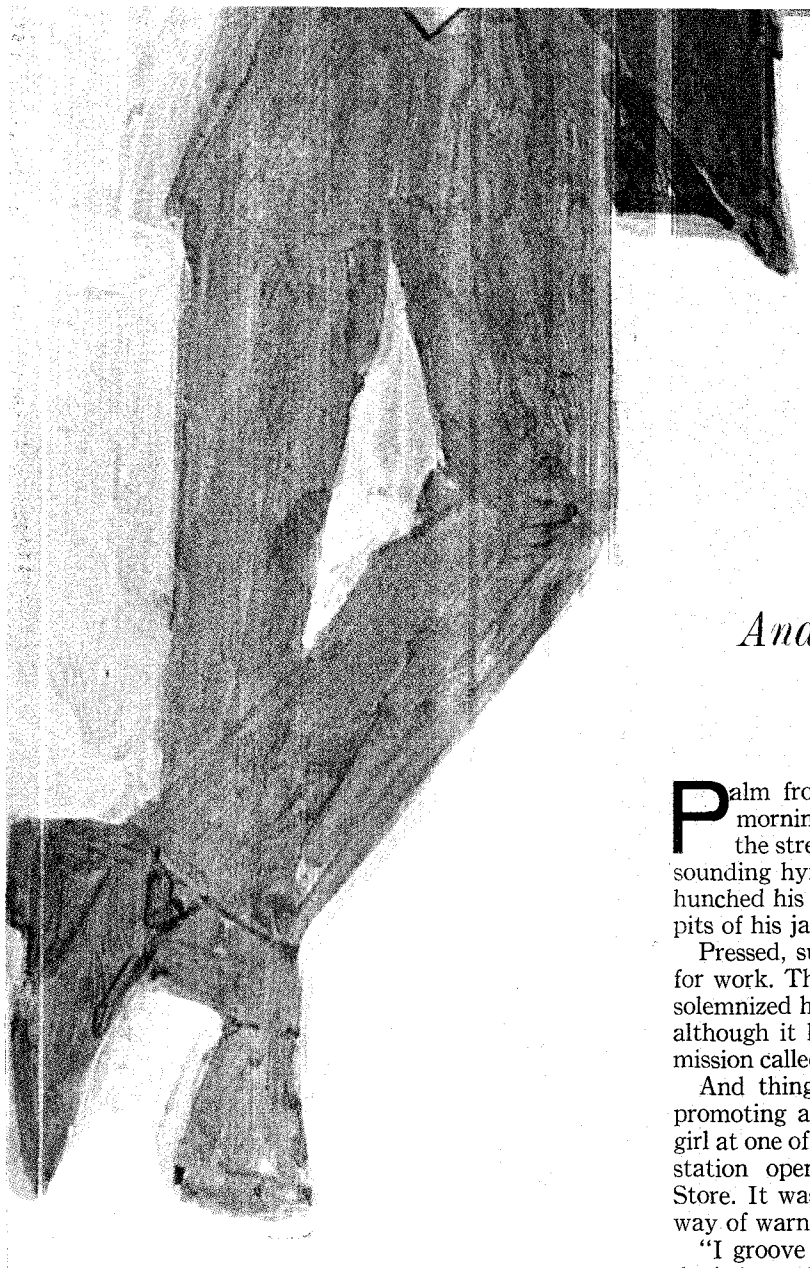

THUNDERBOLTS IN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

It was news. It really happened. And if they wanted his broadcasts to incite hatred—well, he knew how to play their game.

Palm fronds hung dead still over the Sunday-morning crowd as Rheinhardt hurried across the street; carillons atop an office building were sounding hymns. It was extremely hot. Rheinhardt hunched his shoulders now and then to air the armpits of his jacket.

Pressed, suited, and sober, Rheinhardt was ready for work. The ceremonial drunk with which he had solemnized his arrival in New Orleans was over, and although it had taken him a week to dry out at a mission called The Living Grace, he'd come through.

And things had got better. After three days of promoting around, he had been told by a friendly girl at one of the networks that there was a new radio station opening up over Torneille's Department Store. It was a political scene, the girl had said by way of warning. Could he swing with that?

"I groove it all," Rheinhardt had assured her. "I don't have that kind of hang-up."

But as he went for the deep shade of the sidewalk, he experienced a faint thrill of dread, a certain rawness of his fibers. It suggested, ever so slightly, the numbing spasms of terror which he had only barely overcome the week before.

Torneille's was at the next corner. It was a square, five-story building; on the roof, a large sign depicted a white eagle over a starred-and-striped shield, and a microphone from which radiated red-white-and-blue thunderbolts. Printed beneath the emblem in blue capital letters was:

WUSA
THE VOICE OF AN AMERICAN'S AMERICA
COMING TO THE AIRWAVES
SOON

On the sidewalk in front of the building, a party of Negro churchwomen walked sanctified under black umbrellas. Rheinhardt paused across the street from Torneille's and stepped aside to let the crowds pass. He was certain that if there were a spot at this WUSA, he would get it; still, it would be necessary to be in form. He decided that before going up he would have to do something about the chill that was lacing his innards. He turned off Canal and walked slowly up Burgundy Street.

In midblock, he found a bootblack stand—nothing like a shine before flapping, he thought. He took a Coke from the cooler that stood beside the raised chairs, and climbed to a leather seat. The bootblack was a light-skinned Negro with white burns on

By ROBERT STONE
Illustrated by Robert Heindel

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They're about to lay me low, Rheinhardt thought. Is it possible that at a certain point in time and space you have to stop and it all comes down on you? But not now, he pleaded. Not now.

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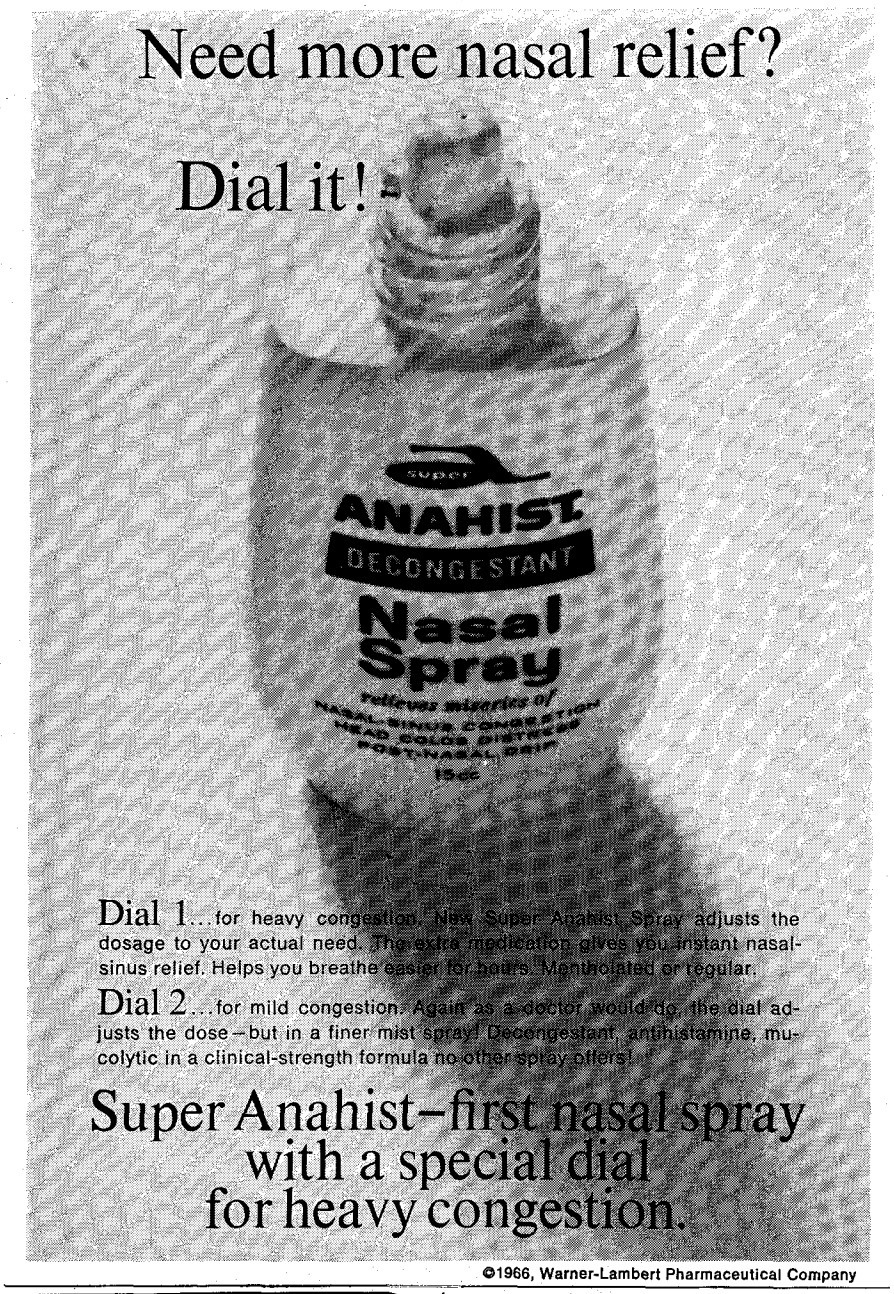
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his face. He wielded his rag in silence.

All right, Rheinhardt thought—what happened last week? He had come a long way. Too long, he thought, too far to stop now for breath.

He looked from the gray faces of the passing clerks to the film of orange polish that was spread across his shoes.

It was almost two years since he had put the clarinet away, and it was fifteen months since he had left his wife. One thing, he thought, was very like the other, but there was no way in the world to explain things like that. So he had not tried; he had simply stood in the kitchen of the apartment on Eightieth Street in New York and told her that he was going, feeling all the while that racing sense of unreality which murderers must feel when the deed is being done.

"I can't swing with it," he told her. "That's all. I can't accommodate it."

He was not a very skilled assassin. She had literally twisted up before him, and in the end, like any murderous clod, he had bolted and run out of the house and up the street.

Since then he had been moving. He had worked six stations in those fifteen months, taking pills, jiving, rebopping, coming on with the music. He did it very well.

It was only once in a while that the need for her, the sense of loss, the waste of his talent and his music would seize and begin to strangle him. He had been thinking of her while he drank that first drink the week before. He had been trying to explain it to her in his mind.

"I have this thing," he had been telling her, "about need. I suck up love and I ruin it. I live in the perverse, baby, so I have to move all the time." But all he said *then* was: "I can't swing with it."

So maybe it was thinking of her that had done it.

Or maybe it was reading the "*Stadler*."

For some reason that week, he had gone into the music room of the Public Library and read the score of the Mozart "*Stadler*" quintet. The *Stadler* had been his audition piece at the Juilliard School of Music, and it was very unwise of him to go in and read it now that the music was all over. He had been thinking of that, too, while he drank the first drink.

So maybe it was reading the *Stadler* that had done it.

At Rheinhardt's feet, the shoeshine man snapped away, his eyes focused on the marble surface of the lower step.

Maybe it was just the hotel he had been in. It was a bummer, that pad. It was the sort of hotel they took people away from, the sort of hotel where lonely old men burnt themselves up in moth-eaten armchairs. Not that it was cheap, he thought bitterly; it cost six bucks a night.

So maybe it was the hotel that had done it.

God, Rheinhardt thought, they're about to lay me low. Is it possible that at a certain point in time and space you have to stop and it all comes down on you? But not now, he pleaded. Not here in the middle of the street again.

Very slowly, he climbed down from the seat, paid the bootblack, and walked carefully across the street.

Quit, he told himself. Cool it. Just cool it. He was going up and he would cop the spot.

The station entrance was on Burgundy beside Torneille's delivery ramps. Rheinhardt walked past a small desk where a guard sat reading a newspaper. He told the guard that they were expecting him upstairs, although this was not the case. The girl at the network had given him the name of a Mr. Noonan, and the first thing would be to find him. He followed the guard to the elevator and rode to the top floor. When he got off, he was in a room crowded with workmen and equipment. At the rear, they had taken out a section of wall, revealing a labyrinth of colored wire.

He walked across the hall and onto a platform leading to the next room. A group of men in shirt sleeves were drinking coffee on the far side of a wide glass pane; Rheinhardt found a door and went in. From nearby he heard the clatter of wire-service news tickers. He nodded amiably to the coffee drinkers, and one of the men set his cup down and came over.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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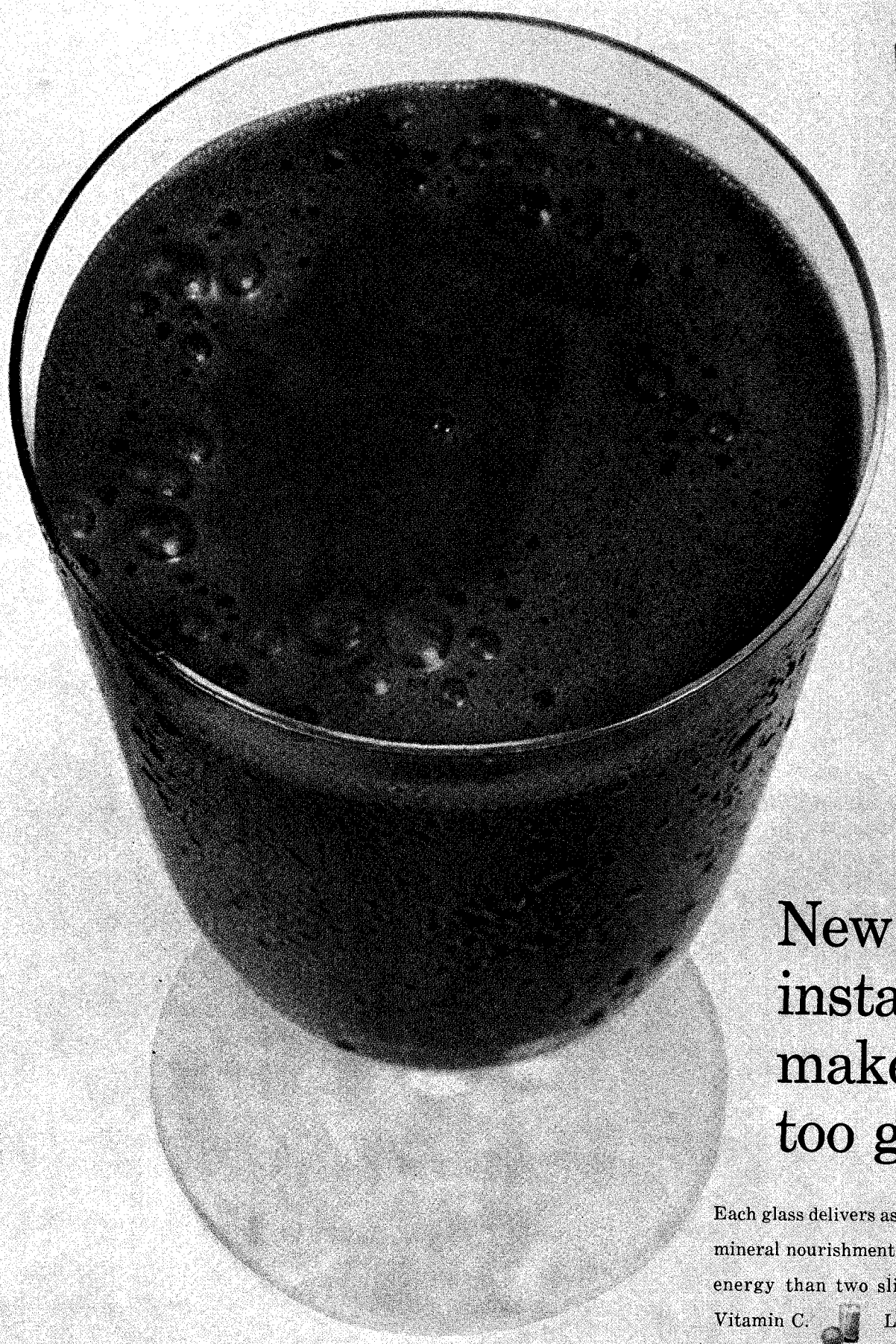
You should eat a good, nourishing breakfast.

Or you should drink one.



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From Carnation

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"Mr. Noonan," Rheinhardt asked him. "Where is he?"

The man went to the door and called out. "Ted!"

"Wha?" someone said.

"A man."

Ted Noonan came out holding a yellow sheaf of wire copy. He was a fairly young man who bore, with some self-consciousness, the traces of theatrical good looks. His temples were graying impressively; his features were clean-lined, though a trifle drawn. He had rather dull and vaguely malevolent blue eyes. He glanced at Rheinhardt, and, with a cool, imperious gesture, handed the pages of copy to the shirt-sleeved man. Then he smiled comfortably and said, "Hi."

"Hi," Rheinhardt said. "I heard something about you boys filling out a staff, and I thought I could help you with that."

"Are you an announcer?"

"I usually work in a musical format," Rheinhardt said. "I mean, I have been. But I can work up news breaks too—I can work from wire copy and I can deliver pitches and I can work the pitches over if they need it."

Ted Noonan nodded tolerantly, still smiling. "You sound like a pretty powerful package."

"I worked a lot of small stations. You get to keep your hand in."

"Uh-huh," Noonan said. "This isn't a small station. It isn't going to be a small station. WUSA is a well-planned business operation. Most of the time a station starts out without knowing what the hell it wants to do, or who it wants to do what. But here, see, we know pretty much exactly."

"You mean it isn't amateur night," Rheinhardt said.

"No," Ted Noonan said, "it isn't amateur night." He took a handkerchief from the breast pocket of his jacket and ran it over the film of sweat across his high forehead. "But—as it stands right now, we have the deal of a lifetime for the right personnel. As it stands right now, just about anyone can walk off the street and show us what he can do. And we'll watch him a while, see, but we can't exactly give him all our time and sympathetic understanding."

"What would you like to see?" Rheinhardt said.

"I think I'd like to see if you're really such a heavy-caliber utility man. For example, I'd like to see you hit those tickers back there and take off enough for a real swinging five-minute news spot—hard delivery, something to turn people on to what's happening. And then I'd like to hear you tape and deliver it."

"Okay," Rheinhardt said.

"Crazy," Ted Noonan said. "The ticks are right through that door. I'll give you twenty minutes to make up five minutes' worth, and if you make it I'll give you an engineer."

"Who listens to it?"

"Me," Ted Noonan said. "I do."

"Are you the hiring man?"

"Well," Noonan said, smiling, "if you really skull me, see, then I'll run it up to Mr. Bingerton."

Rheinhardt started through the door to the Teletype room.

"Good luck," Ted Noonan said.

"You know," Rheinhardt said, looking back at him, "it's funny . . . I mean, when you say five minutes of news to turn the people on with. I don't think I ever heard of much call for swinging news."

"Nah," Noonan said. "There isn't much. But, see, here there is."

"You must expect people to listen to it."

"Oh, we do," Noonan said cheerfully. "It's something new with us."

Rheinhardt went on into the soundproofed cacophony of the ticker room. There were seven tickers in the room, all of them running—stopping and starting in fits, a steady clacking counterpoint measured with the periodic urgent ring of the line bell. Beside the window were a chair and a desk with a glue pot, a sharpened blue pencil, and a pair of scissors.

Rheinhardt hung his jacket across the back of the chair, and went over to the row of spikes above the machines. He took four or five items from the international wire and worked them over briefly. There were no specials—it was not much of a day. Mao Tse-tung and Castro had said nasty things, and Johnson had said something more or less unintelligible. Someone had taken a shot at de Gaulle's chauffeur. A plane carrying sixty-four passengers had blown up and fallen into the Guadalquivir River in Spain. In Vietnam, the defense of civilization was proceeding.

Setting the international to one side, he took down a few strips from the statewide wire; this would be where the meat was hung. It consisted mainly of bits assembled by the wire ser-

"Holy Toledo.

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Toledo? That's where 'Jeep' ruggedness comes from! Now it's built into a *bold new sportscar*. With bucket seats. Continental spare. Roll-up windows. If you like, add automatic top. Sports console. Hot new V-6 engine with automatic transmission. Power brakes, even air-conditioning.

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vice's local office, and whatever gleanings editors in the rest of the country thought would be useful to Southern subscribers. Most of them were race items in one sense or another.

He went down the line with the pencil in his hand, drawing small blue F clefs in the right-hand margin.

What kind of a day has it been in the heartland?

In an open weekend session, the Legislature's Un-American Activities Committee approved a motion introduced by a young comer, twenty-one-year-old Representative Jimmy "Dimples" Snipe of Hotchkiss. Representative Snipe's motion called for the issuance of a subpoena to one Morris Lictheim of New Orleans, curator of the Touro Collection of Contemporary Art. "Dimples" told his colleagues how he and his bride, on a cultural visit to the city, had stopped by the Collection and found it, from beginning to end, the work of obscene madmen. This Collection, he had learned, was state-supported; the honest yeomanry of the state was bled dry to pander to the diseased taste of a volatile and subversive city rabble. His suspicions aroused, "Dimples" had unearthed Lictheim as the man in charge; delving further, he had examined the man's application papers and found them a tissue of lies. For example, Morris Lictheim had listed his country of origin as Austria, although documented research proved that the city and province of his birth had been an integral part of Czechoslovakia since 1918, the year following the Bolshevik Rising. Supporting his motion with colored slides of the art exhibit taken by his wife, Representative Snipe reminded a hushed and sober chamber that Czechoslovakia was a Communist slave nation bordering on Russia itself. They would see about this Lictheim.

Four sixteen-year-olds burned to death in an overturned car on U.S. Highway 90; a little farther down the road three strawberry pickers fell out of a contractor's speeding truck—one dead.

At the Emoryville Stock Car Tournament, during which he presented a trophy to the winner, Judge Horace St. Saens of Bracque Parish explained that his reference to Negroes as burrhead gorillas and nun-raping Congolese did not indicate that he hated their race or any race. Damp-eyed, he spoke of his love for so many old and faithful souls, how the very sight of these old and faithful souls brought a lump to his throat. At the conclusion of the address, an old and faithful soul was released upon the platform to shake the judge's hand as the crowd burst spontaneously into *Dixie.*

Before a chili parlor in the oil town of Houma, a man with an urge to kill encountered a man with a premonition of death and cut his throat after a brief chase.

In Mobile a Baptist minister pointed out that it was impossible for a colored man to get his feet wet in the Gulf of Mexico for some six hundred miles, unless he contrived to fall off a shrimp boat.

Next came a few carefully worded declarations of intention from the Attorney General's office and the statement, by a big-city Negro Congressman to his constituents, that "the White Man is on the run"—both put on the wire for the clients in Dixie.

But an obliging editor in New York had provided the *pièce de resistance*: a big bad one—a real chiller-diller—for the folks down home.

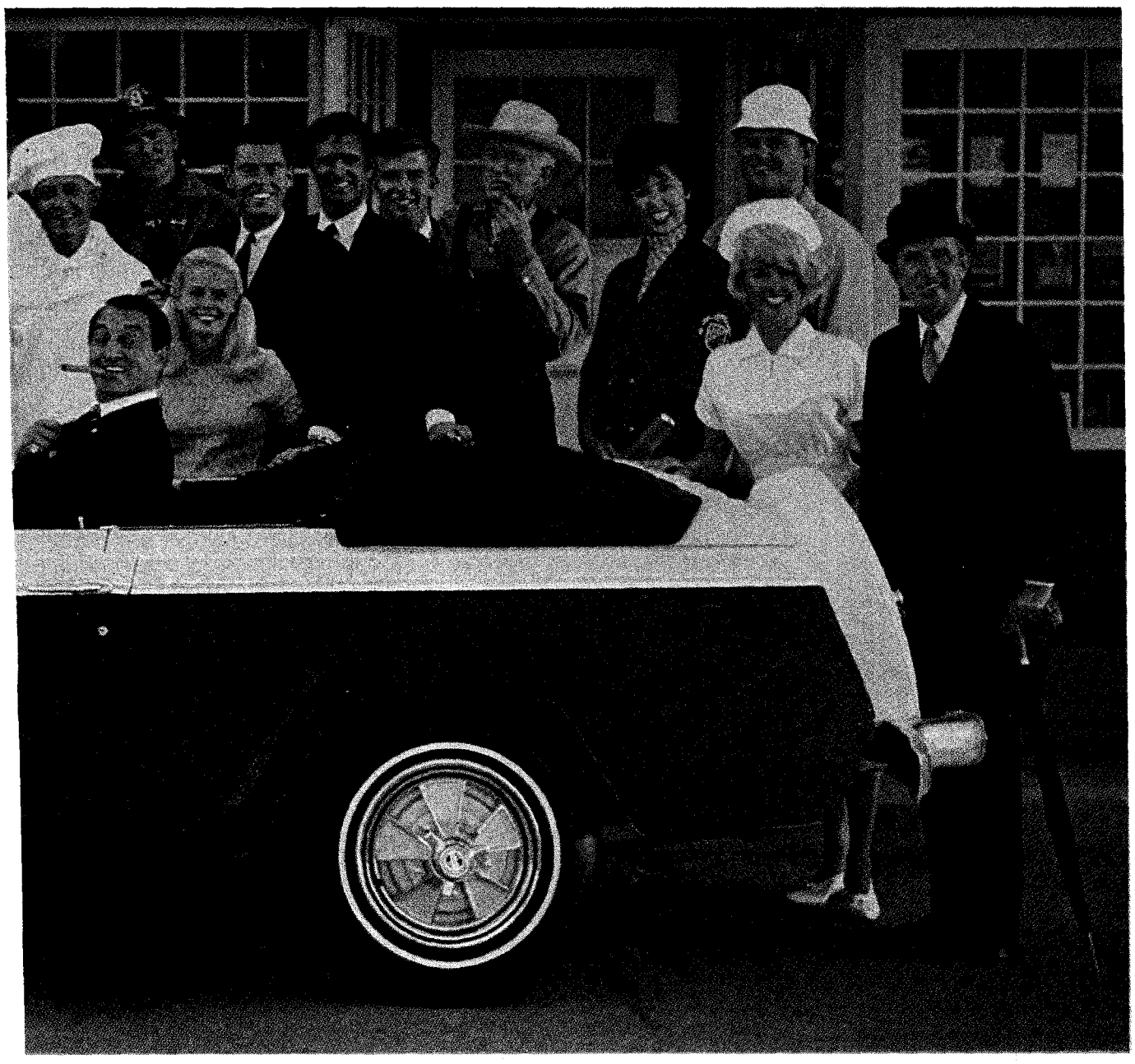
A minister's wife from Tulsa, on a solitary search for Riverside Church, had been cornered in the 116th Street I.R.T. subway station by the traditional six-foot spade, backed to the wall, cut—although not badly—and raped. New York had served it up with all the trimmings.

Rheinhardt read it over, whistling softly through his teeth. WUSA would use that one, he thought. It was a red-white-and-blue thunderbolt if ever there was one. He marked it, leaving in all the side effects—the unfortunate lady's reflections, the shock and horror of kith and kin in godly Tulsa—the works.

Armed with scissors and pastepot he went back up and took from the top, made some sharp one-liners out of the international stuff, stuffed the middle with the first or last paragraphs of the assembled racial routines and a sprinkling of the jazzier neutral items. The piece closed with a reverent thirty seconds on the lady from Tulsa and a harmless comedy accident that happened to a man in Venice who was fixing his roof.

That would be it—five minutes. And what did it look like?

Reading it through again, Rheinhardt felt a curious chill about the edges of his spinal column. How could it be so easy? The rhythm of instinct—that must be it. You didn't even have to think about it particularly, and there it was, ready to broadcast—five minutes



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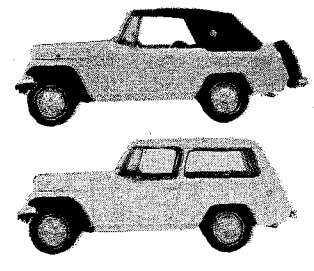

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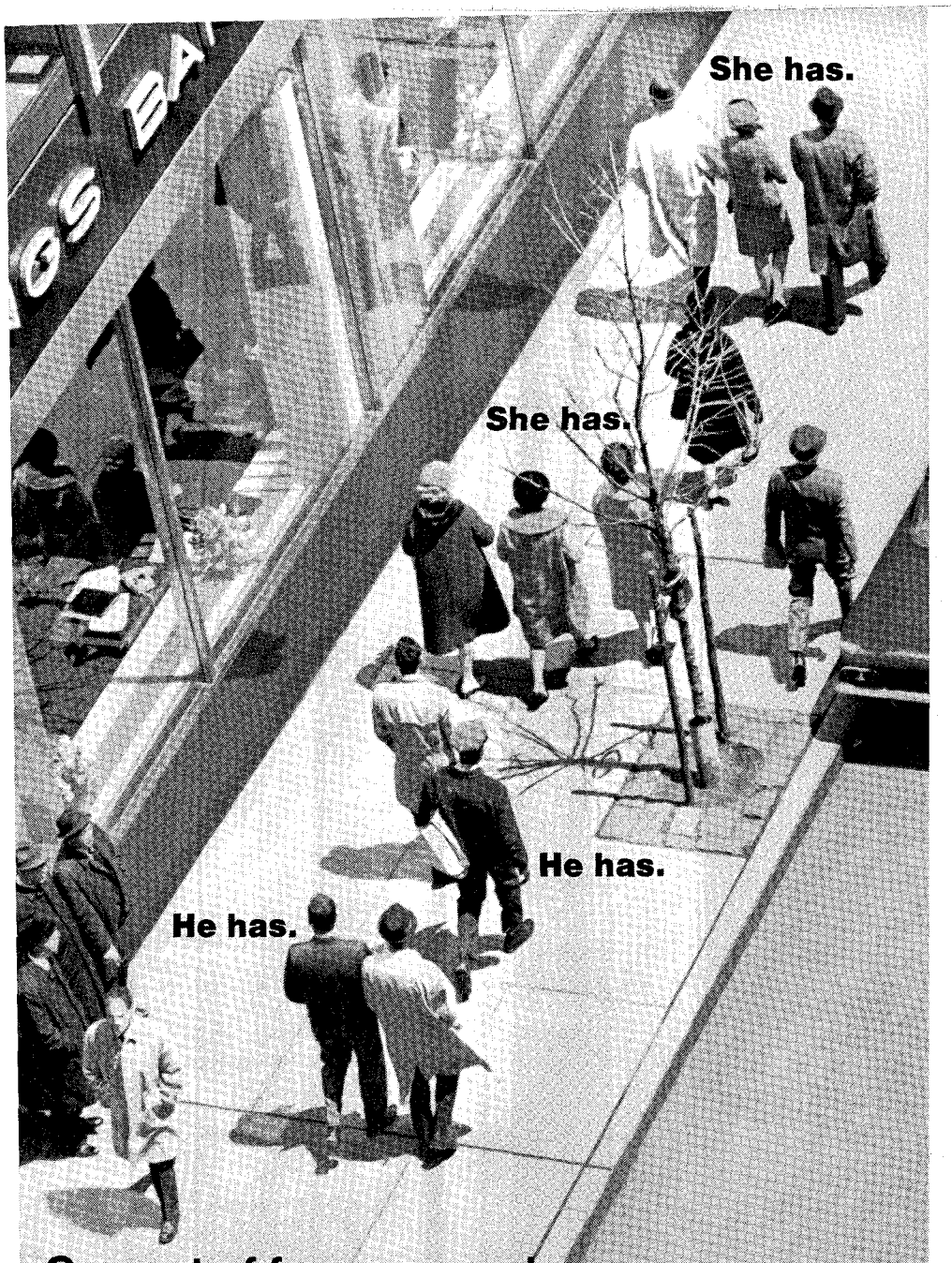

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Hemorrhoids that may itch. Hurt. Are uncomfortable. But now, there's a natural way to relieve the itch, the hurt, the discomfort:

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The natural way to help hemorrhoids heal themselves.

of sheer eagles and lightning. The cumulative effect of it was really something to read. And to hear, Rheinhardt thought, something to hear—all five minutes of it.

He put his jacket on and gathered the paste-ups; a girl in a seersucker dress came in to clear the machines.

"Have fun," she told him.

Ted Noonan was outside, walking up and down with a program sheet.

"Okay," Rheinhardt said.

"Fine," Noonan said, reopening his smile. "I was giving up on you."

"Where's the engineer?"

"Irving!" Ted Noonan called, still smiling at Rheinhardt.

One of the men in shirt sleeves, a tall young man with thin, uncombed red hair and horn-rimmed glasses, came over to them.

"Irv, baby, this man's gonna read to us. Want to get him taped?"

"C'mon," Irving said.

They went down a flight of concrete stairs and into an empty studio on the floor below. The equipment was new and sparkling; bits of heavy brown wrapping paper were still lying about the floor.

"There's your mike," Irving said, pointing to a gleaming turntable unit.

Rheinhardt sat down and looked the copy over again. Irving went into the control booth to turn on his machines.

"What is it? Five minutes?"

"Right," Rheinhardt said.

"Say something."

"Double-U U Ess A," Rheinhardt said. "The Voice of an American's America."

Irving smiled bemusedly behind the glass.

"Double-U U Ess A," the machine came back. "The Voice of an ——"

"Breathy," Irving said.

"What?"

"Breathy. You know—with breath?"

Rheinhardt looked up. "Oh. I'll try to get some palate in there."

"That's the way," Irving said, and made little clicking sounds with his tongue and palate. "Lots palate."

"You want me to start right in?"

"Take your time. Pick up any time after I give you the marker." Both he and Rheinhardt turned to the wall clock. Irving waved a hand toward the floor.

"Any time."

"Double-U U Ess A," Rheinhardt began. "WUSA Insider's Report . . . Hong Kong . . ." It ran a shade under five minutes. Irving closed the switches and came out of the booth.

"So," he said. "A lot happened."

"A little of this and a little of that," Rheinhardt said.

"Okay. You know the way up? Go tell Ted I got it if he wants to hear it."

"Thanks."

"Any time," Irving said. "You want to hear it?"

"No," Rheinhardt said. "Maybe later." He went up the stairs and found Ted Noonan and the girl taking coffee at the ticker-room desk.

"Ready?" Noonan asked him.

"Yeah," Rheinhardt said. "He has it."

"Good, good. Just have a seat somewhere."

The two of them went toward the stairway.

Rheinhardt sat down on the desk and spent the next five minutes or so reading an article on creativity in a ladies' magazine. When he had finished that, he noticed that he was still holding the sheaf of copy he had prepared for the broadcast. He crumpled it and tossed it on the floor, then read the letters to the editor and the movie reviews. Apparently neither Noonan nor the girl was going to come back.

He stood up and went over to the window. The shirt-sleeved men were still standing around, doing nothing in particular, paying no attention to him.

About twenty minutes after he had gone out, Ted Noonan came back in, alone.

He looked at Rheinhardt and shrugged.

"Ever met M.J. Bingerton?"

"No," Rheinhardt said.

"He'd like to see you."

"Is he going to hear the tape?"

"He's heard it," Ted Noonan said. "C'mon."

There were three large empty storerooms beyond the Teletype enclosure with more splintering shelves and bits of tissue paper wadded in the corners. The air-conditioners were not working there; the rooms were airless and dead hot. Above the center room, the largest, ran a strangely ornate balustrade that circled past some twenty small circular windows which had been sealed with yellow paint so that the fierce sunlight outside filtered through to charge the railing and the upper part of the room with ocher light.

Ted Noonan walked ahead, fanning himself with the ticker copy. "Mad, huh?" he asked Rheinhardt. "Like a crazy roller-skating rink."

"Lots of room," Rheinhardt said, blinking up at the yellow ceiling.

At the end of the last room, they went through a maple door marked KEEP OUT and into an air-conditioned room where a number of middle-aged women were working over thick loose-leaf folders.

Rheinhardt followed Ted Noonan through to another door. "Mailing lists," Noonan said over his shoulder. "They put a couple of grand into collecting them and a couple of grand more into public-opinion research. How many stations you ever hear of doing that?"

The last room was an office with wood paneling and a set of French windows overlooking Canal Street. The walls were hung with maps of the city and lithographed sea engagements from the War of 1812. Behind the dark antique desk was a panel hung with autographed photographs of golfers and polo players, enlargements of grazing African wildlife, of a handsome graying man in safari gear with a speckled band across his slouch hat—Bingerton himself. There were a great many movie faces—some stylized publicity shots, and some posed in informal groups with Bingerton. All were autographed and inscribed with sentiments; they gave the room the air of a celebrity barbershop or a theatrical delicatessen.

Bingerton had come in immediately behind them; when they turned from the desk, he was halfway across the room, one hand adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles, the other outstretched in greeting. "Hi, Ted," he said.

"Bing," Ted Noonan said, "this is Mr. Rheinhardt."

Rheinhardt had already shaken the

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outstretched hand, but, this done, he experienced some little difficulty in getting loose, so that as Ted Noonan walked out of the room he found himself standing in the center of the carpet holding hands with Matthew J. Bingerton.

"Have a seat, Mr. Rheinhardt," Bingerton said, turning him loose.

Rheinhardt sat down on a leather chair beside the desk and watched him.

Bingerton was not a particularly big man. He wore no jacket, and his quiet striped tie was loosened at the collar of a short-sleeved, button-down shirt. There was nothing of age about him, though his hair was nearly white. His face was clear—tight and tanned. He was not, as far as Rheinhardt could see, what one would call a Hollywood type. His appearance and manner balanced between urban elegance and an outdoor muscularity, compressed with good-natured reluctance, into city clothes. He had, Rheinhardt considered, a singular and formidable cool.

"I heard your tape, Rheinhardt," Matthew Bingerton said. "I liked it pretty well."

"Good," Rheinhardt said. "Good."

"It was very selective and it was very well delivered."

Rheinhardt lit a cigarette and nodded modestly. "Thank you," he said.

"You seem to have come by a good sound constitutional grounding. That's something of a rarity in a young man."

Rheinhardt settled back with a look of polite interest. He was beginning to get a pain in his back.

"Well, I've worked a good deal with news."

Bingerton laughed pleasantly. "You never picked it up at radio stations. You'll have to tell me a lot more about yourself one of these times. And you'll get a chance to, because I believe I liked your tape well enough to hire you."

"Fine," Rheinhardt said. "Fine."

"I don't think, from what I heard," Bingerton said, whipping off his glasses with the same razor-sharp gesture that he had used before, "that we could have any misunderstanding about why you're being taken on—but just in case, I'll tell you exactly why. When I listened to that spot, I was able to see a picture. A part of a pattern. If I had listened to any other five-minute straight-news broadcast on any other station, it would have been obscured, wouldn't it? But because you see it, you made me see it."

"The pattern," Rheinhardt said. "Yes."

"Well, the news, so-called, is a very important part of what we're trying to do with WUSA. Because there *is* a pattern. But it's very hard to get across. Every honest man in this country feels it—and not only in the South, but everywhere in the country. They feel it, they pick up a trace of it here and there. But there are other people whose business it is to keep that pattern obscured. From our point of view, those people are the enemy."

"Right," Rheinhardt said.

"People can't see because they don't have the orientation, isn't that right? And a lot of what we're trying to do is to give them that orientation."

"Certainly," Rheinhardt said eagerly.

"Well, you realize that, I'm sure," Bingerton said, standing up. "You'd have to realize that or you wouldn't have been able to make up the sort of copy I just listened to."

"Aha," Rheinhardt said, and rose from his chair.

"Well, all right, then, Mr. Rheinhardt. You could be quite a find for the station. I really like your delivery. You've got that kind of voice—you make things sound right important when you say them."

"Well," Rheinhardt said, starting for the door, "of course, they're important things."

"Sure," Bingerton said. "Sure they are. I can't think of anything to hold you back with us, Rheinhardt. Except maybe one thing."

"What's that?" Rheinhardt asked, smiling.

"Well, you could think I was a damn fool. That'd hold you back some."

Rheinhardt watched him. The man's face was sheer friendliness.

"Why would I think that?"

Bingerton laughed and dismissed his own words with a shrug. "Well, I don't mean that exactly. I mean you might underestimate the seriousness of what we're trying to do. If you did, you know, you'd be all wrong for us."

"It's important work," Rheinhardt said. "Certainly I realize that." He swallowed, easing the dryness in his throat. "I take it very seriously."

"Good," Matthew Bingerton said. "If I'm wrong, I'm giving myself time to find out. I always do. You're hired for the time being," he said, sliding open a cabinet. "Are you a drinking

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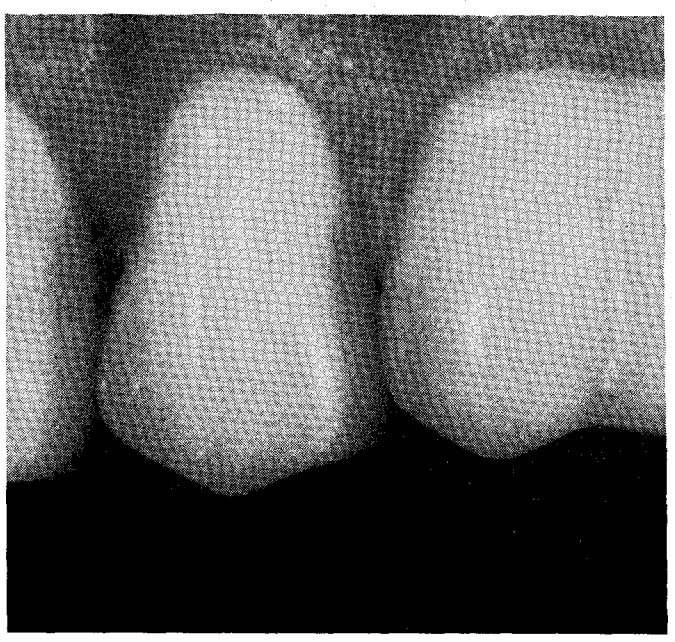

For years, denture wearers have been searching for a quick, easy way to get rid of stubborn food stains—the kind that build up between teeth. Even the *leading powder* cleanser hasn't solved the problem, because it can require overnight soaking.

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And when the blue is gone...the stain is gone.

New Efferdent is now available in your area, in boxes of 20 and 40 individually wrapped tablets.

Try it once, and you'll never go back to those old-fashion powders again.

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man?" He took a bottle of Southern Comfort and two glasses from the cabinet. "Would you join me?"

Rheinhardt looked at the bottle and at Bingerton. "Too early for me," he said with great force.

"Really?" Bingerton said. "I'm having one."

"Oh, all right," Rheinhardt said. "Thank you. A short one."

He watched Bingerton fill the two liqueur glasses and carefully accepted the drink, raised it, and swallowed it. When it was down, he knew it had been a mistake. After the first warm relaxation, he felt the sudden careening of his brain—the dives. Standing a foot from Bingerton with the glass in his hand, the foolish smile still on his face, he was plunging headlong into the dives, the whirling breathless curves that led, always, to the lights—he could see them down at the bottom, flashing yellow and red. He had to get out now, he told himself. He had to get out.

Bingerton stood watching him, his own glass still untouched. "You look a little peaked, Mr. Rheinhardt. I'm sorry if I pressed you too hard. I guess you really aren't used to it."

"No," Rheinhardt said. "I don't use it a great deal."

"Can you come in Tuesday?"

"What?" Rheinhardt said.

"Tuesday," Bingerton repeated. "Come in Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. I've got you in mind for about a three A.M. musical slot—late-night stuff at first. I want you to tape a few of them Tuesday afternoon. With news, naturally."

"Okay," Rheinhardt said. "Tuesday at three."

"Your salary, which you've been too polite to ask about, is ninety a week. I don't pay a lot to start, Rheinhardt. I don't believe in it. But I do believe that you have to pay for quality in anything, so I'll tell you now you can make a hell of a lot more if you stick with me."

"Good," Rheinhardt said, starting out again.

"Would you like some cash now?"

"Oh," Rheinhardt said. "Well, okay."

"The banks are closed today, of course, and my cashiers aren't here. You won't consider it demeaning if I pay you out of my pocket?" He took five twenties from a simple tin box on the desk and put them in Rheinhardt's hand. "'Cause hell, that's where it comes from anyway."

Rheinhardt put the bills in his wallet and took Bingerton's hand again. "Mr. Bingerton," he said, "it's been a pleasure meeting you, sir."

"Mr. Rheinhardt," Bingerton said, without the faintest irony, "it's been a pleasure meeting *you*, sir."

Rheinhardt went out, past the women at their mailing lists and down a long flight of back stairs. He had to stop once in order to come to terms with the number of steps and the manner of their arrangement; it seemed there were a great many concentrated in too narrow a shaft. Coming out on the street, he found it difficult to take the sun.

Food would do it, he thought, walking slowly and carefully down Basin Street; if he could get some food and keep it down, he would be able to taper out of the dives on a few beers. It occurred to him that his wallet now contained one hundred dollars.

At Iberville there was a seafood restaurant that was crowded with tourists, sedately dressed, as though they might have come from church. He went in jauntily and ordered a plate of shrimps at the bar and a bottle of beer. He paid with one of the twenties, and watched with quiet fascination as the bartender counted out his change.

From somewhere in the country of the dives and lights, he could hear the pompous intonations, the sly simpering of his voice as it must have sounded on the tape. It would not be necessary to hear that particular tape, he thought; he had heard himself that way often enough before. But never in such an exercise as that. No. That had been quite an exercise for a hot Sunday morning.

A new Rheinhardt, he thought, a wonderful new Rheinhardt with a sound constitutional grounding. He considered the new Rheinhardt—its careful enunciation, its quiet good manners, its suit and pointed shoes. Why not? Well, he addressed himself, you hear these things, you read them and you wonder who dreams them up. Now you know. Where did you learn to do that? he inquired of himself in his new-Rheinhardt voice. Oh, but it's nothing really. It's just a routine. I have a lot of routines, and that's just one of them. You'll observe that it was really all news. It really happened. Of course. But it isn't really that way. If you want it that way, that's the way it is. But you know better. Don't you feel at all responsible? Yes! You do feel it! You feel like a sellout. You feel you've betrayed something. Your honor. . . ! All right. Enough! If you stop, I'll buy you a drink! Fine!

Rheinhardt called to the barman in the voice from the tape. "I wonder," he pronounced, "would you let me have a double shot of bourbon?"

The barman smiled sadly. "Outside," he said, "so hot. You want a shot after all that beer and shrimp? Make me sick if I drank it."

"I'll tell you something," Rheinhardt said. "I've spent the last seven years in Fernando Poo on the West Coast of Africa."

The bartender looked at him; a fat man opening oysters at the ice table stopped and turned.

"And in Fernando Poo it was twice

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Mazola is easy to digest. It fries food light with *no oily cooking odor*. And salads taste extra delicious with your home-made dressings made with Mazola.

Mazola 100% Corn Oil *makes good eating good sense.*

Why Mazola 100% Corn Oil is part of the good life.

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as hot as you've ever seen it in this city of New Orleans."

"Yeah?" the bartender said.

"Right," Rheinhardt said. "It was just immobilizing. It would knock you flat, that's how hot it was!"

The bartender glanced nervously at several tourist couples in prim seersucker who sat further down the bar, eating their oysters. "Let's keep it down," he said, serving up the bourbon. "Tell *me*."

"Well," Rheinhardt said, grandly accepting his drink, "in the afternoons out there in Fernando Poo we would all go down to the beach in the hottest part of the day and the splendid Ashanti oarsmen would beach their dugout canoes and hail us with cries of '*Jambo! Jambo!*' which means—" he paused to down the shot "—which means 'Peace' in their melodic language. Jazz started with the Ashanti, you know. They have a natural sense of rhythm."

"Is that right?" the bartender asked, glancing round again.

"Well, sir, we'd go down there, and the Ashanti would haul from their ebony canoes great masses of shrimp, which we would boil in merry wrought-iron caldrons and eat in dozens with cayenne pepper. And, that done, we would lie back on the burning sand, our swollen bellies heaving in the merciless sun, and each drink a quart of bourbon."

"Good God," the bartender said, walking away.

"I wonder could you get me another one, please. I'm celebrating my return to Christendom."

"Make this the last, sir," the bartender said.

Rheinhardt drank it and saw the oyster opener staring at him. "*Jambo*," he said pleasantly.

"So these here Ashantis like to eat up a big mess of shrimps and drink a bottle of bourbon?" the oyster opener inquired.

"Yes," Rheinhardt said. "They're a wonderful folk."

"Sounds about like what a nigger would do," the man said, carving the rim of a shell.

Rheinhardt stood up quickly. "Nigger?" he cried loudly. "*Nigger?* Listen, I don't patronize joints where persons of color are called by lousy epithets!"

The place went silent. The bartender and waiter started forward; the man at the oysters looked round a bit fearfully. One step ahead of the waiter, another man in a white jacket made for the seersuckered tourists.

"I'm a liberal," Rheinhardt called out. "I don't accommodate that rebop."

The women retreated from the stools; their escorts looked at one another and came forward.

"Liberal, huh?" one of them said, wiping his mouth with a paper napkin. They were not very big men, Rheinhardt saw. He felt strangely and vaguely disappointed.

"Yes, a liberal, and you're a dirty fascist," Rheinhardt shouted.

One of the men in seersucker hit him lightly on the face. Someone else was trying to bend his arm behind him.

"My suit!" Rheinhardt cried, and wrenched free.

"Hold him for the cops, for Godsakes," the oysterman said. "The man's insane."

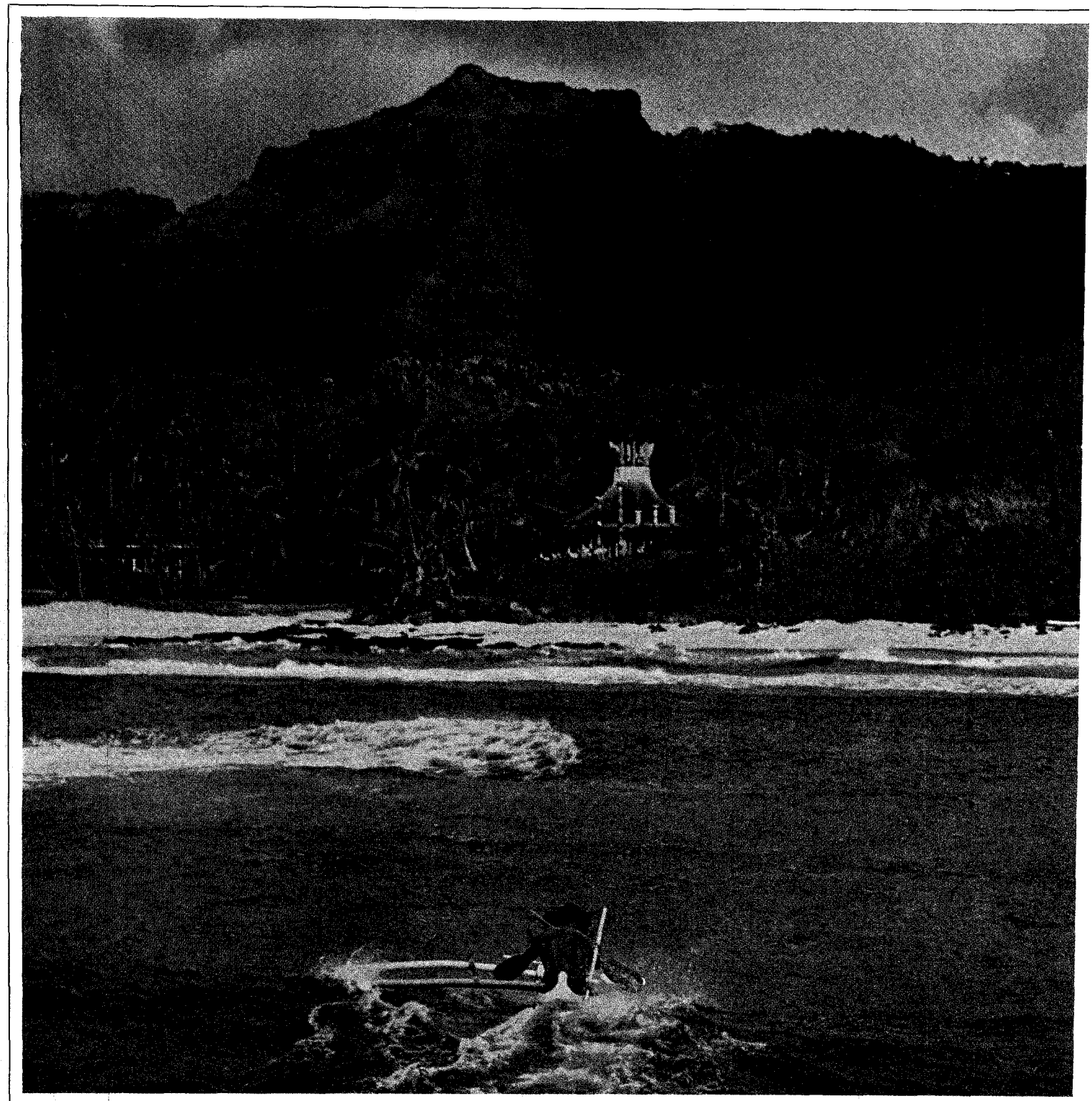
A small, gray-haired man in a waiter's uniform hit Rheinhardt on the back of the neck. "Cops we don't need," he said. "Just get him out."

Rheinhardt, strangely relaxed and unable to turn his head, glided out the street door and into the side of a parked car.

"Don't you never come near this place again, you animal," the little old man told him.

Rheinhardt stood on the sidewalk and faced them. "I'll fix you," he yelled. "I'm the Voice of an American's America, and I'll tell the world on you, daddy." He started down the street away from them, and it came to him that, of course, he would not do that at all. Not in this town—not this time. He would not be telling anyone anything they did not want to hear.

With exaggerated slowness, he walked toward Canal Street. Wonderful new Rheinhardt, he thought. . . . But my conscience is clear. It's bone dry. Bone dry. □



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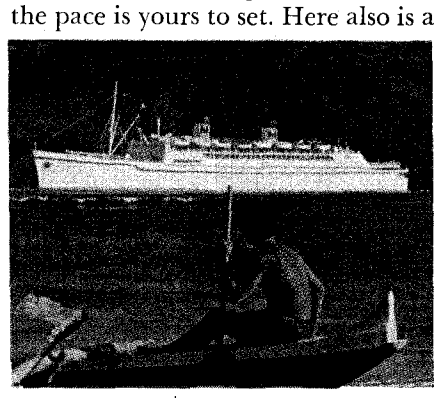

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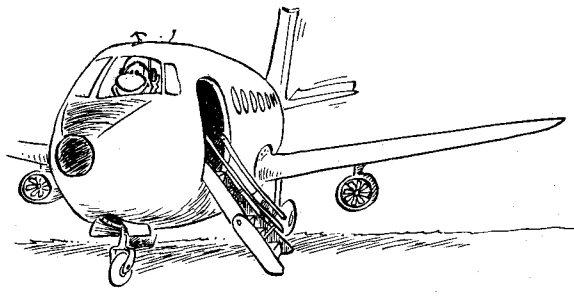
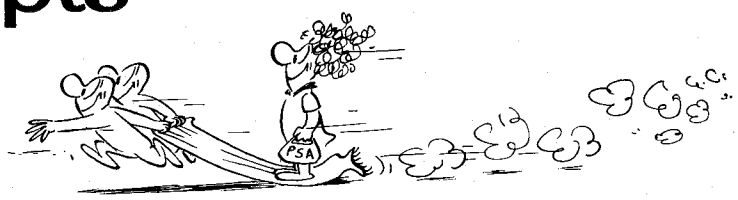
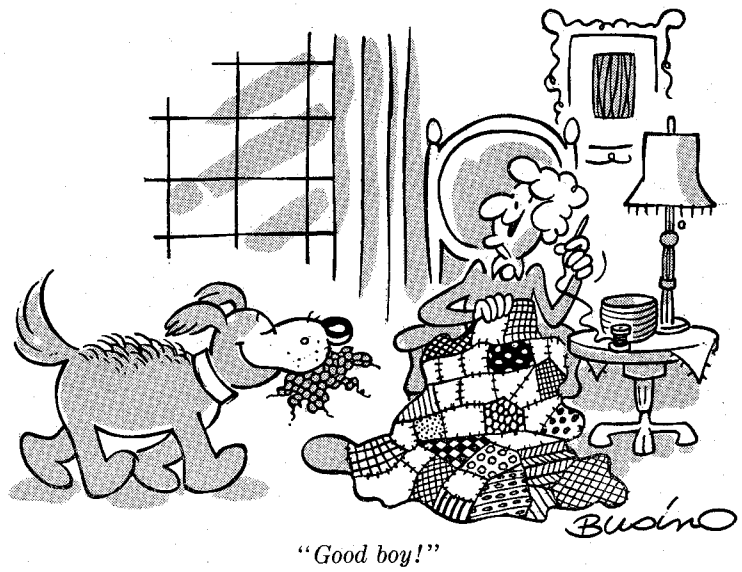
Post scripts





"*If you don't mind, I happen to be watching Johnny Carson.*"

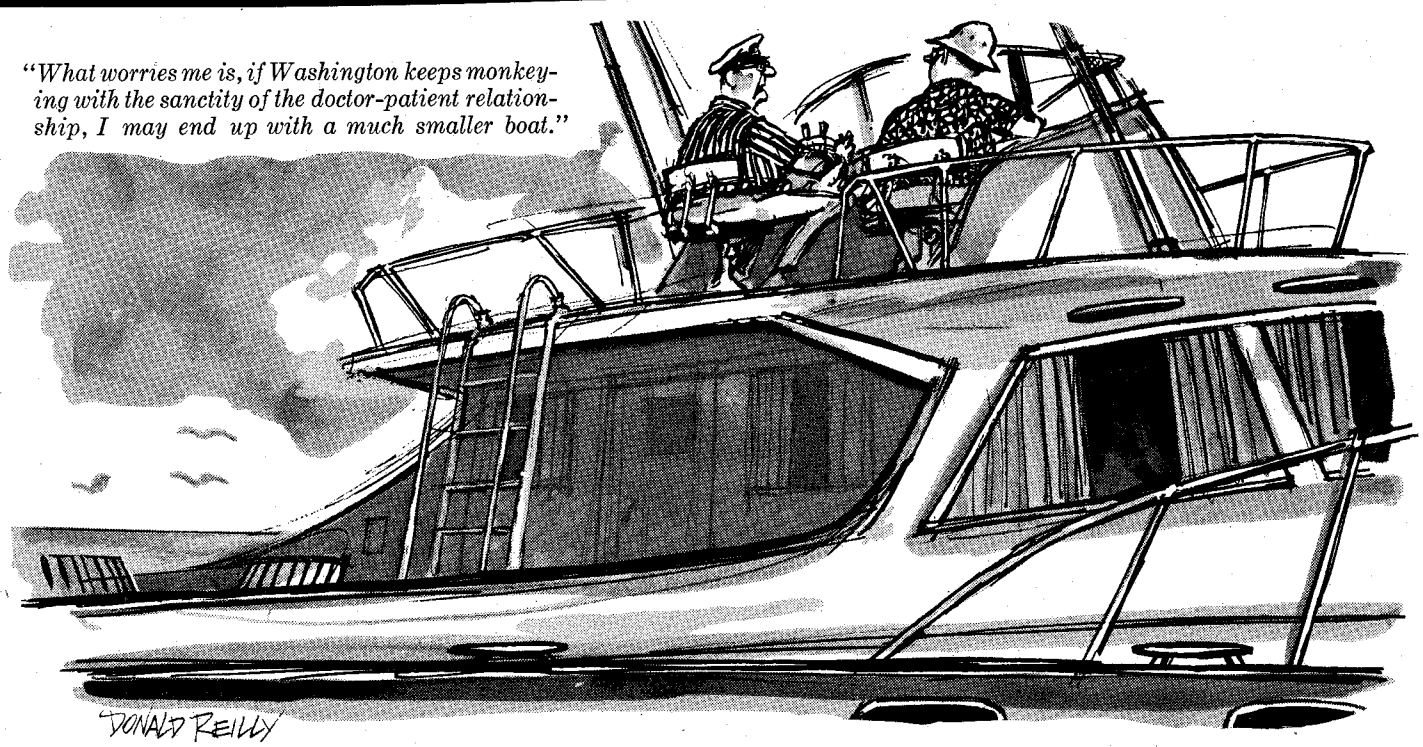


"*Good boy!*"

"*What really made me mad, Helen, was when I gave him a mile and he only took an inch.*"

"*Tell me, Judge Crater, after all these years, how does it feel to be homeward bound?*"

"*What worries me is, if Washington keeps monkeying with the sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship, I may end up with a much smaller boat.*"



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The area code for the whole state of Montana is 406. If you use the area code when you call Long Distance, your call goes through faster and easier. And when you use the area code, you can dial most calls yourself. For area codes and dialing instructions, please consult your telephone directory.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

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To teen-age TV fans, there's no **WHEN FOUR NICE BOYS GO APE!** *business like Monkee business.*

MADNESS!!
AUDITIONS
Folk & Rock Musicians-Singers
For Acting Roles in New TV Series
Running parts for 4 insane boys, age 17-21
Want spirited Ben Frank's types.
Have courage to work.
Must come down for interview.
—Advertisement in Hollywood trade papers during fall of 1965

By Richard Warren Lewis

There were 437 of them, mostly long-haired, bell-bottomed, and carrying guitars slung over their Tom Jones shirts. The Raybert Productions ad offered a far-out chance for "Top 40" style success. And, if producers Robert Rafelson and Berton Schneider were lucky, four of the applicants might be the boys they were looking for to star in a projected weekly TV comedy tracing the adventures of an innocent team of lovable rock 'n' rollers.

Most of the motley applicants were hangers-on at Ben Frank's, a coffeehouse which then served as a watering place for L.A.'s aspiring rock 'n' rollers. Any chance for a screen test was welcome news—and this one was for a show which blatantly patterned itself after the Beatles' hit movies, employing improvised scripts and hand-held camera techniques not usually associated with TV situation farce.

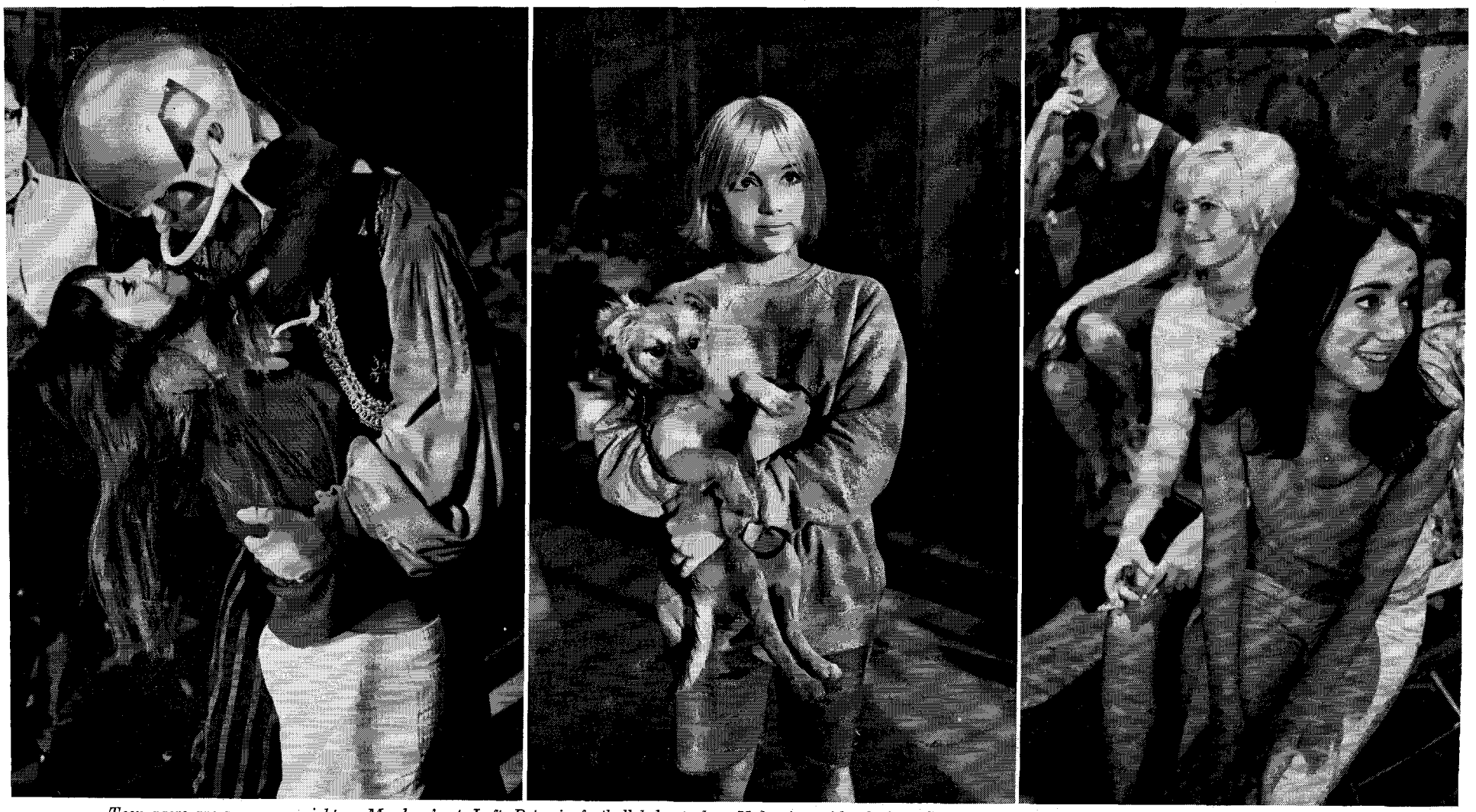
Almost everyone had advised Rafelson and Schneider to drop the project. Nobody would buy it, they were told. And they would never find "stars" by advertising for them. Yet, only a year after the advertisement appeared, more than 10 million enthusiasts were turning to their NBC channel every Monday night to witness a phenomenon called "The Monkees"—endowing the offbeat show with the largest teen-aged audience of the year. And incredibly enough (especially to music lovers), The Monkees were dominating the wildly unpredictable world of popular music.

Each of their two single releases, *Last Train to Clarksville* and *I'm a Believer*, soared to the top of the record charts. Over 3 million copies of The Monkees' first album have already been sold—a much-touted landmark in the electronically contrived sound business. Teen-agers are already chewing Monkee gum, adorning themselves in Monkee wool caps, suede boots and stovepipe pants, and hopefully anticipating the grand opening of Monkee departments in over 1,600 stores from coast to coast.

"The teens have bought The Monkees," a Raybert official proclaims in a mixture of surprise and relief. "They're the American Beatles."

For the strangers who were molded into Monkees, it was the classic Cinderella story told four times over. Just before Mike Nesmith answered the ad, his 1956 station wagon had been repossessed by a finance company. Micky Dolenz was subsisting on unemployment allotments, and Peter Tork earned $50 a week washing dishes. And tiny Davy Jones, a licensed British jockey, seriously contemplated a return to the Newmarket turf. Within a few months after becoming The Monkees they were receiving 5,000 fan letters a day and moving their licensed merchandise as fast as James Bond.

Photographs by Bob Willoughby



Teen-agers are a common sight on Monkees' set. Left, Peter in football helmet plays Valentino with admirer. Center, young fan holds Micky's dog while she watches him perform.

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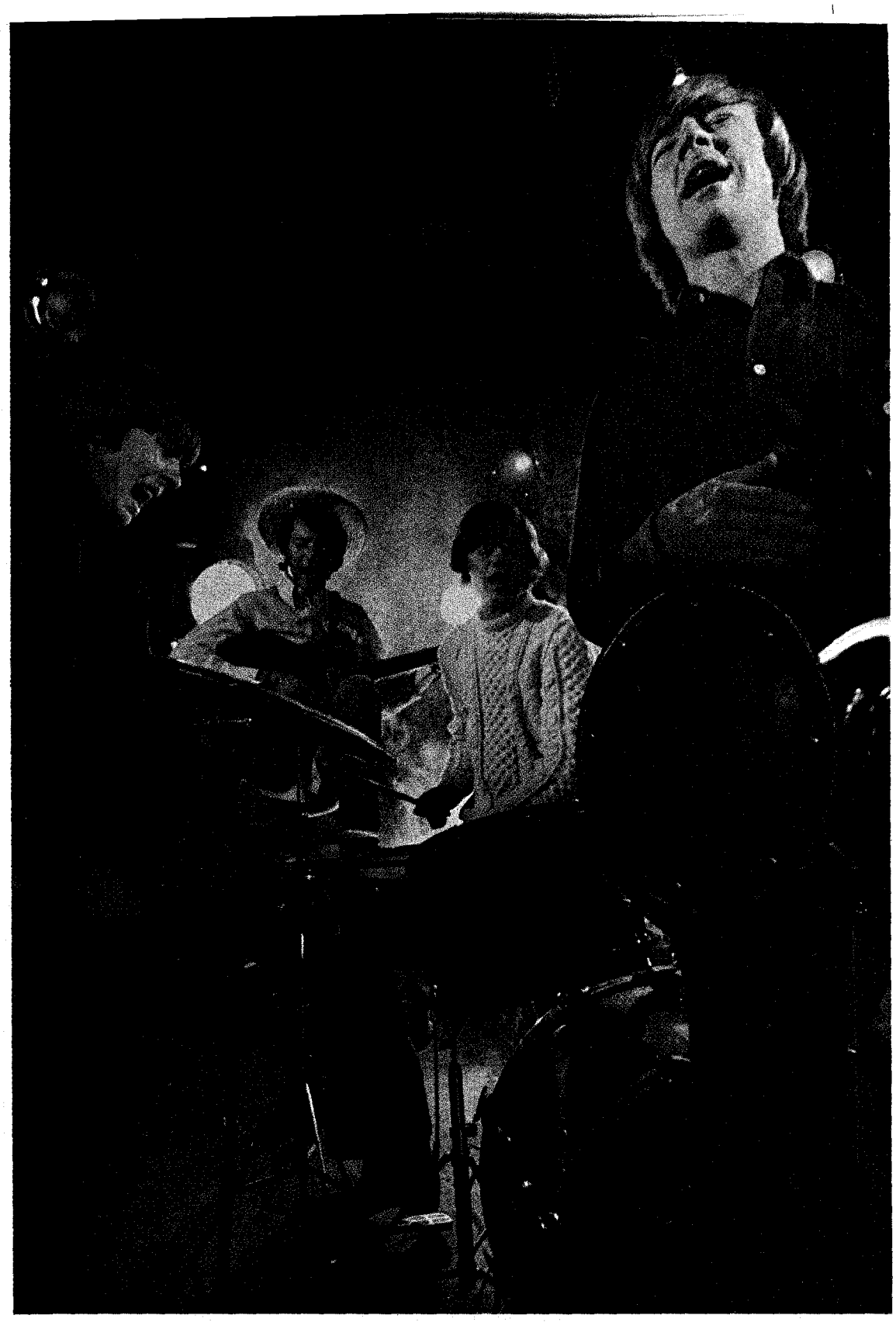

Though The Monkees have produced a top-selling record album, they have rarely sung together before a live audience.

The geniuses behind the Cinderella story were, of course, producers Rafelson and Schneider, who had noted the fantastic success of the Beatle movies and felt the same helter-skelter approach could be successful on TV. "Hollywood has a thing for making pictures that talk down to young people," Schneider told former child actor Jackie Cooper, an official of Screen Gems, the TV branch of Columbia Pictures. "We want to do a series in the New Wave style. A very far out show." Late in 1965 Cooper allocated $225,000 for a sample pilot film, without ever seeing a written outline. (His faith in the untried producer team hardly qualifies Cooper as a visionary. Schneider's father is president of Columbia Pictures.)

Schneider had decided to avoid using professional actors, feeling that someone like a Troy Donahue would provide only a Hollywood image of what the adolescent is like. "I would rather work with amateur actors," Rafelson said. "If you hired professionals you wouldn't get the primitiveness we were looking for."

Each of the possible candidates was forced to go through a couple of hours of "diabolical screening procedures," designed to test his response to a series of impossible questions.

"What a ridiculous pair of boots," Rafelson snapped at one of them. "Hey, man. Where'd you get those boots?" Many applicants became flustered when caught in the crossfire as the producers staged mock arguments over their merits, or ignored them while playing catch with a golf ball.

Micky Dolenz found Rafelson and Schneider seated on opposite sides of a desk, absorbed in balancing a pile of soda bottles, glasses and paper cups. Impulsively he snatched a cup off the desk, placed it on top of the stack and shouted, "Checkmate!" He scored an immediate hit.

The survivors of this third degree were then herded onto sound stages for personality tests—filmed conversations with an intimidating, off-camera inquisitor. "All of this was enormously revealing of what I was looking for, when and if they made it as a group," explains Rafelson, who wrote his college thesis in cultural anthropology. "Did they listen? Did they compete? Did they challenge? Who was the natural leader? Who could be stupid? Who could be smart? Who could be funny? Who needed lines or props?"

Who could tell better than Audience Studies, Inc., a Screen Gems research subsidiary, which screened tests of the eight finalists for random gatherings of boys and girls between the ages of six and 18. A.S.I.'s computerized recommendations confirmed the producers' instincts.

The four survivors seemed highly unlikely candidates for stardom. Self-taught guitarist Robert Michael Nesmith, alias protest-singer Michael Blessing, had last worked with a defunct folk-singing chorus called The Survivors. He was afflicted with a tonsil condition which periodically reduced his Texas twang to a whisper, and he habitually wore a green woolen hat, a trademark which was later written into the script.

"Micky Dolenz was strictly San Fernando Valley rock 'n' roll," Nesmith recalls. "Comb your hair back into a pompadour and sing everybody else's music." Dolenz—once a bleached-blond child actor in a TV series called *Circus Boy*—had toured as the lead tenor in a big-beat group called The Missing Links, but a chronic bone disease made it painful for him to stand for long periods, so he had quit show business to study architectural drafting.

Peter Tork had bridged the gap from bobbin boy in a Willimantic, Conn., thread mill to a ride on the television treadmill. Born Peter Thorkelson, his billing was simply "Tork" on the Greenwich Village folk-singing circuit, where he earned as little as five dollars a week passing the hat at such places as The Four Winds and The Cyclops.

The Prince Valiant bangs of baby-faced David Thomas Jones set him apart from the other three; so did his solid acting background. He had appeared on Broadway in *Oliver* and *Pickwick* and had played a glue-sniffer who beat up his pregnant wife in a *Ben Casey* episode. The five-foot-one Englishman squandered much of his earnings, however, on dozens of expensive suits and a collection of custom footwear equipped with heel lifts.

Once the group had been assembled, it was necessary to find a name. "The Turtles" and "The Inevitables" were considered, and "we kind of fooled around with 'The Creeps,'" Schneider says, "but we decided it was too negative." "The Monkees," misspelled in the fashion of musical menageries like The Beatles and The Byrds, was a compromise. "I don't know why," Schneider admits, "I'll have to ask my analyst."

What made *The Monkees* pilot film unique was wacky visual tricks. Midway through a scene in their beach pad, for instance, the group would suddenly be shifted to a slow-motion sequence of the boys riding camels in the desert. Or they might race up a hill in triple-time, like Keystone Kops. Film was deliberately over- or underexposed, and even turned upside down in the final print. And The Monkees performed two original songs, in a manner of speaking, synchronizing their lip movements to the prerecorded sounds of four uncredited vocalists.

Just as before, the unconventional footage was shipped out for A.S.I. appraisal. An A.S.I. rating of 700 is considered dangerously low by most TV executives. *The Monkees* barely scored 600.

The producers stayed up all night analyzing the test results, frantically revamped the film to

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eliminate whatever the survey audience had found confusing or offensive. Although Screen Gems was prepared to abandon the project, Rafelson arranged to present the doctored version to a second A.S.I. audience. This time the viewers loved it. "We went from failure to success in 24 hours," Schneider observes. Sponsors bought the show within 72 hours after viewing the pilot.

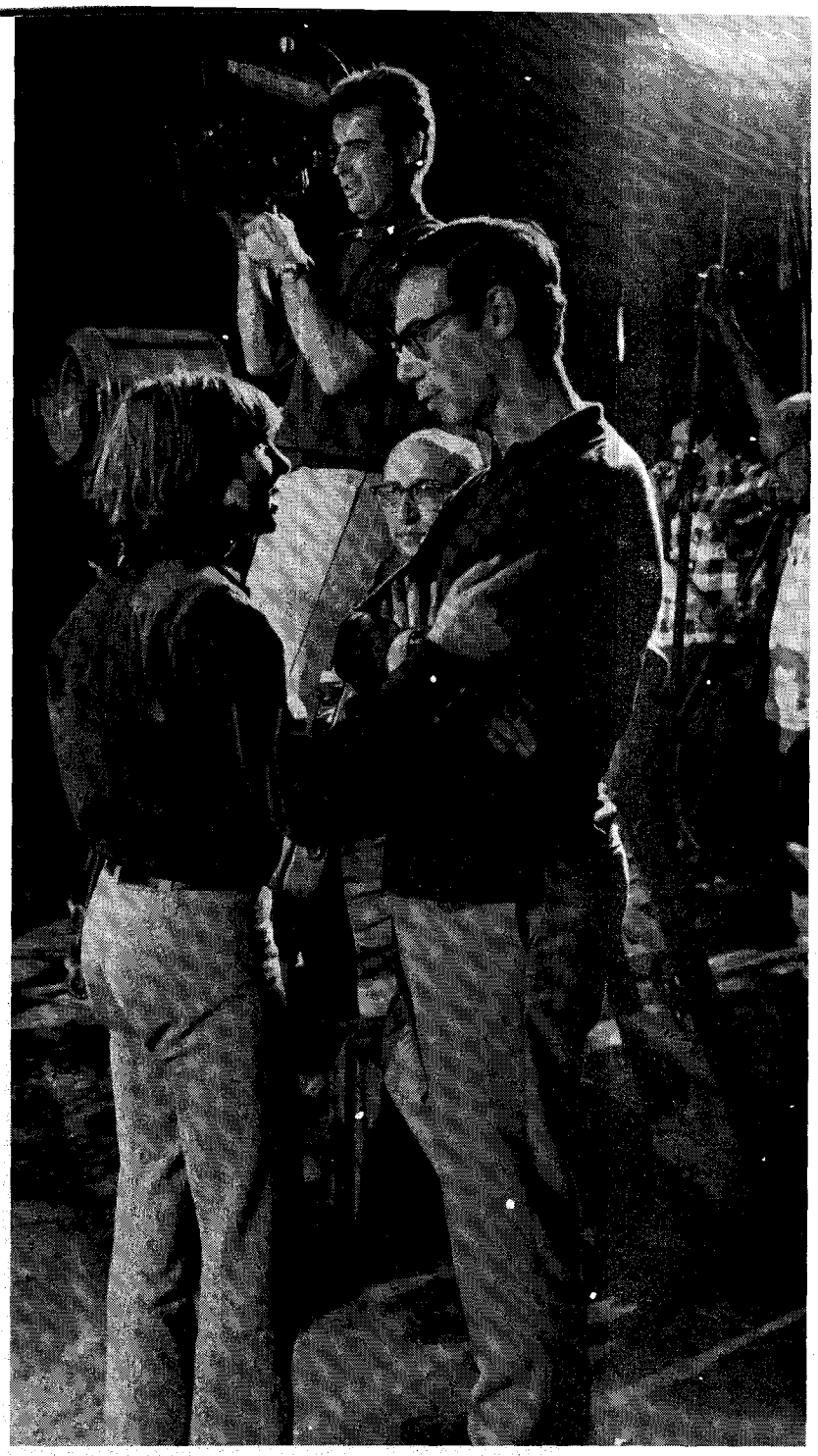
But there was still a big problem. The Monkees hadn't worked together in over three months. Now it was the producers' job to reassemble and refine the unpolished quartet. An intensified indoctrination program began last March inside a windowless, 20-by-40-foot cubicle newly erected on Screen Gems Stage 3. A sign on the padlocked door of the stark wooden enclosure read: MONKEES—KEEP OUT. They congregated almost daily for two months, trying to achieve musical coalescence and learning how to act improvisationally.

Jim Frawley, a 29-year-old underground film director who had performed as a satirical comedian with *The Premise* players, was hired to make Monkees out of the four inexperienced chattels. "At first, they were embarrassed, they were stiff and they were a little raw," Frawley recalls. "All that had to be worked out. We started playing games with imaginary objects. 'Here's a screwdriver, do something with it. Here, I'll throw you a ball. Imagine you're inside a car. Here's a rifle, a bow and arrow. Now do everything in slow motion. A boxer in slow motion. Swim in slow motion.'"

Individual progress was noted on index cards. "We would roll over on the floor, sometimes, and do animals," says Frawley. "'You're a crab. Talk the way a giraffe would talk. Deal with an elephant. Now, talk the way a teapot would talk.' It was like a training period to free them physically, to start to use their bodies in a new way."

By June, The Monkees were ready to venture in front of the cameras. Scripts of each episode had been checked for adolescent jargon by secretaries, baby-sitters, and Schneider's eight-year-old son, Jeffrey. The Monkees had been supplied with $10,000 worth of guitars, amplifiers, drums, tambourines and an electric organ by generous patrons anxious to have their products identified with the group. During the pre-production period, myriad musical differences had to be resolved within the makeshift cubicle. Each Monkee represented a conflicting style of sound. Two of them were unable to read detailed musical charts. Davy's talent was the tambourine. Micky, a proficient guitarist, assumed the added burden of daily drum lessons. Obstinate at first, he complained that his face would be hidden at the back of the bandstand. He was overruled.

Following five weeks of excruciating round-the-clock rehearsals, The Monkees were auditioned for representatives of three major record companies. Impresarios Schneider and Rafelson signed with RCA Victor, the company making the best manufacturing and distribution offer. "There were lots of times where I thought what the boys were doing sounded lousy," says Schneider, "but there were enough times where I heard them and got gooseflesh. I wanted them to sound up-beat in lyrical content. It was a matter of finding someone to help bring that out."



Davy Jones (left) discusses scene with producer Bob Rafelson (right) during a break while cameraman (with hand-held camera) prepares to shoot a surrealistic scene.

The catalyst was 32-year-old Donald Kirshner, revered in the pop music world as "The Man with the Golden Ear." Records he had produced over the previous seven years had sold over 150 million copies and enriched such neophyte acts as Herman's Hermits and The Animals.

Since 1962, he had delegated the tedious supervision of recording sessions to subordinates. He directed Screen Gems-Columbia Music, Inc., and its infant record label, Colgems, from the battery of nine telephones in his gold-carpeted Manhattan office, or the 11-channel radiophone in the back seat of his chauffeured Cadillac.

The Monkees' maiden efforts in a recording studio were disastrous. Peter Tork recalls that "we were directionless and unproductive, musically speaking." Somewhat disillusioned, Schneider sent the tapes to Kirshner in New York. "The boys didn't relate," Kirshner sighed. "I was looking for a driving, exciting, frantic young sound. There was no sound to the Monkees."

But within 18 hours, Kirshner had miraculously produced a dozen prototype records and tape recordings prefabricated for the Monkees by

Monkees' boss Jackie Cooper (right) talks to producers.

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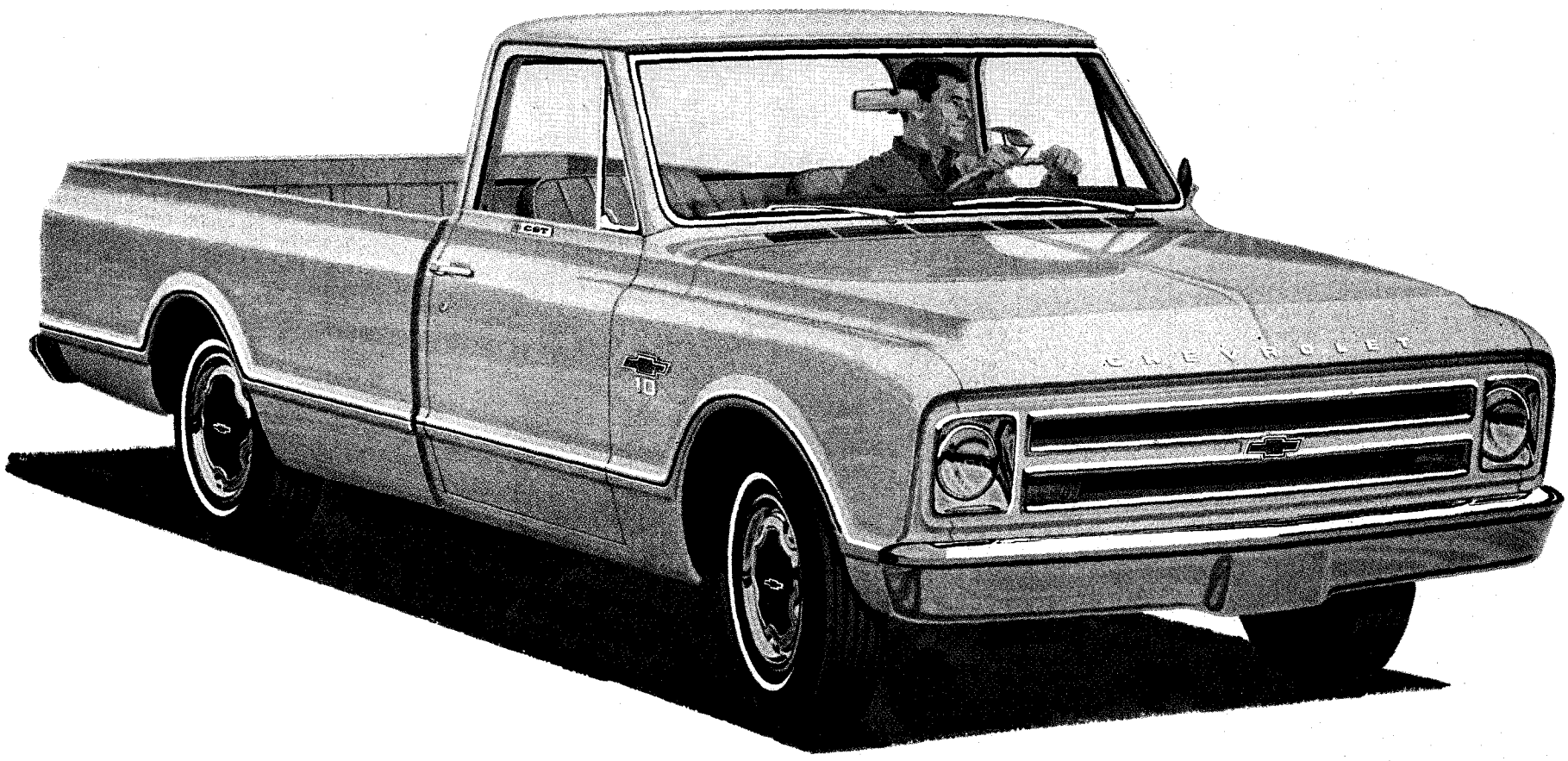
Meet the world's toughest 2-door



This brand new Chevy pickup looks so good you could call it a 2-door. (You could also call it the toughest Chevy pickup ever built!)

CHEVROLET

A BRAND NEW BREED FOR '67!

How's that for a nice looking truck?

We'll go so far as to say that it looks as good and rides as smooth as many cars. And is just about as comfortable inside.

That's a lot to say about a truck. But this is a brand new breed of Chevy pickup. It was built for hard work, certainly; but, beyond that, it provides more style, comfort and convenience than trucks have before.

For instance, the roomy interior is now color-keyed to match exterior paint. And there are many new safety features. You can even get bucket seats—they're standard in the Custom Sport Truck (CST) model. You'll think you're in a car—till there's work to do. Then this new Chevy turns right around and becomes the toughest of trucks with more durable cab and sheet metal construction, sturdier pickup box, and dependable Chevrolet truck power.

The result is, this truck does more for you. Works harder and plays harder when the work is done. You can see this tough 2-door at your Chevrolet dealer's, right now. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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his own stable of musicians. "The boys can almost sing on top of them," he said, "and they'll be hits."

Carrying the records, he flew to Los Angeles and concentrated on spoon-feeding music to The Monkees. The 22 tunes required for their album and five TV shows rolled off the slickly coordinated musical assembly line he created within a few days.

Anonymous, skilled musicians convened to hear the new material Kirshner had transported from New York. Then they proceeded to record the instrumental background for each Monkee number. At staggered intervals, never all four together, the Monkees digested the sample recordings, heard the freshly minted sound track on earphones and obediently faced a microphone to add the lyrics, harmony and vocal bridges. Their instruments, for the most part, lay idle.

"The music had nothing to do with us," moaned Nesmith. "It was totally dishonest. Do you know how debilitating it is to sit up and have to duplicate somebody else's records? That's really what we were doing."

In the control room, Kirshner presided over a maze of dials, switches and levers rising from a bulky, two-ton console worthy of Dr. Strangelove. The push of a red button activated an echo chamber which embellished the singers' faint voices. By pulling a switch, hunks of harmony were automatically superimposed over previously recorded Monkee solos. "Whatever is irritating or jarring," says Kirshner, "you can just bury electronically."

He listened intently to 150 noisy decibels blasting from four giant playback speakers and ordered Dolenz to "punch in" a series of sighs on the chorus of *I'll Be True to You*. "They indicate almost a personal relationship with a girl," Kirshner explained, "A charm type of sound that means nothing except that it is Micky. Identification is very important."

After songwriters Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart composed *Clarksville* during a 20-minute coffee break, Kirshner deftly appended several *no-no-no* wails, a gimmick comparable to the Beatles' *yeah-yeah-yeah*. The finished product emerged as a patchwork conglomeration of voices, echoes, phrases and choruses spliced from a dozen pieces of tape, rather than a single sustained performance. "If you've got it in the grooves," Kirshner said modestly, referring to the resultant sound, "it makes it."

His dogmatic methods did not make it, however, for several disenchanted participants. "The music happened in spite of The Monkees," asserts Nesmith, whose first royalty check amounted to $30,000. "It was what *Kirshner* wanted to do. Our records are not our forte. I don't care if we never sell another record."

Such a likelihood would horrify RCA Victor, which spent $100,000 last summer proclaiming "The Monkees Is Coming." A team of 76 advance men crisscrossed the nation to ballyhoo their arrival. Six thousand disc jockeys were furnished with preview records. Bumper stickers reading, "Everybody is Going Ape for The Monkees" and "Monkee Business Is Big Business" were being nationally distributed by the hundreds of thousands.

Meanwhile, Screen Gems' merchandising expert Ed Justin was hammering out licensing agreements for the manufacture of 50 official Monkees products, everything from electronic dolls wired to reproduce each of The Monkees' voices to a green wool hat retailing for $1.98—48 cents more than Nesmith paid for the original, which he recently cast in bronze.

To safeguard potentially huge profits, Jackie Cooper kept The Monkees on a tight chain. "You have to protect the kids from what they don't know," he said, while effectively muzzling them from most interviewers. "The Monkees are not only in show business, they're in the advertising business."

Although disappointing early Nielsen ratings brought misgivings, many television critics were impressed by the freshness, exuberance and spontaneity of the show, largely credited to the performers' casual attitude. "We don't learn scripts," says Nesmith. "Hell, we don't even read 'em."

The Monkees are encouraged to improvise dialogue and movement whenever they feel like it. Complete scenes are often wiped out of the script and replaced with ad-lib conversations conceived right on the set.

Released from arbitrary controls, The Monkees shine during weekly fantasy sequences called "romps." Frawley imposes minimal direction or rehearsal on these occasions, simply telling the actors: "Just go crazy, do whatever you want." In the best New Wave tradition, he employs a hand-held camera to photograph them fighting bulls, lifting weights, scrimmaging with gypsies, romping in the surf, impersonating foreign legionnaires, dueling like musketeers, everything save wrapping their tails around the flagpole.

Other bizarre romps occur off-camera. Dolenz urgently grabs the director's arm and launches into an improvisation:

DOLENZ: Be a mailman.

FRAWLEY: OK, I'm a mailman.

DOLENZ: (*With anger*) Listen, buddy, you've been late with the mail for the past three or four days. I want you to be here on time or I'll beat the hell out of you. Let me see that letter. (*With effeminate voice*) Ohhhh, it's from the see-lective ser-vice.

Nesmith props his Indian scout boots on a chair and autographs pictures for two visitors, Miss Monterey Park and Miss Teen-Aged Seattle. "I almost was Miss Teen-Age America," he tells them, "but they threw me out on a technicality. My hair was too long."

"Get the garlic?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Knots of parasitic teen-agers silently watch these proceedings from the sidelines, incessantly chewing on wads of what the producers hope is Monkee gum. They wear hip-hugger corduroys, patent leather skirts, vinyl boots and the haunted stares of a Keane painting. They also trail The Monkees to recording sessions, but their idolatry keeps them from speaking.

More energetic hangers-on labor as unpaid workers for The Monkees' fan club. They gather in Raybert's conference room after school to address postcards inscribed with mechanically reproduced Monkee signatures, soliciting new members at a dollar apiece.

Being accosted by impassioned admirers looms as a constant threat to The Monkees. Dolenz barely eluded a screaming, clutching mob at a high-school carnival he attended. Nesmith takes the precaution of keeping a pistol within easy reach of his king-sized bed. "My life as a celebrity I'm not happy with," says Tork, who writes stream-of-consciousness essays about this subject on the back of his scripts. Returning home, Jones drives around the block eight times to make certain he is not being followed.

Jones and his fellow primates spent nights and weekends during November with still another tutor, choreographer David Winters, commissioned by Raybert to stage their first concert engagements. "There's a fantastic potential while the records are hot and the show is getting hotter," said Cooper, whose studio will soon produce a feature-length Monkee film. "We have the opportunity to go out and take thirty to fifty thousand dollars a night for these kids right now."

Though lucrative offers were arriving daily from Fort Wayne, Seattle, Chicago, Salt Lake City and New York's Madison Square Garden, The Monkees at this writing, have not made a major personal appearance except one "sneak performance" in Honolulu. The boys sang, showed film clips, and told jokes to an allegedly unresponsive audience. Undaunted, NBC is sending them out on a seven-city tour this winter. (The Monkeemobile meanwhile is earning up to $3,000 a crack at shopping centers and auto shows.)

"There's a lot of fear at Screen Gems, that they'll be found out," an official high in the music world reveals. "In person The Monkees would have to compete with real pros like The Spoonfuls or The Mama's and the Papa's. The kids don't mind buying an image—but they like an image that can sing. If I owned a billion-dollar property like The Monkees, I'd be going crazy myself now, wondering how I could possibly send them on tour."

Screen Gems is also faced with a reputed $6,850,000 lawsuit charging that the series format had been stolen from two other producers, and there's still the feeling of alarm that litigation might come from the Beatles, the real ancestors of The Monkees.

But on the surface, anyway, Schneider seems relaxed. "There is one major difference between our pictures and the Beatles' pictures," he boasts. "The performers. I don't think the Beatles can hold a candle to our guys as performers on the screen. Our guys are funnier, brighter, wittier and better actors."

One year removed from the test tube, Mike Nesmith reflected recently on The Monkees' rise from rags to riches. He drove a new car and a motorcycle, although both were on loan from companies he was plugging. He owned a closet full of new shoes, a bonus from the manufacturer of Monkees footwear, and his kitchen was loaded with the sponsor's cornflakes.

"Maybe we were manufactured and put on the air strictly with a lot of hoopla," he said, strumming a $5,000 gift guitar. "Tell the world that we're synthetic because, damn it, we are. Tell them The Monkees were wholly man-made overnight, that millions of dollars have been poured into this thing. Tell the world we don't record our own music. But that's *us* they see on television. The show is really part of us. They're not seeing something invalid."

And the producers, the record companies, the manufacturers of Monkees products, and the thousands of employees who earn part of their living because of The Monkees, fervently hope the public believes it. □

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Death In The Ia Drang Valley

Here American soldiers fought their first
pitched battle of the Vietnamese war. One of the survivors,
wounded in ambush, recalls how it was—
the blood, the agony and the fear.

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BY SPECIALIST 4/c JACK P. SMITH

Drawings by Noel Sickles

Just over a year ago Specialist 4/c Jack P. Smith was a supply clerk in the 1st Air Cavalry Division in South Vietnam. Smith's company—Charlie Company of the 2nd Battalion, 7th Cavalry (Regiment)—had never been in action, and Smith, who was 20 years old, had come to believe that it never would. "We thought we were a sham," Smith recalls today. "We dug and walked and looked for an enemy who was never there."

In November, 1965, units of the 7th Cavalry began to make the first American penetration in force of a Communist stronghold near the Cambodian border. On November 15, Smith's battalion was ordered in to help the 1st Battalion, which was meeting strong resistance. This was the beginning of the Battle of the Ia Drang Valley, the first pitched battle fought by American soldiers in the war for Vietnam, and the bloodiest engagement of the long and bloody struggle.

After a day of marching into the jungle, Smith and the 500 other men of the 2nd Battalion came upon a clearing, known on the maps as X-ray, where the 1st Battalion was fighting. The names of the soldiers have been changed, but, in all other respects, this is what happened.

The 1st Battalion had been fighting continuously for three or four days, and I had never seen such filthy troops. Some of them had blood on their faces from scratches and from other guys' wounds. Some had long rips in their clothing where shrapnel and bullets had missed them. They all had that look of shock. They said little, just looked around with darting, nervous eyes.

Whenever I heard a shell coming close, I'd duck, but they'd keep standing. After three days of constant bombardment you get so you can tell from the sound how close a shell is going to land within 50 to 75 feet. There were some wounded lying around, bandaged up with filthy shirts and bandages, smoking cigarettes or lying in a coma with plasma bottles hanging above their stretchers.

Late that morning the Cong made a charge. About 100 of them jumped up and made for our lines, and all hell broke loose. The people in that sector opened up with everything they had. Then a couple of our Skyraiders came in. One of them dropped a lot of stuff that shimmered in the sun like green confetti. It looked like a ticker-tape parade, but when the things hit the ground, the little pieces exploded. They were antipersonnel charges. Every one of the gooks was killed. Another group on the other side almost made it to the lines. There weren't enough GI's there, and they couldn't shoot them down fast enough. A plane dropped some napalm bombs just in front of the line. I couldn't see the gooks, but I could hear them scream as they burned. A hundred men dead, just like that.

'*All of a sudden they opened up with automatic weapons. It was unbelievable—at least 20 men dropped within a few seconds.*'

My company, Charlie Company, took over its sector of the battalion perimeter and started to dig in. At three o'clock another attack came, but it never amounted to anything. I didn't get any sleep that night. There was continuous firing from one until four, and it was as bright as day with the flares lighting up the sky.

The next morning the order came for us to move out. I guess our commanders felt the battle was over. The three battalions of PAVN (People's Army of Vietnam—the North Vietnamese) were destroyed. There must have been about 1,000 rotting bodies out there, starting about 20 feet from us and surrounding the giant circle of foxholes. As we left the perimeter, we walked by them. Some of them had been lying out there for four days. There are more ants in Vietnam than in any place I have ever seen.

We were being withdrawn to Landing Zone Albany, some six miles away, where we were to be picked up by helicopter. About noon the column stopped and everybody flopped on the ground. It turned out that our reconnaissance platoon had come upon four sleeping PAVN who had claimed they were deserters. They said that there were three or four snipers in the trees up ahead—friends of theirs who did not want to surrender.

The head of the column formed by our battalion was already in the landing zone, which was actually only 30 yards to our left. But our company was still in the woods and elephant grass. I dropped my gear and my ax, which was standard equipment for supply clerks like me. We used them to cut down trees to help make landing zones for our helicopters. The day had grown very hot. I was about one quarter through a smoke when a few shots cracked at the front of the column.

I flipped my cigarette butt, lay down and grabbed my M-16. The fire in front was still growing. Then a few shots were fired right behind me. They seemed to come from the trees. There was firing all over the place now, and I was getting scared. A bullet hit the dirt a foot to my side, and some started whistling over my head.

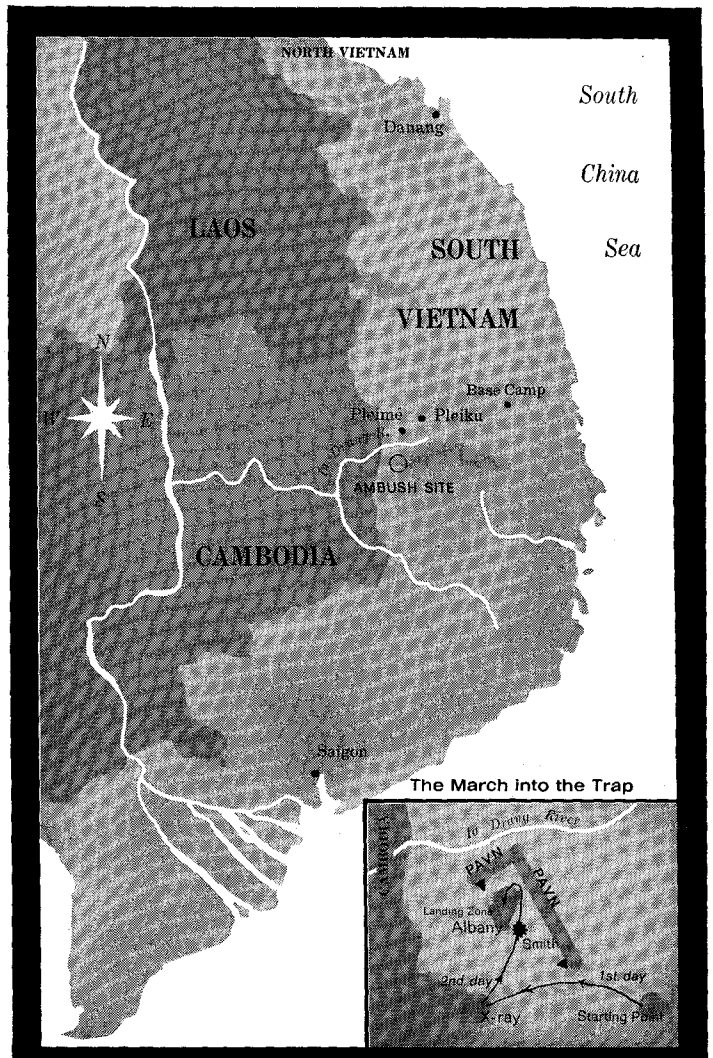
This wasn't the three or four snipers we had been warned about. There were over 100 North Vietnamese snipers tied in the trees above us—so we learned later—way above us, in the top branches. The firing kept increasing.

Our executive officer (XO) jumped up and said, "Follow me, and let's get the hell out of here." I followed him, along with the rest of the headquarters section and the 1st Platoon. We crouched and ran to the right toward what we thought was the landing zone. But it was only a small clearing—the L.Z. was to our left. We were running deeper into the ambush.

The fire was still increasing. We were all crouched as low as possible, but still keeping up a steady trot, looking from side to side. I glanced back at Richards, one of the company's radio operators. Just as I looked back, he moaned softly and fell to the ground. I knelt down and looked at him, and he shuddered and started to gurgle deep in his stomach. His eyes and tongue popped out, and he died. He had a hole straight through his heart.

I had been screaming for a medic. I stopped. I looked up. Everyone had stopped. All of a sudden all the snipers opened up with automatic weapons. There were PAVN with machine guns hidden behind every anthill. The noise was deafening.

Then the men started dropping. It was unbelievable. I knelt there staring as at least 20 men dropped within a few



The spot labeled 'Smith' in the inset marks the site of the ambush. Smith's unit was moving toward a helicopter landing zone code-named 'Albany' to be airlifted out of the jungle.

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seconds. I still had not recovered from the shock of seeing Richards killed, but the jolt of seeing men die so quickly brought me back to life. I hit the dirt fast. The XO was to my left, and Wallace was to my right, with Burroughs to his right. We were touching each other lying there in the tall elephant grass.

Men all around me were screaming. The fire was now a continuous roar. We were even being fired at by our own guys. No one knew where the fire was coming from, and so the men were shooting everywhere. Some were in shock and were blazing away at everything they saw or imagined they saw.

The XO let out a low moan, and his head sank. I felt a flash of panic. I had been assuming that he would get us out of this. Enlisted men may scoff at officers back in the billets, but when the fighting begins, the men automatically become very dependent upon them. Now I felt terribly alone.

The XO had been hit in the small of the back. I ripped off his shirt and there it was: a groove to the right of his spine. The bullet was still in there. He was in a great deal of pain, so a rifleman named Wilson and I removed his gear as best we could, and I bandaged his wound. It was not bleeding much on the outside, but he was very close to passing out.

Just then Wallace let out a "Huh!" A bullet had creased his upper arm and entered his side. He was bleeding in spurts. I ripped away his shirt with my knife and did him up. Then the XO screamed: A bullet had gone through his boot, taking all his toes with it. He was in agony and crying. Wallace was swearing and in shock. I was crying and holding on to the XO's hand to keep from going crazy.

The grass in front of Wallace's head began to fall as if a lawnmower were passing. It was a machine gun, and I could see the vague outline of the Cong's head behind the foot or so of elephant grass. The noise of firing from all directions was so great that I couldn't even hear a machine gun being fired three feet in front of me and one foot above my head.

As if in a dream, I picked up my rifle, put it on automatic, pushed the barrel into the Cong's face and pulled the trigger. I saw his face disappear. I guess I blew his head off, but I never saw his body and did not look for it.

Wallace screamed. I had fired the burst pretty close to his ear, but I didn't hit him. Bullets by the thousands were coming from the trees, from the L.Z., from the very ground, it seemed. There was a huge thump nearby. Burroughs rolled over and started a scream, though it sounded more like a growl. He had been lying on his side when a grenade went off about three or four feet from him. He looked as though someone had poured red paint over him from head to toe.

After that everything began getting hazy. I lay there for several minutes,

'The wounded would scream without ever stopping for breath. Then they would die.'

and I think I was beginning to go into shock. I don't remember much.

The amazing thing about all this was that from the time Richards was killed to the time Burroughs was hit, only a minute or two had elapsed. Hundreds of men had been hit all around us, and the sound of men screaming was almost as loud as the firing.

The XO was going fast. He told me his wife's name was Carol. He told me that if he didn't make it, I was to write her and tell her that he loved her. Then he somehow managed to crawl away, saying that he was going to organize the troops. It was his positive decision to do something that reinforced my own will to go on.

Then our artillery and air strikes started to come in. They saved our lives. Just before they started, I could hear North Vietnamese voices on our right. The PAVN battalion was moving in on us, into the woods. The Skyraiders were dropping napalm bombs a hundred feet in front of me on a PAVN machine-gun complex. I felt the hot blast and saw the elephant grass curling ahead of me. The victims were screaming—some of them were our own men who were trapped outside the wood line.

At an altitude of 200 feet it's difficult to distinguish one soldier from another. It's unfortunate and horrible, but most of the battalion's casualties in the first hour or so were from our own men, firing at everything in sight.

No matter what you did, you got hit. The snipers in the trees just waited for someone to move, then shot him. I could hear the North Vietnamese entering the woods from our right. They were creeping along, babbling and arguing among themselves, calling to each other when they found a live GI. Then they shot him.

I decided that it was time to move. I crawled off to my left a few feet, to where Sgt. Moore and Thompson were lying. Sgt. Moore had been hit in the chest three times. He was in pain and sinking fast. Thompson was hit only lightly in the leg. I asked the sergeant to hold my hand. He must have known then that he was dying, but he managed to assure me that everything would be all right.

I knew there wasn't much chance of that. This was a massacre, and I was one of a handful not yet wounded. All around me, those who were not already dead were dying or severely wounded, most of them hit several times. I must have been talking a lot, but I have no idea what I was saying. I think it was, "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God," over and over. Then I would cry. To get closer to the ground, I had dumped my gear, including the ax I had been carrying, and I had lost my rifle, but that was no problem. There were weapons of every kind lying everywhere.

Sgt. Moore asked me if I thought he would make it. I squeezed his hand and told him sure. He said that he was in a lot of pain, and every now and then he would scream. He was obviously bleeding internally quite a bit. I was sure that he would die before the night. I had seen his wife and four kids at Fort Benning. He had made it through World War II and Korea, but this little war had got him.

I found a hand grenade and put it next to me. Then I pulled out my first-aid pack and opened it. I still was not wounded, but I knew I would be soon.

At that instant I heard a babble of Vietnamese voices close by. They sounded like little children, cruel children. The sound of those voices, of the enemy that close, was the most frightening thing I have ever experienced. Combat creates a mindless fear, but this was worse, naked panic.

A small group of PAVN was rapidly approaching. There was a heavy rustling of elephant grass and a constant babbling of high-pitched voices. I told Sgt. Moore to shut up and play dead. I was thinking of using my grenade, but I was scared that it wouldn't get them all, and that they were so close that I would blow myself up too.

My mind was made up for me, because all of a sudden they were there. I stuck the grenade under my belly so that even if I was hit the grenade would not go off too easily, and if it did go off I would not feel pain. I willed myself to stop shaking, and I stopped breathing. There were about 10 or 12 of them, I figure. They took me for dead, thank God. They lay down all around me, still babbling.

One of them lay down on top of me and started to set up his machine gun. He dropped his canister next to my side. His feet were by my head, and his head was between my feet. He was about six feet tall and pretty bony. He probably couldn't feel me shaking because he was shaking so much himself. I thought I was gone. I was trying like hell to act dead, however the hell one does that.

The Cong opened up on our mortar platoon, which was set up around a big tree nearby. The platoon returned the fire, killing about half of the Cong, and miraculously not hitting me. All of a sudden a dozen loud "crumph" sounds went off all around me. Assuming that all the GI's in front of them were dead, our mortar platoon had opened up with M-79 grenade launchers. The Cong jumped up off me, moaning with fear, and the other PAVN began to move around. They apparently knew the M-79. Then a second series of explosions went off, killing all the Cong as they got up to run. One grenade landed between Thompson's head and Sgt. Moore's chest. Sgt. Moore saved my life; he took most of the shrapnel in his side. A piece got me in the head.

It felt as if a white-hot sledge hammer had hit the right side of my face. Then something hot and stinging hit my left leg. I lost consciousness for a few seconds. I came out of it feeling intense pain in my leg and a numbness in my head. I didn't dare feel my face: I thought the whole side of it had gone. Blood was pouring down my forehead and filling the hollow of my eyeglasses. It was also pouring out of my mouth. I slapped a bandage on the side of my face and tied it around my head. I was numbed, but I suddenly felt better. It had happened, and I was still alive.

I decided it was time to get out. None of my buddies appeared able to move. The Cong obviously had the mortar platoon pegged, and they would try to overrun it again. I was going to be right in their path. I crawled over Sgt. Moore, who had half his chest gone, and Thompson, who had no head left. Wilson, who had helped me with the XO, had been hit badly, but I couldn't tell where. All that moved was his eyes. He asked me for some water. I gave him one of the two canteens I had scrounged. I still had the hand grenade.

I crawled over many bodies, all still. The 1st Platoon just didn't exist anymore. One guy had his arm blown off. There was only some shredded skin and a piece of bone sticking out of his sleeve. The sight didn't bother me anymore. The artillery was still keeping up a steady barrage, as were the planes, and the noise was as loud as ever, but I didn't hear it anymore. It was a miracle I didn't get shot by the snipers in the trees while I was moving.

As I was crawling around looking for someone alive, I came across Sgt. Barker, who stuck a .45 in my face. He thought I was a Cong and almost shot me. Apparently I was now close to the mortar platoon. Many other wounded men had crawled over there, including the medic Novak, who had run out of supplies after five minutes. Barker was hit in the legs. Caine was hurt badly too. There were many others, all in bad shape. I lay there with the hand grenade

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under me, praying. The Cong made several more attacks, which the mortar platoon fought off with 79's.

The Cong figured out that the mortar platoon was right by that tree, and three of their machine-gun crews crawled up and started to blaze away. It had taken them only a minute or so to find exactly where the platoon was; it took them half a minute to wipe it out. When they opened up, I heard a guy close by scream, then another, and another. Every few seconds someone would scream. Some got hit several times. In 30 seconds the platoon was virtually nonexistent. I heard Lt. Sheldon scream three times, but he lived. I think only five or six guys from the platoon were alive the next day.

It also seemed that most of them were hit in the belly. I don't know why, but when a man is hit in the belly, he screams an unearthly scream. Something you cannot imagine; you actually have to hear it. When a man is hit in the chest or the belly, he keeps on screaming, sometimes until he dies. I just lay there, numb, listening to the bullets whining over me and the 15 or 20 men close to me screaming and screaming and screaming. They didn't ever stop for breath. They kept on until they were hoarse, then they would bleed through their mouths and pass out. They would wake up and start screaming again. Then they would die.

I started crying. Sgt. Gale was lying near me. He had been hit badly in the stomach and was in great pain. He would lie very still for a while and then scream. He would scream for a doctor, then he would scream for a medic. He pleaded with anyone he saw to help him, for the love of God, to stop his pain or kill him. He would thrash around and scream some more, and then lie still for a while. He was bleeding a lot. Everyone was. No matter where you put your hand, the ground was sticky.

Sgt. Gale lay there for over six hours before he died. No one had any medical supplies, no one could move, and no one would shoot him.

Several guys shot themselves that day. Schiff, although he was not wounded, completely lost his head and killed himself with his own grenade. Two other men, both wounded, shot themselves with .45's rather than let themselves be captured alive by the gooks. No one will ever know how many chose that way out, since all the dead had been hit over and over again.

All afternoon we could hear the PAVN, a whole battalion, running through the grass and trees. Hundreds of GI's were scattered on the ground like salt. Sprinkled among them like pepper were the wounded and dead Cong. The GI's who were wounded badly were screaming for medics. The Cong soon found them and killed them.

All afternoon there was smoke, artillery, screaming, moaning, fear, bullets, blood, and little yellow men running around screeching with glee when they found one of us alive, or screaming and moaning with fear when they ran into a grenade or a bullet. I suppose that all massacres in wars are a bloody mess, but this one seemed bloodier to me because I was caught in it.

About dusk a few helicopters tried landing in the L.Z., about 40 yards over to the left, but whenever one came within 100 feet of the ground, so many machine guns would open up on him that it sounded like a training company at a machine-gun range.

At dusk the North Vietnamese started to mortar us. Some of the mortars they used were ours that they had captured. Suddenly the ground behind me lifted up, and there was a tremendous noise. I knew something big had gone off right behind me. At the same time I felt something white-hot go into my right thigh. I started screaming and screaming. The pain was terrible. Then I said, "My legs, God, my legs," over and over.

Still screaming, I ripped the bandage off my face and tied it around my thigh. It didn't fit, so I held it as tight as I could with my fingers. I could feel the blood pouring out of the hole. I cried and moaned. It was hurting unbelievably. The realization came to me now, for the first time, that I was not going to live.

With hardly any light left, the Cong decided to infiltrate the woods thoroughly. They were running everywhere. There were no groupings of Americans left in the woods, just a GI here and there. The planes had left, but the artillery kept up the barrage.

Then the flares started up. As long as there was some light, the Cong wouldn't try an all-out attack. I was lying there in a stupor, thirsty. God,

'Richards moaned softly and fell to the ground. I knelt down and looked at him, and he shuddered and started to gurgle deep in his stomach. His eyes popped out and he died.'

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I was thirsty. I had been all afternoon with no water, sweating like hell.

I decided to chance a cigarette. All my original equipment and weapons were gone, but somehow my cigarettes were still with me. The ends were bloody. I tore off the ends and lit the middle part of a cigarette.

Cupping it and blowing away the smoke, I managed to escape detection. I knew I was a fool. But at this stage I didn't really give a damn. By now the small-arms fire had stopped almost entirely. The woods were left to the dead, the wounded, and the artillery barrage.

At nightfall I had crawled across to where Barker, Caine and a few others were lying. I didn't say a word. I just lay there on my back, listening to the swishing of grass, the sporadic fire and the constant artillery, which was coming pretty close. For over six hours now shells had been landing within a hundred yards of me.

I didn't move, because I couldn't. Reaching around, I found a canteen of water. The guy who had taken the last drink from it must have been hit in the face, because the water was about one third blood. I didn't mind. I passed it around.

About an hour after dark there was a heavy concentration of small-arms fire all around us. It lasted about five minutes. It was repeated at intervals all night long. Battalion Hq. was firing a protective fire, and we were right in the path of the bullets. Some of our men were getting hit by the rounds ricocheting through the woods.

I lay there shivering. At night in the highlands the temperature goes down to 50 or so. About midnight I heard the grass swishing. It was men, and a lot of them too. I took my hand grenade and straightened out the pin. I thought to myself that now at last they were going to come and kill all the wounded that were left. I was sure I was going to die, and I really did not care anymore. I did not want them to take me alive. The others around me were either unconscious or didn't care. They were just lying there. I think most of them had quietly died in the last few hours. I know one—I did not recognize him—wanted to be alone to die. When he felt himself going, he crawled over me (I don't know how), and a few minutes later I heard him gurgle, and, I guess, die.

Then suddenly I realized that the men were making little whistling noises. Maybe these weren't the Cong. A few seconds later a patrol of GI's came into view, about 15 guys in line, looking for wounded.

Everyone started pawing toward them and crying. It turned me into a babbling idiot. I grabbed one of the guys and wouldn't let go. They had four stretchers with them, and they took the four worst wounded and all the walking wounded, about 10 or so, from the company. I was desperate, and I told the leader I could walk, but when Peters helped me to my feet, I passed out cold.

When I regained consciousness, they had gone, but their medic was left behind, a few feet from me, by a tree. He hadn't seen me, and had already used his meager supply of bandages on those guys who had crawled up around the

'Some of the wounded saw the chopper and started yelling MEDIC, *and waving. . . . Everyone was crying. Like most of the men in our battalion, I had lost all of my Army friends.'*

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tree. His patrol said they would be back in a few hours.

I clung to the hope, but I knew damn well they weren't coming back. Novak, who was one of the walking wounded, had left me his .45. I lost one of the magazines, and the only other one had only three bullets in it. I still had the hand grenade.

I crawled up to the tree. There were about eight guys there, all badly wounded. Lt. Sheldon was there, and he had the only operational radio left in the company. I couldn't hear him, but he was talking to the company commander, who had gotten separated from us. Lt. Sheldon had been wounded in the thighbone, the kneecap and the ankle.

Some time after midnight, in my half-conscious stupor, I heard a lot of rustling on both sides of the tree. I nudged the lieutenant, and then he heard it too. Slowly, everyone who could move started to arm himself. I don't know who it was—it might even have been me—but someone made a noise with a weapon.

The swishing noise stopped immediately. Ten yards or so from us an excited babbling started. The gooks must have thought they had run into a pocket of resistance around the tree. Thank God they didn't dare rush us, because we wouldn't have lasted a second. Half of us were too weak to even cock our weapons. As a matter of fact, there were a couple who did not have fingers to cock with.

Then a clanking noise started: They were setting up a machine gun right next to us. I noticed that some artillery shells were landing close now, and every few seconds they seemed to creep closer to us, until one of the Cong screamed. Then the babbling grew louder. I heard the lieutenant on the radio; he was requesting a salvo to bracket us. A few seconds later there was a loud whistling in the air and shells were landing all around us, again and again. I heard the Cong run away. They left some of their wounded a couple of yards from us, moaning and screaming, but they died within a few minutes.

Every half hour or so the artillery would start all over again. It was a long night. Every time, the shells came so close to our position that we could hear the shrapnel striking the tree a foot or so above our heads, and could hear other pieces humming by just inches over us.

All night long the Cong had been moving around killing the wounded. Every few minutes I heard some guy start screaming, "No no no please," and then a burst of bullets. When they found a guy who was wounded, they'd make an awful racket. They'd yell for their buddies and babble awhile, then turn the poor devil over and listen to him while they stuck a barrel in his face and squeezed.

About an hour before dawn the artillery stopped, except for an occasional shell. But the small-arms firing started up again, just as heavy as it had been the previous afternoon. The GI's about a mile away were advancing and clearing the ground and trees of Cong (and a few Americans too). The snipers, all around the trees and in them, started firing back.

'No one can tell me when I will stop having nightmares.'

When a bullet is fired at you, it makes a distinctive, sharp, cracking sound. The firing by the GI's was all cracks. I could hear thuds all around me from the bullets. I thought I was all dried out from bleeding and sweating, but now I started sweating all over again. I thought, How futile it would be to die now from an American bullet. I just barely managed to keep myself from screaming out loud. I think some guy near me got hit. He let out a long sigh and gurgled.

Soon the sky began to turn red and orange. There was complete silence everywhere now. Not even the birds started their usual singing. As the sun was coming up, everyone expected a human-wave charge by the PAVN, and then a total massacre. We didn't know that the few Cong left from the battle had pulled out just before dawn, leaving only their wounded and a few suicide squads behind.

When the light grew stronger, I could see all around me. The scene might have been the devil's butcher shop. There were dead men all around the tree. I found that the dead body I had been resting my head on was that of Burgess, one of my buddies. I could hardly recognize him. He was a professional saxophone player with only two weeks left in the Army.

Right in front of me was Sgt. Delaney with both his legs blown off. I had been staring at him all night without knowing who he was. His eyes were open and covered with dirt. Sgt. Gale was dead too. Most of the dead were unrecognizable and were beginning to stink. There was blood and mess all over the place.

Half a dozen of the wounded were alive. Lord, who was full of shrapnel; Lt. Sheldon, with several bullet wounds; Morris, shot in the legs and arm; Sloan, with his fingers shot off; Olson, with his leg shot up and hands mutilated; and some guy from another company who was holding his guts from falling out.

Dead Cong were hanging out of the trees everywhere. The Americans had fired bursts that had blown some snipers right out of the trees. But these guys, they were just hanging and dangling there in silence.

We were all sprawled out in various stages of unconsciousness. My wounds had started bleeding again, and the heat was getting bad. The ants were getting to my legs.

Lt. Sheldon passed out, so I took over the radio. That whole morning is rather blurred in my memory. I remember talking for a long time with someone from Battalion Hq. He kept telling me to keep calm, that they would have the medics and helicopters in there in no time. He asked me about the condition of the wounded. I told him that the few who were still alive wouldn't last long. I listened for a long time on the radio to chitchat between MedEvac pilots, Air Force jet pilots and Battalion Hq. Every now and then I would call up and ask when they were going to pick us up. I'm sure I said a lot of other things, but I don't remember much about it.

I just couldn't understand at first why the MedEvacs didn't come in and get us. Finally I heard on the radio that they wouldn't land because no one knew whether or not the area was secure. Some of the wounded guys were beginning to babble. It seemed like hours before anything happened.

Then a small Air Force spotter plane was buzzing overhead. It dropped a couple of flares in the L.Z. nearby, marking the spot for an airstrike. I thought, My God, the strike is going to land on top of us. I got through to the old man—the company commander—who was up ahead, and he said that it wouldn't come near us and for us not to worry. But I worried, and it landed pretty damn close.

There was silence for a while, then they started hitting the L.Z. with artillery, a lot of it. This lasted for a half hour or so, and then the small arms started again, whistling and buzzing through the woods. I was terrified. I thought, My Lord, is this never going to end? If we're going to die, let's get it over with.

Finally the firing stopped, and there was a ghastly silence. Then the old man got on the radio again and talked to me. He called in a helicopter and told me to guide it over our area. I talked to the pilot, directing him, until he said he could see me. Some of the wounded saw the chopper and started yelling, "Medic, Medic." Others were moaning feebly and struggling to wave at the chopper.

The old man saw the helicopter circling and said he was coming to help us. He asked me to throw a smoke grenade, which I pulled off Lt. Sheldon's gear. It went off, and the old man saw it, because soon after that I heard the guys coming. They were shooting as they walked along. I screamed into the radio, "Don't shoot, don't shoot," but they called back and said they were just shooting PAVN.

Then I saw them: The 1st sergeant, our captain and the two radio operators. The captain came up to me and asked me how I was. I said to him: "Sorry, Sir, I lost my —— ax." He said, "Don't worry, Smitty, we'll get you another one."

The medics at the L.Z. cut off my boots and put bandages on me. My wounds were in pretty bad shape. You know what happens when you take raw meat and throw it on the ground on a sunny day. We were out there for 24 hours, and Vietnam is nothing but one big anthill.

I was put in a MedEvac chopper and flown to Pleiku, where they changed dressings and stuck all sorts of tubes in my arms. At Pleiku I saw Gruber briefly. He was a clerk in the battalion, and my Army buddy. We talked until they put me in the plane. I learned that Stern and Deschamps, close friends, had been found dead together, shot in the backs of their heads, executed by the Cong. Gruber had identified their bodies. Everyone was crying. Like most of the men in our battalion, I had lost all my Army friends.

I heard the casualty figures a few days later. The North Vietnamese unit had been wiped out—over 500 dead. Out of some 500 men in our battalion alone, about 150 had been killed, and only 84 returned to base camp a few days later. In my company, which was right in the middle of the ambush, we had 93-percent casualties—one half dead, one half wounded. Almost all the wounded were crippled for life. The company, in fact, was very nearly annihilated.

Our unit is part of the 7th Cavalry—Custer's old unit. That day in the Ia Drang Valley, history repeated itself.

After a week in and out of field hospitals I ended up at Camp Zama in Japan. They have operated on me twice. They tell me that I'll walk again, and that my legs are going to be fine. But no one can tell me when I will stop having nightmares.

Jack Smith did recover from his wounds and was sent back to his unit in Vietnam, where he served as a supply clerk from January to July, 1966. He did not see any more action. Smith is now training recruits at Fort Dix, N.J. □

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Editorial

Can we feed the world?

Over the years, there have been so many wailing predictions of famine in the world that many people have stopped listening. We hear that there are millions of hungry Asians, Africans and South Americans, but so it has always been and so it will always be. Or so it seemed. Now, however, it appears that a global famine really is looming ahead of us. For the past six years the human race has not been able to produce as much food as it has eaten. Our stockpiled surpluses are gone. "Not long ago," says Lester R. Brown of the Agriculture Department's International Development Service, "we thought of the food-population crisis as being in the future. We have to readjust our thinking. That crisis is here now."

The center of the crisis is that sprawling misery, that anarchy of 500 million people, India. All this past year a gigantic armada of 600 ships has been ferrying American wheat to India at the rate of a million tons a month—one quarter of the entire U.S. crop. Yet up to 2 million people may still starve to death in the drought-plagued northern provinces of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar.

American reactions to the crisis have been widely divided. Emotional liberals, who feel that this rich land has a moral obligation to feed the world's hungry, have been wringing their hands at Washington's reluctance to send still greater shipments of food across the Pacific. Emotional conservatives, on the other hand, wonder aloud why we should continue to send help to the unresponsive and ungrateful. President Johnson characteristically followed a middle course, announcing, after some delay, the shipment of another 900,000 tons of grain in emergency aid.

Why the delay? Some suspected that the President might be irritated at India's outspoken opposition to his Vietnam policy, but there was no public confirmation of that. Others argued that the President wanted to pressure other nations into helping—"The United States can't do all this alone," said Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman—and the Soviets, whom we once would have tried to block from such a project, soon announced that they would send India 200,000 tons. But the best reason might be that President Johnson's new Food for Freedom Program requires that American food shipments go not just to the hungry but to those who show signs of helping themselves. And the tragedy of India is that so many of its wounds are repeatedly self-inflicted.

- India has as much cultivated farmland as the United States but uses less than one tenth as much fertilizer and produces less than half as much food. Yet until last year the government maintained a state monopoly on fertilizer production and refused to let foreign companies build fertilizer plants. With modern methods, experts believe, India's food output could be quadrupled.
- Age-old habits and rituals are another vexation. An estimated 20 percent of India's grain crop is eaten by rats, but there are still religious injunctions against using pesticides. And many Indians still revere the 200 million cattle that forage through the countryside, munching whatever they like.
- Modern agriculture requires huge capital investments, but India annually uses $1.5 billion in precious funds on its military machine, mostly aimed against neighboring Pakistan.
- Corruption, inefficiency and apathy magnify the problem. There have been widely reported instances of prosperous southern provinces refusing to help feed the northern ones, and of U.S. food shipments rotting in Indian ports. "Starvation in India is nothing new," one local official remarked. "Why make such a fuss about it?"

Though India is at the center, the food crisis now extends over the whole underdeveloped world. It is not just the crisis of food, of course, but of food and population, of rising birth rates and lower death rates. In the past five years, while the world's food production has grown by one percent a year, its population has grown two percent a year. To some, this means that the underdeveloped nations must somehow be pressured into reducing their birth rates, but the prospects are none too encouraging, and the experts predict that the world's population will increase by one billion people in the next 15 years. Others, more hopeful, point out that less than 10 percent of the earth's surface is cultivated, and that the sea contains unmeasured riches. Can we then, with our technological resources, feed the rest of the world indefinitely? Perhaps, but as one former agriculture official put it, "All that free food depresses foreign markets, discourages their farmers, makes them victims of food imperialism. It's not good for them, and it's not good for us." Instead, the best answer probably lies in our providing more technicians, know-how and supplies to help the hungry nations to feed themselves. But this answer is by no means infallible. "We have the techniques to do it," said one U.S. official. "But to put them to use means changing the habits of half the world."

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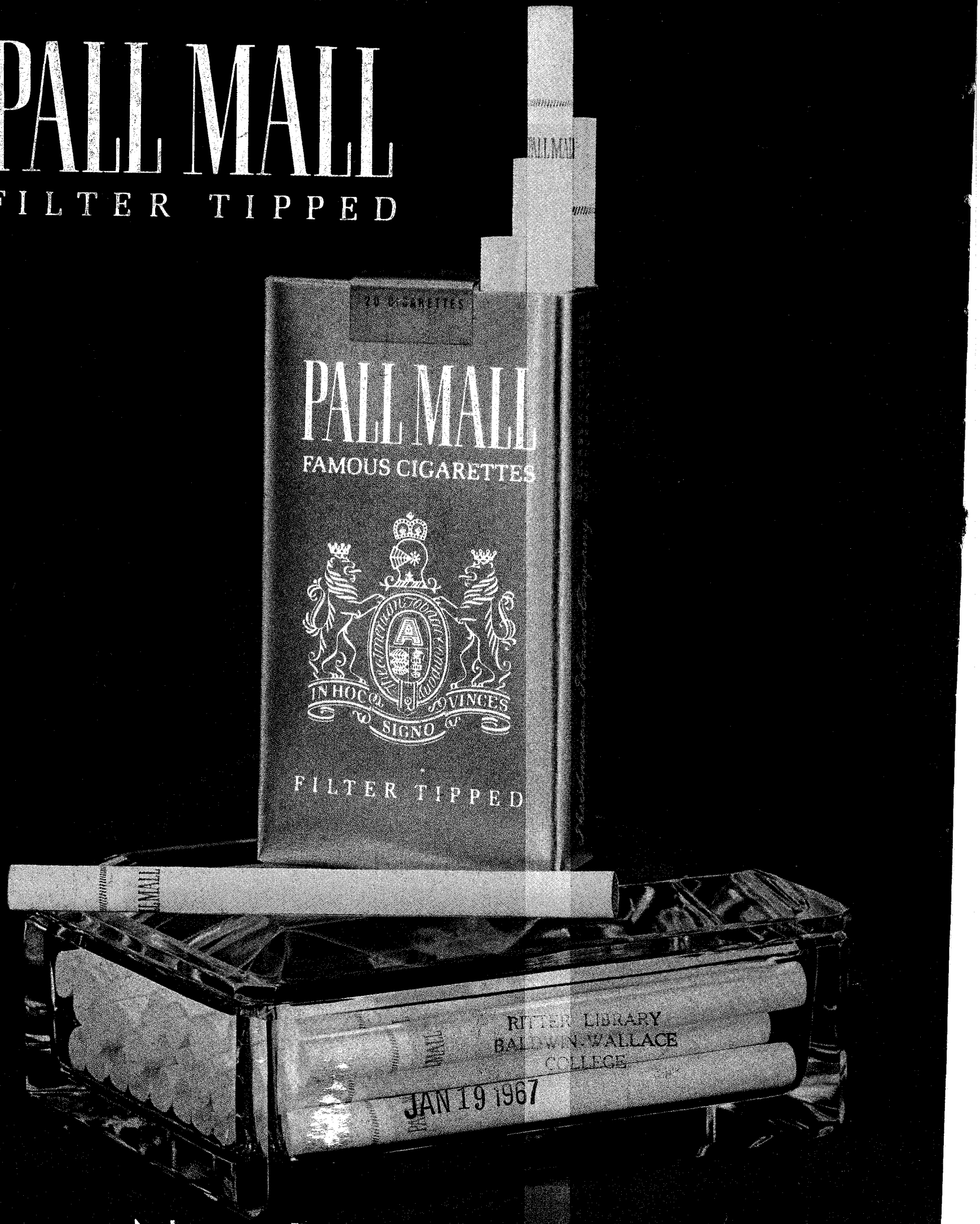

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